SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII JULY 1895 No. 1

TO A MAKER OF VERSES

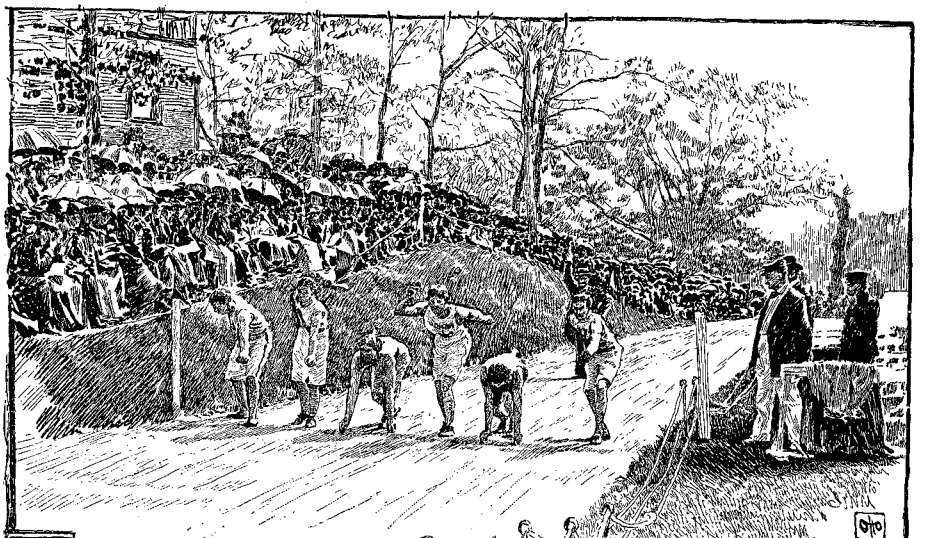
By Burr Wilton

A BREATH of by-gone Junes perfumes thy lines,
A dream of dim, delicious, drowsy days
When Summer's scepter ruled the rain-washed ways
And South-born winds woke harp-strings in the pines;
A fragrance caught from flower-lit woodland deeps,
Sun-flecked and shadow-frescoed, like a floor
Of rare mosaic, where the Mistress keeps
'Neath emerald curtains hidden, safe in store,
Her fairest treasures. An Arcadian note
Mellow and tender as the tones that float
From some rich-throated feathered Voice of spring,
Crooning his rapturous love-songs, poised a-wing,
Lilts through thy verse and lures my wandering dreams
Down shaded, moss-lined glens, where fern-plumes fling
Their nodding crests o'er banks of blossom-broidered streams.

Ah dark-eyed bard, thy winsome, wistful face
More than thy verse the Rose-Month's mood recalls;
And though the winter barriers be like walls
That shut the sunshine out, if but the place
Breathe of thy presence, swift my heart forgets
Its sombre world; my weary fancy strays
Down dreamy by-ways soft with summer haze
And sweet with incense-wafting violets,
Past shadow-haunted spaces hushed and still
And fern-fringed woodlands whispering in the breeze,
O'er wide, free, fragrant lifts of plain and hill,
'Neath dewy dawns and sunset mysteries,
When day and dusky twilight intertwine
And in the West the splendor leaps and dies
Like altar-fires round some old Druid shrine.
—So thou dost lead me, Sweet, for in the deeps
Of thine unconscious, self-forgetful eyes
The spirit of eternal springtime lies,
And Summer's self her sanctuary keeps
In thy dear bosom, safe as under soft Italian skies.

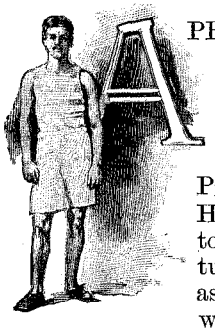
Copyright, 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LIFE AT THE ATHLETIC CLUBS

By · DUNCAN · EDWARDS ·

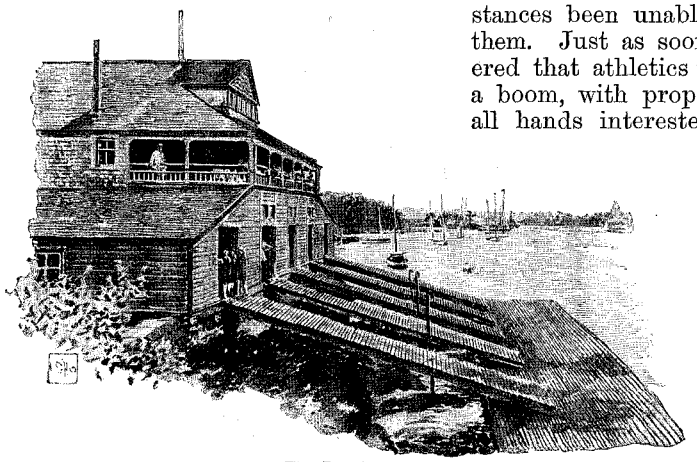


A PROPER classification of the Athletic Clubs should put the Colleges at the head of the list. Doubtless the Presidents of Princeton, or Yale, or Harvard would object to their ancient institutions being indexed as Athletic Clubs. Yet, whether their motive be educational or advertising, the colleges are making athletics as much of a pursuit as is any of the avowed athletic associations, and the facilities that are offered by them are the most complete and systematic that can be found anywhere. The whole body of undergraduates is imbued with the spirit of athletics, and the external form of college life is fashioned about the intercollegiate contests. It was the larger colleges that first caught the Athletic Impulse that has been a distinguishing feature of the past twenty-five years. And indeed, it may fairly be said that it has been their influence more than any other single cause that has been responsible for the growth of the athletic spirit that has lifted the American nose from the grindstone of business, that has developed in the American people a keenness for outdoor sports, and that has made the rising generation so big and lusty and pleasant to look upon. The intercollegiate contests have awakened the interest of thousands unconnected with the colleges that participate, and have given to athletics a tone and a favor that is undeniable. And the summer dispersion of the undergraduates, with their ducks and Madras shirts and brier pipes and brown skins, has provided a strong athletic leaven for the vacation communities.

The first evidence of the spreading of the athletic impulse outside of the colleges was the formation of the New York Athletic Club, in 1868. Before that time the Caledonian Societies used to give Athletic Games at which the canny Scots tossed the caber, ran footraces, and drank good Scotch whiskey in honor of Robbie Burns and the domestic affections. There were boat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

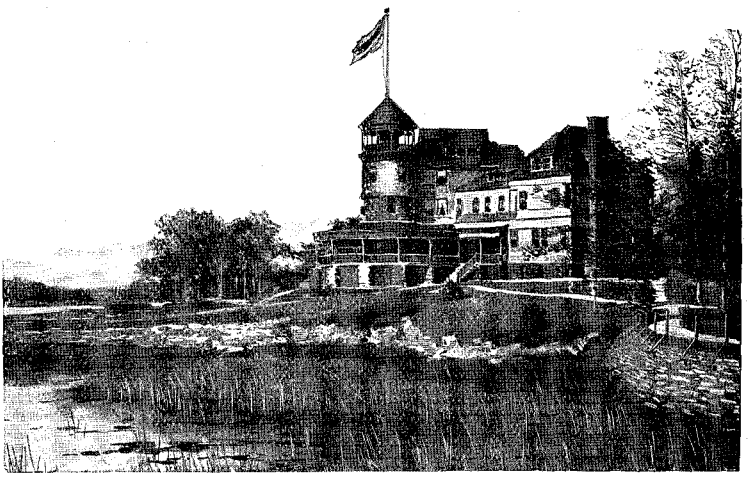
clubs in the vicinity of New York, whose members used to row to the historic Elysian Fields in Hoboken and there organize impromptu games. But there was no association in existence formed with the single purpose and definite aim of cultivating manly sports and athletic exercises, until the New York Athletic Club called itself into being and endeavored to fashion its life upon the model of the London Athletic Club.



The Boat-house.

The first phase of existence upon which the athletic clubs entered in this country was simple enough. Track athletics in reality comprised the whole of their trade. The ideal athletic club twenty-five years ago consisted of a vacant city block, with a high board fence about it (usually let out to advertisers), a cinder track, and a set of bleachers. A boat-house with an equipment of shells, even if a long distance from the athletic field, was deemed a great luxury, while a thoroughly furnished gymnasium was looked upon as the ultimate goal to ward which all the energies of the club might be directed.

Until about 1874, the athletic clubs met with only moderate success, but at that time the tide began to run very strongly toward them. And so rapid has been their development since that time, that their founders have in many instances been unable to keep up with them. Just as soon as it was discovered that athletics were in the way of a boom, with proper American spirit all hands interested set to work to make their own athletic clubs just as big as possible. The consequence was that the membership of the athletic clubs lost its distinctively athletic character. While perhaps a sporting tendency animated the whole, a great part of the "boom" members were more interested in watching others exercise than in getting in the "rigor of the game" themselves. Immediately the task was set for the directors to furnish attractions for this weakly athletic element, and immediately they began to reach out for the facilities of a social club, and later for the luxury of a country club. Soon it be-



The New York Athletic Club at Travers Island.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came quite apparent to everyone that the energetic athletic clubs were offering more for the money demanded than any other kind of club, and there forthwith set in an invasion of them by that very numerous class of American people that appreciates a bargain. But this class was certainly non-athletic in character, and had no coherency save in its appreciation of the value it might receive for its money. These new members called very loudly upon directors to give them equivalents for their money, and the Governing Boards of the athletic clubs have been forced to meet that demand, even at the risk of sacrificing the interests of athletics.

The consequence has been that "athletes" are growing less and less important in athletic clubs, and the "old timers" sit together and hold indignation meetings over the course of the clubs which they have fathered. I was present at a meeting of the members of a certain athletic club, called to consider the advisability of the club's ceasing to be represented by a football team. This particular club has grown out of a football eleven, and had achieved many victories on the "gridiron" that had filled its parlors with banners. I there heard one of these older members rouse himself to great indignation over the proposition, and forcibly declare that he deplored the tendency stimulated by the membership that recent years has brought into the club, which was to divert the resources of the club to other than athletic purposes; and that he felt called upon to remind the club, in the words of Hereward the Wake to old Gilbert of Ghent, that these new-comers, like the Jews of old, "were entering into goodly houses which they had builded not, farms which they had tilled not, wells which they had digged not, and orchards which they had planted not."

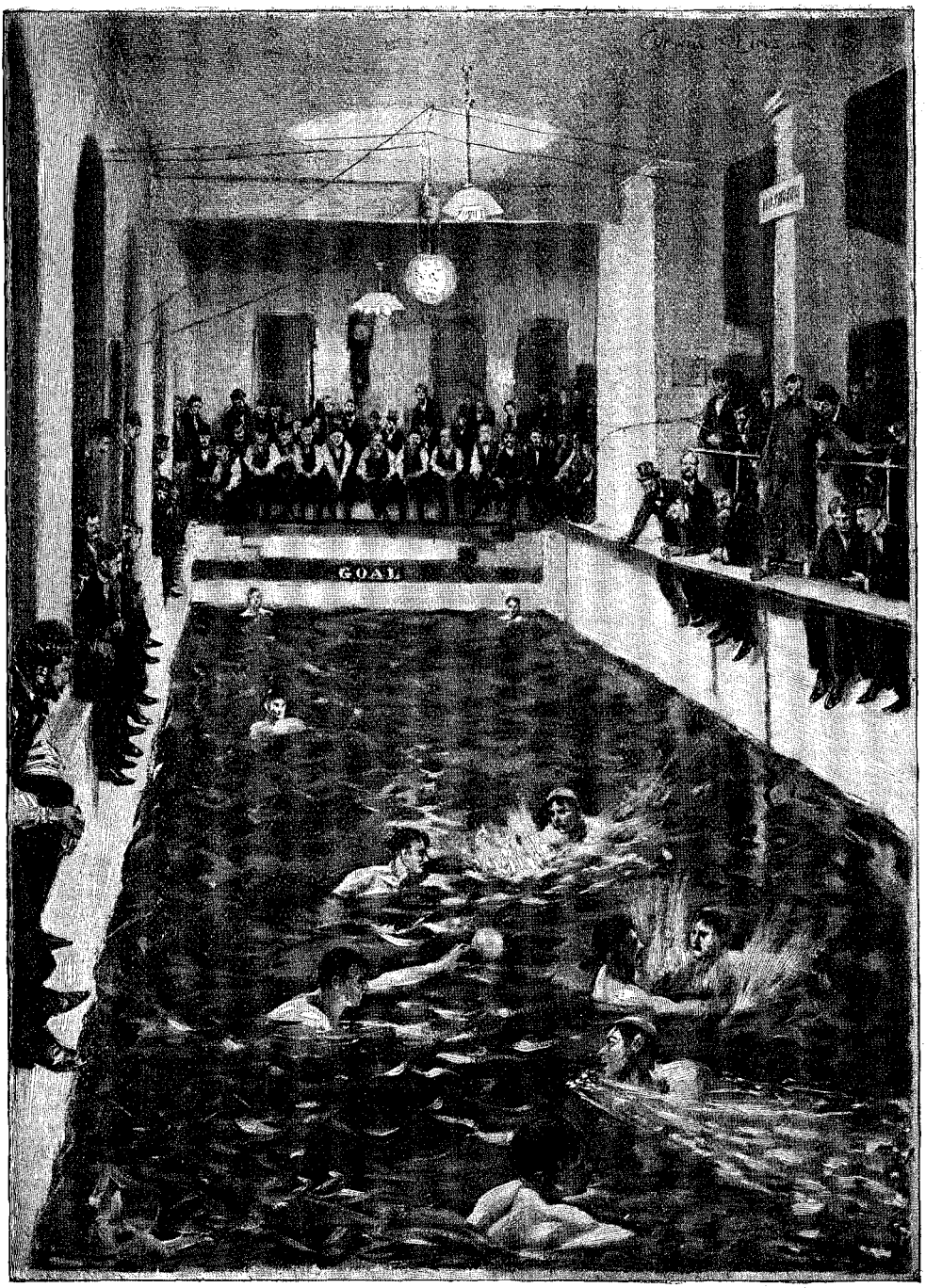
The Hall, New York Athletic Club.

But however the athletic clubs may have fallen away from the original intention of their founders, however deplorable some of the phases of their present condition may be to those enthusiasts who regard their associations as having only one reason for existence —the making of physical and moral manhood — and however regrettable may be the ascendancy of the café over the gymnasium, that tendency or consequence has been a very natural one. The formative period of the athletic clubs is ended, and they have become settled institutions supplying gratification to continuing needs, and only responding occasionally to an enthusiasm for athletics, according to the composition of their membership.

Further, they reflect the present attitude of the community toward athletics. It needs no demonstration to make clear the fact that athletics have been pushed to excess, and that there is now a reaction. Among the colleges there appears to be no diminution of the athletic fury, but among the athletic clubs proper, competitive athletics are being softened into a pursuit of exercise, open-air life, and good fellowship. The interest in competitive sports is quite as great as formerly, but no longer includes personal competition, but is rather confined to a *side line* interest in them.

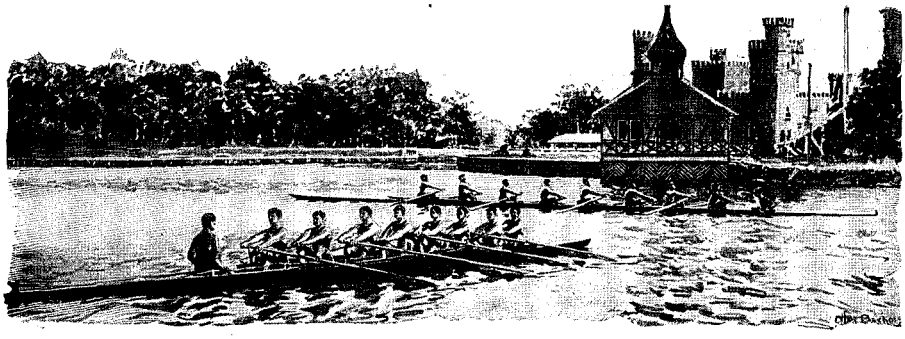
The country club feature is the most pronounced evidence of this change.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

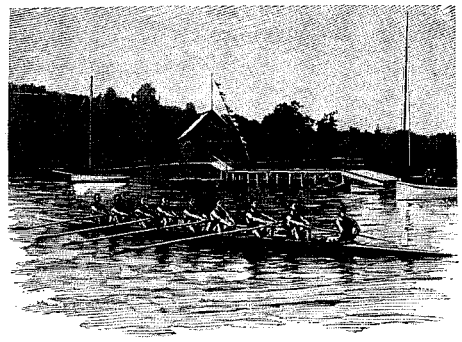


Water Polo at the New York Athletic Club.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The high-board-fence athletic field has been supplanted by the country house, designed not for its athletic facilities, but for the pleasures of a country life. And indeed the country club feature, when it has been introduced, is a further cause in itself for modifying the excess of athletics. For any rational man would prefer to the monotonous pounding of a cinder track in city air and surroundings, the transporting of his thoughts and his body to the ameliorating surrounding of the country; and the indulgence there in open-air sports, not as a labor or with any purpose save the uncontrollable one of naturally using his body, with only such rivalry as demands no arduous training yet gives a zest to the game, and can be measured by long glasses afterward.



The Yacht Club-house.

Travers Island is the best known of these country athletic fields. It is one of the rocky, wooded, dromedary-backed formations that are characteristic of the north shore of the Long Island Sound. It was originally an island by the courtesy of the high tide, but a roadway has joined it hard and fast to the shore as a peninsula. It is shoreward of picturesque Glen Island, and between it and Glen Island, and stretching farther away under the shore of Hunters Island, is a straight-away course of nearly two miles of as good rowing water as a sweep could dip.

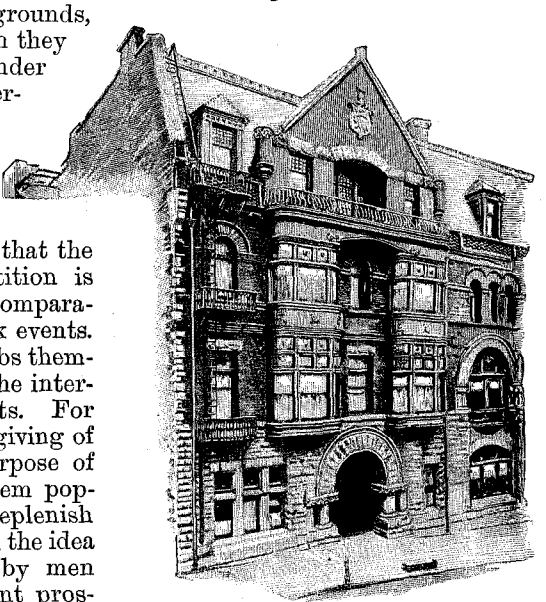
On one knoll of the Island sits the club-house, facing the outlet into the Sound, which focusing between Glen Island and the heavily wooded eastern shore of Hunters Island, holds a view of the farther water and the distant shore of Long Island as if one were looking through the lens of a camera. It is the delight of a summer's evening to dine upon the club-house piazzas and catch the drifting picture of distant yachts and coasters and snowy Sound steamers. Somewhat farther toward the mainland is a larger knoll, left in its natural state and covered with trees, save where some tennis courts are laid out. Beyond the trees are the boat-house and the yachting quarters. Between the two knolls lies a level bit of turf as smooth and soft and rich as if it were a cloak of Lincoln green thrown upon the earth, and about it runs the dark border of a cinder track. From the club-house and from the grassy slopes reaching down to the track, a view of the field is given as if one were looking down upon the arena of a natural coliseum; and as one glances at the surrounding hills that give a sense of seclusion to the place and help to concentrate the view upon the field itself, one could scarcely keep from thinking, that if the athletic sports of Greece were to be revived, if the somewhat grandiloquent French project to re-establish the ancient athletic games with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

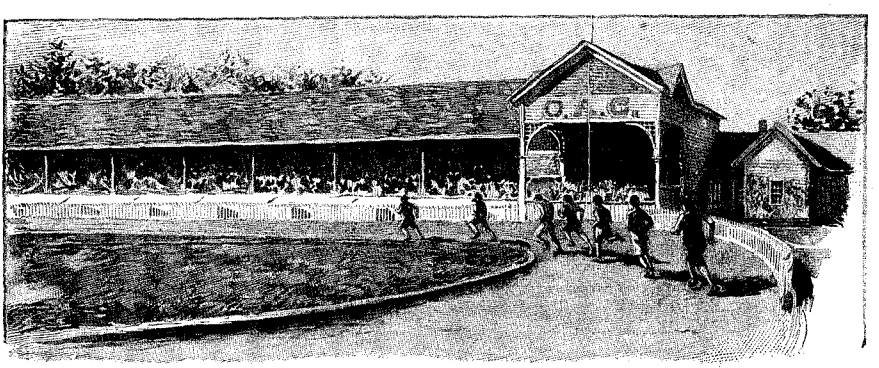
the world as a new Greece should succeed, no more harmonious Olympia could be found.

But unfortunately, the palmy days of track athletics have gone by. The last annual championships of the Amateur Athletic Union were held on these very grounds, and although they were given under the auspices of the most powerful of all the athletic clubs, and although they represented the competition of the whole of the United States, they were attended by only a very meagre audience. The fact is that the American appetite for competition is no longer satisfied with the comparatively mild contests of the track events. And then again, the athletic clubs themselves have helped to destroy the interest in the ordinary field sports. For many years they made the giving of athletic games the whole purpose of their existence, and finding them popular, they multiplied them to replenish their treasuries. They pursued the idea that the winning of prizes by men wearing their club colors meant prosperity. They invented a system of athletic memberships, that signified anything that they desired it to mean, from free initiations, remitted dues, gratuitous board and lodging, to a business situation or cold cash, and they offered valuable prizes that could quite readily be converted into money. They raised their trainers from the position of rubbers and servants of the club to the position of athletic managers, and imposed upon them the duty of having a sufficient number of speedy legs to run and jump and a sufficient number of muscular backs to throw weights for their clubs, irrespective of any social requirements of the owners of those backs or legs.

The consequences most inevitable were that the athletes of the clubs became hired performers, and they were often kept like a pack of hounds and taken around by the athletic manager to run in one game after another; that the athletic managers, who were mostly

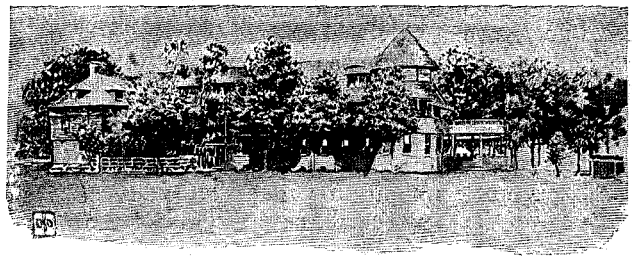


The Club-house.



The Olympic A. C. of San Francisco.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

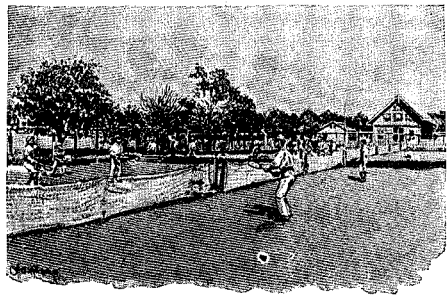


The Club-house.

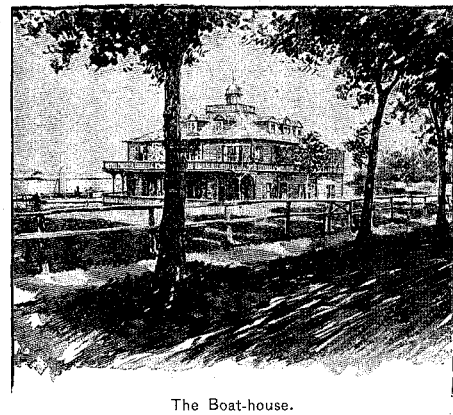
illiterate and purely of the professional class, absorbed in themselves practically all of the competitive athletics of the clubs and forced their personalities on the clubs that engaged them ; that the Amateur Athletic Union was compelled to make an annual round up of all its members, to brand a goodly number of the ostensible amateurs as professionals ; and finally, that the tone of track athletics became so cheap and so common that the better portion of the club membership held aloof from it.

But whatever may be the present status of track athletics, if you haven't had too much of them, they are vastly interesting.

It is fine to see a quartette of hurdlers "set" for the finals, and to watch them break over the low hurdles like the fast curling wave of a fresh-water lake, that tosses itself rapidly along and rushes up the beach as it breaks. It is fine to watch the flat sprinters dart into high movement at the crack of the pistol and fly like leaves before a furious wind, holding together like a living thing, until a dark, swarthy, sunburned figure, that has caught your eye from the freedom of his movement, glides out ahead of the rest, every bit of him running, not a false motion anywhere, and you feel that you have seen one of the perfections of physical attributes. And it is fine to follow the full, strong stride of the half-mile and mile runners, whose legs rise like pistons and whose prototypes must surely have suggested to the ancients the idea of the winged feet of Mercury, so lightly do they touch the ground. Perhaps the most exciting of all the track events are the bicycle races, for it is astonishing to behold the speed of those meagre skeletons of steel that seem almost like the bones of the wind. Indeed, at the present time ordinary athletic games will not draw a crowd large enough to pay expenses unless bicycling is made an important part of them.



Tennis Courts.



The Boat-house.

It is interesting in connection with this to pick up the newspaper account of the very first games given by the New York Athletic Club, in 1868, at the Empire City Rink, the first games given by any athletic club in this country, for it calls to mind how marvellous has been the development of the wheel since that time.

The reporters in those days possessed none of the easy familiarity with sporting matters which the craft possesses to-day, and the particular scribe who wrote this story set down with considerable naïveté what quite filled his eyes.

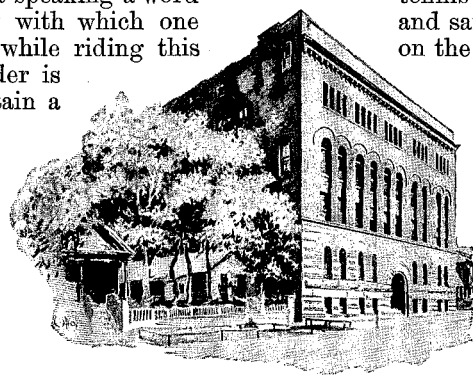
The Crescent A. C. of Brooklyn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Base-ball Game at the Crescent Athletic Club.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"At this juncture," runs the article, "the velocipede race, which the programme announced as the closing feature of the exercise, took place. It proved nothing more, nor was it intended to be more, than an exhibition of the speed to be gained by these wonderful engines of locomotion. The carriage consists of but two wheels placed one before the other with a treadle apparatus to spin them on. Without speaking a word about the velocity with which one can cover ground while riding this machine, the wonder is how one can maintain a balance on it at all. Yet this seems to be no part of the difficulty in navigating. On the contrary, every effort of the rider seems bent on driving at a breakneck speed. The ease and celerity with which this new method of propulsion was turned around the corners of the building was amazing, and its performance was in the highest degree satisfactory."



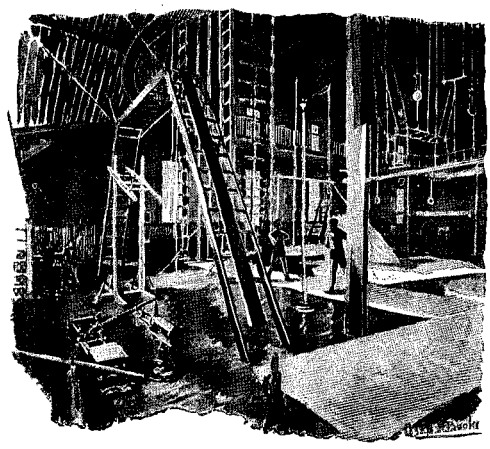
The Club-house.

When one recalls the "bone-shakers" of that period—as the velocipedes of that day were called—buggy wheels with treadles on the leader—and thinks of the contemporary Safety, beating the mile record of the fastest running horse, one can well smile at the ingenuous wonder of the reporter at the primitive road *scorcher* he was describing.

Despite the present eclipse of track athletics they certainly will not die out of the clubs, for they form the basis for all efforts for physical excellence. And if but the chief Athletic Associations should resolutely abolish the giving of prizes of value and the offering of pecuniary inducements to contestants, the track might rationally be expected to fill a larger place in the life of the clubs. It would become more interesting to the rank and file of the membership, who, under the present condition of affairs would only be duffers if they ventured upon it, and it might reasonably be expected to become an implement of sport and exercise instead of simply a traditional weapon of inter-club competition.

But leaving Track Athletics, I want to set down a few things about Travers Island and the life there. The best thing about it is the opportunity that it offers for exercise: a track to run on, a turf to play ball on, courts to play tennis on, the water to row and sail on, the afternoons on the "course" or out on the Sound, the swim, the dinner on the piazza afterward, the pleasant afterglow of clean exercise, a pipe with "the Arcadia" mixture to give you a sense of life (for that is the secret of fire) and to enable you to construct a soothing melody from the singing of the frogs in the reeds when the tide is out.

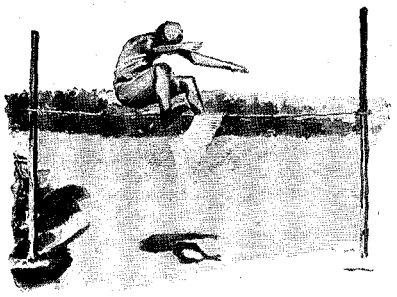
That these pleasures are appreciated by the members is best illustrated by the fact, that all of the available rooms in the club-house are rented for the whole summer, and that the transient rooms are almost continuously in demand, and sometimes utterly inadequate to accommodate the men who would occupy them.



The Gymnasium.

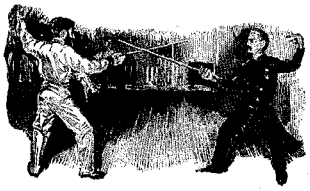
The Denver A. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Travers Island is by no means a country club such as the Westchester, or the Meadow Brook, or the Essex County, where the members patronize the politer forms of sport and stiffen up their enjoyment of the country with a good bit of style and society. Travers Island is much too democratic. It is laid out primarily for athletics, and everything in it and around it is for use. They haven't left any artistic bushes or clumps of sumach-trees where you can look out of bay windows at them, or put up a wall about anything and let ivy grow on it. You do not want to go to Travers Island with the idea that you can take a volume of poems out of the library and calmly enjoy the restfulness of a summer's day there. If you sit down on the piazza you will hear the hysterically speedy melodeons from Glen Island, or the cries of the beasts in the menagerie. Or, perhaps, a member with some business friends from the West in the dry goods line, will be sitting at a table near you with cocktails and small white napkins, and they will be telling stories that are like the atmosphere of the smoking compartment in a Pullman; and they will all laugh so suddenly and inartistically that you will have to take up your peace of mind and carry it off with you. You cannot go into the house, for the small reading-room is next to the billiard-room, and there are sure to be men with brown derby hats and cigars playing billiards there with a proficiency that argues anything but a serious youth; and the sight of a multitude of sporting papers with their head-lines exposed will drive you thence. In the hallway there is a hearth, and over it the inscription: "Where friends meet hearts warm;" but a log fire underneath is no part of the life of the club and there are no easy chairs about. There is cordiality enough, though. In no place do you see more men slap each other on the back, and laugh and call each other by their first names. But it is a bit noisy. The stages wheel up and leave a crowd that come in as if they were going to do something. The club servants are raw, not a shade obsequious, and seem to think that they are in a hotel. If you wander out toward the boat-house you will find everybody in an energy over something. Men with strong backs and brown arms diving off the spring-board, and doing turns that would be a credit to a circus;

The Swimming Bath, Chicago A. C.

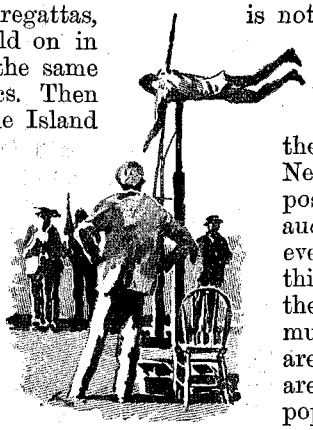


or a school of swimmers plunging along with the overhand side-stroke that makes them look like some sort of a wheel-fish with a porpoise movement; or perhaps an eight are walking on their toes down the gangway carrying a shell; or if there is a bit of wind, the cat-boats are hoisting their sails. You are supposed to be there for the purpose of exercise, and unless you go in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for it, you will be apt to leave with a feeling of having been out of sympathy with your surroundings.

There is no lack of entertainment provided at Travers Island. The season sets in with the spring regattas, a form of sport that has held on in the club with very much the same persistency as Track Athletics. Then come Ladies' days when the Island is taken possession of by a host of Omphales. And family parties come from the surrounding country in rockaways on the invitation of members.



In the early days of the New York Athletic Club it was the custom to send out notices to the members to bring ladies with them to the club games, "in order that athletics might be made as respectable as they were in England." Perhaps nothing illustrates the change of sentiment in regard to athletic clubs better, than this continual public endorsement of the present New York Athletic Club by the present reigning half of humanity.

One of the most interesting features of the summer life is the Vaudevilles given on a stage built out on the rocky slope in front of the club-house. And very popular are these variety shows, out in the open air under the starlight, or with a big yellow moon shining up the inlet and with the accompaniment of summer night sounds in the air. A general sense of comfort and tobacco smoke pervades the audience, and many of the men who are detained in town on business are here. It is not exactly so polite an exhibition as a lawn performance of "As You Like It," but it is vastly more interesting. In the be-vaudevilled town of New York it would be impossible that such an alert audience should not be quite even with the very latest thing on the boards, and they are not there half so much for the show as they are for the fun in it. They are sure to recognize all the popular songs, and they appropriate the choruses with great effect, and take the cigars and pipes from their mouths to give them a judicious rendering.

They consider the member of the entertainment committee who introduces the performers as fair prey, and as he escorts before the footlights a beautiful lady in tights with a long purple captivator with red lining, who shortly will sing a song in a peacocky voice as an apology for her being there, he receives a most embarrassing storm of congratulations, and the audience lets itself loose to enjoy its own humor. It's a bit common, perhaps, but it's good fun, and it is unique.

In the Gymnasium, Chicago A. C.

Again, perhaps the club celebrates its birthday with a clam-bake at which all the queer timber in the membership turns up, and lean men whom nobody knows are on hand and devour great quantities of clams. And as a clam-bake with beer in pitchers is a sort of basic happiness (technically known as an "Al-a-ba-zam"), voices begin to sing that have plainly no right to sing, and by the time the green corn appears, the tables are beginning to look half-seas over, a large body of men are persuading themselves that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Gymnasium, Chicago A. C.

they are enjoying themselves, and one man is attempting to make a speech and is being pulled down whenever he gets up. These are times when anyone who loves quiet had better take to the woods. As the middle of night settles down, and the spirits who own the night are again making themselves felt to the listening ear, the last speech is only reiterating the first speech, that the New York Athletic is devoted to pure amateur athletics ; and the stages that go up the country lane roll away with the joyous refrain, so popular at Travers Island to express the feeling of having spent a pleasant evening, floating back from them,

How dry I am, how dry I am,
Nobody knows how dry I am.

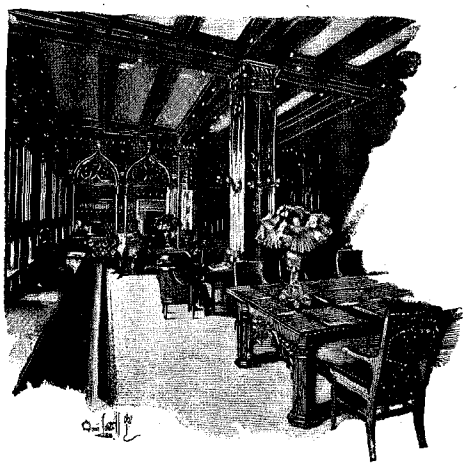
The Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn is of a somewhat different type. It is a nearer relation to the true country club. It grew up about a football club organized in 1884 by a few college graduates, and it has held itself completely aloof from track athletics, pursuing the idea that the best part of athletics lies in the encouragement of football, baseball, lacrosse, tennis, and kindred games.

Its grounds and country home, which have been in the past practically the whole of the club, are on the Bay Ridge shore, on that part of New York Bay where the shores begin to think of turning in toward the Narrows—than which there is no more beautiful spot within a thousand miles of New York — in that New Utrecht district, from which in the good old days before the advent of the railway bringing vegetables from the South, the farmers used to float their products to New York by boat a week before any of the market farms in the other sections. So fat and comfortable a place is it by nature. Here there is a long commodious club-house with a wide piazza sweeping in front of it. A double row of trees gives the house an appearance of repose. A green turf rounds down to the water a hundred feet away, and then the superb sight of the bay hangs like a marvellous painting before you.

Thirty minutes sail by the Iron Steamboats brings you from a boiling city to this cool, delightful spot, where you are completely secluded on a quiet country road. On that same quiet shore-road, on which are many quaint bits of scenery and fine old trees, carriages only occasionally pass—and yet you are standing by the side of the Marine Highway of the world. The ocean-liners stalk out before you in magnificent procession with a steady wave at their bows and a white smother behind, and if the wind be high with their flags like boards. And if you go down to the roof of the boat-house you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can see them coming back, stealing out of the misty horizon, away down by the Scotland Light, and running up with salty sides to quarantine like great tired hounds. The piazza of the Crescent Club House is more interesting than any club window on Fifth Avenue, and it makes a great part of the life of the club. It is a favorite amusement to drive ladies down to the club for dinner, and one-half of the piazza in the evening seems as if it were holding a reception. As you look over the stone parapet, at the rest of the balcony, you can see a long line of lighted cigars, like the portholes of a ship in the dark, where the club members are sitting with their feet up on the parapet in sweet comfort. Perhaps it is not the province of an article on athletic clubs to describe the scenery of their country houses, but to give an idea of the club the things which give it value to its members must be described. And if one has stood out on the Crescent Club lawn and watched all the glories of a summer afternoon crowd upon the Staten Island hills, following the conqueror to the gates of night; and then has seen the crimson clouds slowly change to a deep rich purple such as only the combined presence of deep water and wooded land can lend, and the outposts of the shadows creeping stealthily across the water and up the hills, following the trail to the summit of them and motioning to the hosts of darkness behind them; and has turned from the darkening bay to meet the biggest of moons that August nights



In the Library.

can make, rising over the ridge of Owl's Head so near that the first sight of it is companionable—he must feel that some of the influence of an athletic club can fairly claim to be æsthetic.

In the Dining-room.

The athletic equipment of the club is not surpassed by that of the New York Athletic Club — and indeed it is unequalled in this country for the phase of athletics to which the club is devoted.

It has two level fields of turf that cover fully ten acres. On the larger field two diamonds are laid out, and two games of baseball are often played thereon, without any interference from each other. Terraced down from this field is a smaller one given over to tennis and lacrosse. A dozen dirt courts are laid out upon it, and there is room besides for fully thirty turf courts. This lower field runs along the shore-road, and just across the road and sitting in a harbor formed by breakwaters, is a very attractive and commodious boat-house, with an observation plaza on its roof, and all the shells of two boat-clubs that have been absorbed by the Crescent Club inside.

The Chicago A. C.

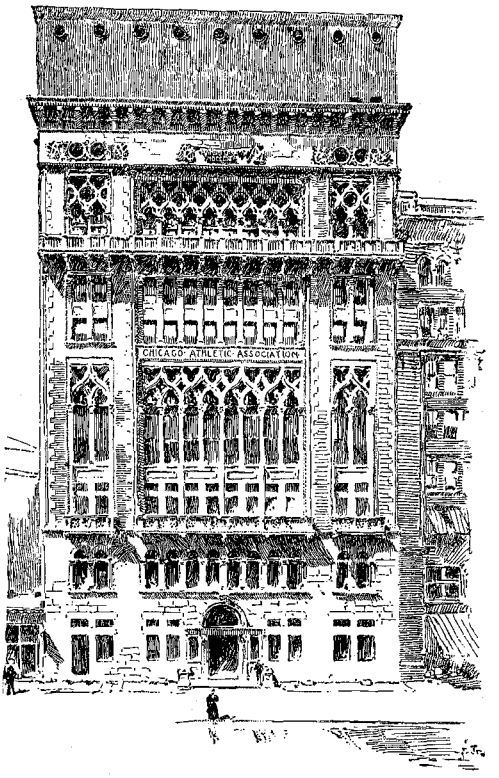
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps the most interesting and characteristic incident of the club life, is the annual baseball tournament confined wholly to club members. Over a hundred men take part in it each year. All who desire to play send in their names in the spring, and seven or eight nines are made up, with captains and managers and their colors to designate them. The games are played usually on Saturday afternoons, and they are astonishing good fun.

The Crescent Athletic Club field is an interesting show on Saturday afternoon when these ball games are going on. The whole field is as white with outing flannels as a Scotch brae with gowans, and the sharp crack of a home run leaving the bat and the shouts of the players makes the merriest kind of music. On the lower field a lacrosse match may be going on with the occasional quick clashing of sticks and the marvellous rapidity of its play. The tennis courts are filled with players unmistakably of the third class, who will be playing tennis long after it has given up all its popularity to golf, and who will be keeping themselves young by it. And scattered about are enough loafers with no apparent object save to enjoy the pleasure of living to rest the eyes.

The water on the bay is too rough to permit of any satisfactory shell work, but it is fine sport for gigs and working boats and canoes. Perhaps ten or fifteen congenial spirits will haul out a war canoe, the Ze-na-diz-e or the Ti-bi-ki-gi-sis and sweep her out into the toss around Fort Lafayette and shoot her into the big ocean waves beyond (if anybody has never been in a "war canoe" in big water with a pitch to it, he has a new sensation awaiting him). Then when everyone has salt hunger on his tongue, hoist sails on her and sheer down into Gravesend Bay to Stillwell's—that needs but a chronicler to give it a name of fame as a place for shore dinners.

This kind of life makes men know each other very well, and there is often much of the aspect of a college campus in the green slope above the water in front of the club-house. On the warm summer evenings, when the town,



The Chicago A. C.

whose halo of light shows up over Owl's Head, is sweltering, the men lie there and sing. There will be scarcely another sound in the air save the soft rush of some excursion steamer slipping by like a white castle of lights, and the crowd will often sing there until the Archer has quite chased the Scorpion out of the southern sky.

This is good, healthy, honest life. It makes good friends and healthy bodies. And for thirty-six dollars a year—for that is the amount of the annual dues of the Crescent Club—many a clerk on a limited salary gets a country home and more fun there and better company than he could buy for half a million of dollars, if he had them.

It would be impossible, when football has become so popular in the colleges, that the athletic clubs which are so much influenced by them should not take it up. The Crescent Athletic Club was the first to organize a football team, and the influence of the example spread almost immediately. Indeed, at pres-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ent football is the only competitive sport that awakens any general enthusiasm among athletic club members.

Soon the Denver Athletic Club football eleven were claiming the championship of the Rockies, and they were drawing audiences, as some of their own statisticians have said, of twelve to fourteen thousand people. The Chicago Athletic Club stirred up its college men to organize a team that has made a Thanksgiving Day game for the West as much of a feature as the Yale and Princeton contest in the East; and, indeed, I have been informed by a director of the Chicago Athletic Club that the audience at the Chicago Thanksgiving Day game is more distinctively fashionable than at the other. Soon, too, the Boston Athletic Club organized a team and began to play with Harvard College, with the natural consequence that the relations between these contestants became somewhat strained, for the Boston athletic team showed that prowess which is a distinguishing characteristic of New England athletes and handled Harvard without gloves.

But there has never been any league that has been able to hold the athletic clubs together, for a regular competition, for any length of time. The American Football Union, that at one time included the New York Athletic Club, the Manhattan Athletic Club, and the Staten Island Cricket Club, only survives in the annual match between the Crescent and the Orange Athletic Clubs. This is an athletic fixture, however, of considerable magnitude, and one that certainly stirs up great enthusiasm in the following of the two clubs.

The game on the Orange Oval, if it shine, brings out all the pleasant life of the Oranges, and drags and traps as far away as Englewood. And if it rain, the men and the girls who keep in touch with the men, come out in macintoshes; and the girls, like the women on the back rows of the open stands at the last Yale and Princeton game, half-drowned and seeing nothing but open umbrellas before them, perhaps hope that the fad may change. The crowd follows the game in a way that shows that even the youngest boys in knickerbockers understand how the Crescent left end isn't getting low enough for the interference, or how the Orange "full" is slow in getting away the kicks, and how the umpire is a beast and is giving away the game to the other side. Then when the Orange scores they drawl out in unison that most expres-

On the Slope at Travers Island.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sive and typical of slang words "Easy!! Easy!!" And when the Crescent Club scores, then its rooters howl as defiantly as if the bleachers across the fields were the walls of Jericho. When the Orange Club wins, as it did last year, the Orangites execute war dances on the boards of the stand, and perhaps press the hand of the girls next to them with unnecessary warmth (as it seems to the Crescent man passing by). And they all go out through the gates with their heads in the air looking for friends at whom to smile, while the members of the team are being hugged in that crazy fashion that is considered *de rigueur* after football games.

The Orange Athletic Club is a fair type of all the suburban athletic clubs, and those of the smaller cities, that are often social clubs, athletic clubs, and family clubs all rolled into one.

This social design has been the aim of many of the suburban athletic clubs. In some places the scheme has been eminently successful. In the Louisville Athletic Club they set forth their membership as composed of so many men, women, and children. In the Staten Island Cricket Club a ladies' clubhouse stands in one corner of the athletic field, and all through the summer that corner is giving afternoon teas, and furnishing parties for doubles in tennis, and dropping victims all over the field. Perhaps many of these clubs give each year a grand ball that is the social event of the neighborhood (as does the Orange Athletic Club), or dances galore, for the athletes are much appreciated at suburban routs as "stayers," but the real life of these clubs is accurately expressed by saying that they are playgrounds for the grown-up boys of the town.

There is no essential difference between the athletic clubs of any section of the country. The Olympic Club of San Francisco has a field with roses and geraniums the size of rhododendron bushes blossoming beside the running track. The Denver Athletic Club building has a tennis court on its roof that can certainly claim the finest mountain view of any tennis court in the world. But these are incidentals.

Philadelphia is the only place that shows any essential idiosyncrasy. Her Cricket Clubs are athletic clubs, and yet there is a gulf fixed between such organizations as the Merion or the Manheim Cricket Clubs, and the Schuylkill Navy, or the Bank Clerks' Association. They have time in Philadelphia to play cricket; and I know of no more attractive form of athletic life than that exemplified at Merion; which one might see at its fullest in the match between Lord Hawkes's recurring gentlemen of England and the gentlemen of Philadelphia. It is such a life which makes the Philadelphia audience that witnessed that match so fresh and healthful and kindly, that a stranger might wish to pass his days looking at the stands. Indeed the form of it is somewhat aristocratic, and so English that all foreigners, including the deductive Conan Doyle, unhesitatingly declare that Philadelphia is the most pleasing of American cities. This life is an evolution from the athletic clubs, however—and scarcely in touch with their essential democracy.

Where the athletic clubs seem most like institutions is in their city clubhouses. Perhaps the very best illustration of them all is the Chicago Athletic Club. The idea came to certain public spirited citizens of Chicago, that their city needed an athletic club, just as it came to them later that it needed a public art gallery. An inspection was made of all the chief ath-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

letic clubs in the East, and the result was the edifice on Michigan Avenue, which can fairly claim to be the best equipped of all the athletic club-houses and a composite of them all. It was started, it may be said, with the philanthropic idea of giving a club home to clerks of moderate means; but when the plans began to show a house that would cost three-quarters of a million dollars, and a fire loaded the Association with a heavy debt, they dropped philanthropy, and they are now charging one hundred and twenty-five dollars for initiation and sixty-five dollars for annual dues.

The house quite covers a plot of ground of eighty by nearly one hundred and eighty feet, and ranks among the large structures of the city as an artistic building. To give an idea of it, one could say in the first place that it is the most comfortable hotel in Chicago. Two floors are given up entirely to private living-rooms, that are furnished as in the very highest class of caravansaries, and kept scrupulously clean, save that if you press your face against the wire screens kept at the windows in summer-time, you will come away with much soot on your nose and forehead. The dining-room on the seventh floor occupies the entire width of the building, and the whole front is built as a window overlooking the milky waters of Lake Michigan, which is—"Not a bad imitation of the sea, sir." The chef is a former steward of the Pickwick Club of New Orleans, and the cuisine is so acceptable that five or six hundred men dine there daily throughout the winter. The club is situated near the business heart of the city, and noon lunches in the "stalactite" room are very popular. So well known is this purely hotel feature of the club, that strangers from out of town who know the ropes get their friends who are members to put them up at the club instead of going to a hotel. It is cheaper and better than the Auditorium, and there are no servants to be feed into politeness. Then as a social club, in its furnishing, and in everything except the homogeneity of its members, it can claim to stand in the front rank with any of the clubs. Its distinctively social rooms occupy the entire floor-space of the second story of the building. The front hall is the club parlor, and the rear hall is a combined café and billiard-room in which there are twenty-one tables. I know of no room that gives just the impression of the club parlor in the appearance of its wood carving, except the chamber of the House of Lords at Westminster. It is furnished in oak, carved and designed in Gothic lines. Oak columns run up to the ceiling, and about their bases are fashioned artistic settles. There are four huge fireplaces in the room, one of which, the largest, with a panelled carving of football players over it, could only have been meant for the burning of the logs of a red-wood tree. The billiard-room, that is in reality but a continuation of the club parlor, is furnished entirely in a dark polished mahogany, and the whole aspect of the room is so rich, yet decorous and chaste, that one would hesitate to take off his coat when a game of pool should become too warm.

Then in its athletic facilities it is hard to suggest where any more might be added. On the top of the building are two racket courts, whence the snappy crack of the marble-like racket balls comes to your ears as you are nearing the floor in the elevator. And there is a tennis court, and hand-ball courts, all duly provided with a professor and obliging markers. The gymnasium, with its accompanying rooms for boxing and fencing, occupies the entire floor-space of two stories, and is an interesting exhibition of the ingenious contrivances that can be made for making a man exercise the different muscles of his body. It was a carte-blanche production, and it would need a man with an interpreter to know what to do with half the things he sees.

On the story below the gymnasium there are dressing-rooms and showers enough for a regiment. And farther down on the ground floor is an equipment in the way of Turkish baths and swimming-pool, which shows that the builders of the club recognized the power of dirt in their city and desired to make cleanliness attractive.

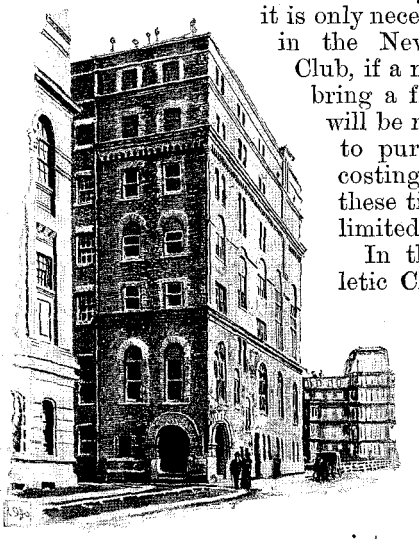
It is impossible to over-praise the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cricket at the Staten Island Cricket Club.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

richness and completeness of the appointments of the Chicago Athletic Club, from the elaborate wood carving of the club-rooms and the lavishness of oak and mahogany, down to the wonderful glass barber-shop of a thousand reflections. The Boston, Providence, Detroit, Denver, and New York Athletic Clubs have all fine city club-houses, but the Chicago Club easily leads them all. The equipment of them all varies, but the life of the clubs is essentially the same—vaudevilles, concerts, smokers, indoor athletic games, whist tournaments, gymnastic exhibitions, wrestling and water-polo, boxing contests, theatricals and amateur circuses—all these are the activities of the athletic clubs from Portland, Ore., to Portland, Me.

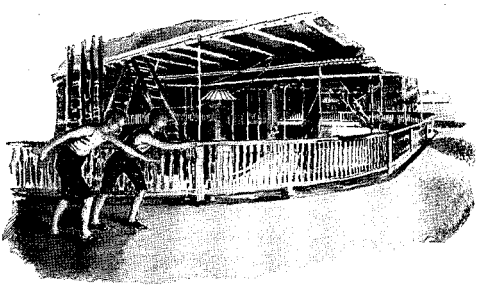


The Club-house.

In one place, one form of entertainment finds greater acceptance, from the character of the membership; in another a totally different form. In Boston so popular are the Sunday afternoon philharmonic concerts, that they may be said to be characteristic of the club, while in the Chicago and New York Athletic Clubs the boxing contests are always crowded.

These boxing contests are a very interesting illustration of the life of the clubs. They are purely spectacles—not participated in by the members of the clubs, but given up wholly to professionals, who fight for money as a business—as in the New York Athletic Club—or to "ostensible" amateurs, who spar for prizes of watches or jewelry, as in the Chicago Athletic Club. To indicate how they are appreciated it is only necessary to say that, in the New York Athletic Club, if a member wishes to bring a friend with him it will be necessary for him to purchase a ticket, costing five dollars, and these tickets are strictly limited in number.

In the Chicago Athletic Club it is not unusual for six or seven hundred men to gather on the boxing nights, and there is something quite artistic in the sight. An "ostensible" sixteen-foot ring is built up from the gymnasium floor, and roped in approved style. The seats are built about the ring as in an amphitheatre, running back and upward so that the men in the upper rows look down upon the ring with their elbows on their knees. Above the ring is a shaded drop-light—that floods it, and throws the light out beyond into the faces of a characteristic audience, that banks up from the ring until it gets beyond the circle of the light and reaches close to the ceiling—fifty or sixty feet away from the ropes. There is an appreciable expectation in the crowd, and they regard with a critical eye the boys, as they are technically called, as they step through the ropes and take their seats in the corners, and are followed by a couple of trainers. Why this should be interesting I cannot say, except to admit frankly that no civilization can ever destroy the Anglo-Saxon love "for a good fight." It is hard to admit that one likes to see two men punch each other's heads for fair; but still the fact remains that, because they are going to do so presently, deeply interests this typical crowd of the best class of city men.

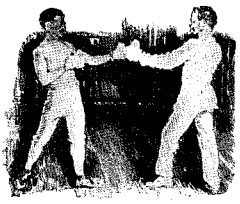


The Running Track.

But there is not anything brutal about

The Boston A. C.

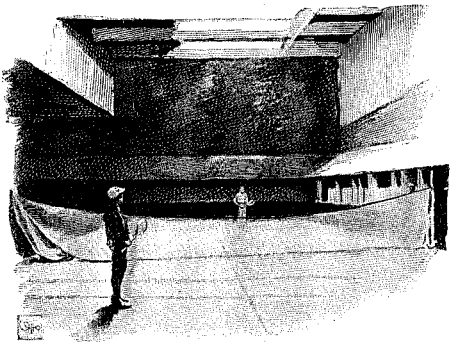
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



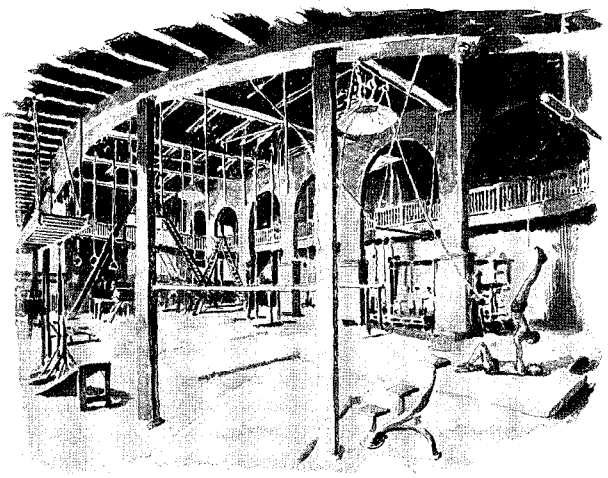
it. It is a business with the young fellows, who sit there, with naked backs, and clean, white, hard flesh, and easy muscles, who are being rubbed and fanned, and who are having their tongues scraped with a "strigil" and pressed with lemons. There is nothing ugly about them. They come up to each other smiling, and sometimes take each other's hands in both their own to show they feel no ill-will.

The referee is usually a broker who has had an extensive knowledge of "scraps" and a copy of the only picture of the "Tipton Slasher" in existence. It is really a delicious thing to see the sporty sway to his legs as he follows the fights around the ring, and sees that they punch each other hard enough and yet do not get into a "regular mill."

When you have seen it all, and even, perhaps, one of the contestants a bit "groggy" at the end, you haven't seen anything immoral or bad—or brutal. You have only been seeing part of the life that is explained by the word Athletic. You have only been interested in those things that make for physical superiority, the power of which shall never cease to be admired.



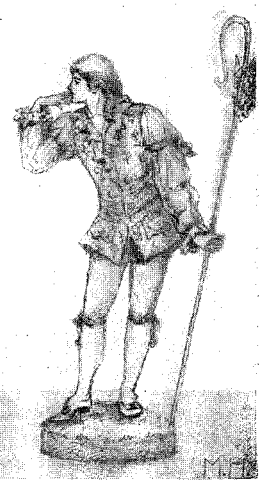
The Racket Court, Boston A. C.



The Gymnasium, Boston A. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Moral in Sevres.



By Mildred Howells

Upon my mantelpiece they stand,
  While all its length between them lies;
He throws a kiss with graceful hand,
  She glances back with bashful eyes.

The china Shepherdess is fair,
  The Shepherd's face denotes a heart
Burning with ardor and despair.
  Alas, they stand so far apart!

And yet, perhaps, if they were moved,
  And stood together day by day,
Their love had not so constant proved,
  Nor would they still have smiled so gay.

His hand the Shepherd might have kissed
  The match-box Angel's heart to win;
The Shepherdess, his love have missed,
  And flirted with the Mandarin.

But on my mantelpiece they stand,
  While all its length between them lies;
He throws a kiss with graceful hand,
  She glances back with bashful eyes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

SCENE V.

So the husband and wife were left together in the cottage room. The door had no sooner closed on Saunders and his companions than Isaac was seized with that strange sense of walking amid things unreal upon a wavering earth which is apt to beset the man who has any portion of the dreamer's temperament, under any sudden rush of circumstance. He drew his hand across his brow, bewildered. The fire leapt and chattered in the grate; the newly washed tea-things on the table shone under the lamp; the cat lay curled, as usual, on the chair where he sat after supper to read his *Christian World;* yet all things were not the same. What had changed?

Then across poor John's rifled box he saw his wife sitting rigid on the chair where he had left her.

He came and sat down at the corner of the table, close to her, his chin on his hand.

"'Ow did yer spend it?" he said, startled, as the words came out, by his own voice, so grinding and ugly was the note of it.

Her miserable eyes travelled over his face, seeking, as it were, for some promise, however faint, of future help and succor, however distant.

Apparently she saw none, for her own look flamed to fresh defiance.

"I didn't spend it. Saunders wor lyin'."

"'Ow did yer get them half-crowns?"

"I got 'em at Bedford. Mr. Grimstone give 'em me."

Isaac looked at her hard, his shame burning into his heart. This was how she had got her money for the gin. Of course, she had lied to him the night before, in her account of her fall and of that mark on her forehead, which still showed, a red disfigurement, under the hair she had drawn across it. The sight of it, of her, began to excite in him a quick loathing. He was at bottom a man of violent passions, and in the presence of evil-doing so flagrant, so cruel—of a household ruin so complete—his religion failed him.

"When was it as yer opened that box fust?" he asked her again, scorning her denials.

She burst into a rage of tears, lifting her apron to her eyes, and flinging names at him that he scarcely heard.

There was a little cold tea in a cup close to him that Bessie had forgotten. He stretched out his hand, and took a mouthful, moistening his dry lips and throat.

"Yer'll go to prison for this," he said, jerking it out as he put the cup down.

He saw her shiver. Her nerve was failing her. The convulsive sobs continued, but she ceased to abuse him. He wondered when he should be able to get it out of her. He himself could no more have wept than iron and fire weep.

"Are yer goin' to tell me when yer took that money, and 'ow yer spent it? 'Cos, if yer don't, I shall go to Watson."

Even in her abasement it struck her as shameful, unnatural, that he, her husband, should say this. Her remorse returned upon her heart, like a tide driven back. She answered him not a word.

He put his silver watch on the table.

"I'll give yer two minutes," he said.

There was silence in the cottage except for the choking, hysterical sounds she could not master. Then he took up his hat again, and went out into the snow, which was by now falling fast.

She remained helpless and sobbing, unconscious of the passage of time,

* Copyright, 1895, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one hand playing incessantly with a child's comforter that lay beside her on the table, the other wiping away the crowding tears. But her mind worked feverishly all the time, and gradually she fought herself free of this weeping, which clutched her against her will.

Isaac was away for an hour. When he came back, he closed the door carefully, and, walking to the table, threw down his hat upon it. His face under its ruddy brown had suffered some radical disintegrating change.

"They've traced yer," he said, hoarsely; "they've got it up to twenty-six pound, an' more. Most on it 'ere in Clinton—some on it, Muster Miles o' Frampton ull swear to. Watson ull go over to Frampton, for the warrant—to-morrer."

The news shook her from head to foot. She stared at him wildly—speechless.

"But that's not arf," he went on—"not near arf. Do yer 'ear? What did yer do with the rest? I'll not answer for keepin' my 'ands off yer if yer won't tell."

In his trance of rage and agony he was incapable of pity. He had small need to threaten her with blows—every word stabbed.

But her turn had come to strike back. She raised her head; she measured her news against his; and she did it with a kind of exultation.

"Then I *will* tell yer—an' I 'ope it ull do yer good. *I* took thirty-one pound o' Bolderfield's money then—but it warn't me took the rest. Someone else tuk it, an' I stood by an' saw 'im. When I tried to stop 'im—look 'ere."

She raised her hand, nodding, and pointing to the wound on her brow.

Isaac leant heavily on the table. A horrible suspicion swept through him. Had she wronged him in a yet blacker way? He bent over her, breathing fast—ready to strike.

"Who was it?"

She laughed. "Well, it wor *Timothy* then—yur precious—beautiful son—Timothy!"

He fell back.

"Yo're lyin'," he cried; "yer want to throw it off on someone. How cud Timothy 'ave 'ad anythin' to do with John's money? Timothy's not been near the place this three months."

"Not till lasst night," she said, mocking him. "I'll grant yer—not till lasst night. But it *do* 'appen, as lasst night Timothy took forty-one pound o' John Borroful's money out o' that box, an' got off—clean. I'm sorry if yer don't like it—but I can't 'elp that; yo' listen 'ere."

And lifting a quivering finger she told her tale at last, all the beginning of it confused and almost unintelligible, but the scene with Timothy vivid, swift, convincing—a direct impression from the ugly immediate fact.

He listened, his face lying on his arms. It was true; all true. She might have taken more and Timothy less; no doubt she was making it out as bad as she could for Timothy. But it lay between them—his wife and his son—it lay between them.

"An' I 'eard yer coming," she ended; "an' I thought I'd tell yer—an' I wor frightened about the arf-crowns—people 'ad been talkin' so at Dawson's—an' I didn't see no way out—an'—an'——"

She ceased, her hand plucking again at the comforter, her throat working.

He, too, thought of the loving words he had said to her, and the memory of them only made his misery the more fierce.

"An' there ain't no way out," he said violently, raising his head. "Yer'll be took before the magistrates next week, an' the assizes ull be in February, an' yer'll get six months—if yer don't get more."

She got up from her chair as though physically goaded by the words.

"I'll not go to jail," she said, under her breath. "I'll not——"

A sound of scorn broke from Isaac.

"You should ha' thought o' that," he said. "Yo' should ha' thought o' that. An' what you've been sayin' about Timothy don't make it a 'aporth the better—not for *you!* Yo' led *'im* into it too—if it 'adn't been for yo', 'ee'd never ha' *seen* the cursed stuff. Yo've dragged 'im down worse nor 'ee were—an' yerself—an' the childer—an' me. An' the drink, an' the lyin'!—it turns a man's stomach to think on it. An' I've been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

livin' with yer—these twelve years. I wish to the Lord I'd never seen yer—as the children ud never been born! They'll be known all their life now—as 'avin' 'ad sich a woman for their mother!"

A demon of passion possessed him more and more. He looked at her with murderous eyes, his hand on the table working.

For his world, too, lay in ruins about him. Through many hard-working and virtuous years he had counted among the righteous men of the village—the men whom the Almighty must needs reckon to the good whenever the score of Clinton Magna had to be made up. And this pre-eminence had come to be part of the habitual furniture of life and thought. To be suddenly stripped of it—to be, not only disgraced by his wife, to be thrust down himself among the low and sinful herd—this thought made another man of him; made him wicked, as it were, perforce. For who that heard the story would ever believe that he was not the partner of her crime? Had he not eaten and drunk of it; were not he and his children now clothed by it?

Bessie did not answer him nor look at him. At any other moment she would have been afraid of him; now she feared nothing but the image in her own mind—herself led along the village street, enclosed in that hateful building, cut off from all pleasure, all free moving and willing—alone and despised—her children taken from her.

Suddenly she walked into the back kitchen and opened the door leading to the garden.

Outside everything lay swathed in white, and a snow-storm was drifting over the deep cup of land which held the village. A dull, melancholy moonlight seemed to be somewhere behind the snow-curtain, for the muffled shapes of the houses below and the long sweep of the hill were visible through the dark, and the objects in the little garden itself were almost distinct. There, in the centre, rose the round stone edging of the well, the copious well, sunk deep into the chalk, for which Bessie's neighbors envied her, whence her good nature let them draw freely at any time of drought. On either side of it the gnarled stems of old fruit-trees and the bare sticks of winter kale made black scratches and blots upon the white.

Bessie looked out, leaning against the doorway, and heedless of the wind that drove upon her. Down below there was a light in Watson's cottage, and a few lights from the main street beyond pierced the darkness. The "Spotted Deer" must be at that moment full of people, all talking of her and Isaac. Her eye came hastily back to the snow-shrouded well and dwelt upon it.

"Shut that door!" Isaac commanded from inside. She obeyed, and came back into the kitchen. There she moved restlessly about a minute or two, followed by his frowning look—the look, not of a husband, but of an enemy. Then a sudden animal yearning for rest and warmth seized her. She opened the door by the hearth abruptly and went up, longing simply to lie down and cover herself from the cold.

But, after all, she turned aside to the children, and sat there for some time at the foot of the little boys' bed. The children, especially Arthur, had been restless for long, kept awake and trembling by the strange sounds outside their door and the loud voices downstairs; but, with the deep silence that had suddenly fallen on the house after Isaac had gone away to seek his interview with Watson, sleep had come to them, and even Arthur, on whose thin cheeks the smears left by crying were still visible, was quite unconscious of his mother. She looked at them from time to time, by the light of a bit of a candle she had placed on a box beside her; but she did not kiss them, and her eyes had no tears. From time to time she looked quickly round her, as though startled by a sound, a breathing.

Presently, shivering with cold, she went into her own room. There, mechanically, she took off her outer dress, as though to go to bed; but when she had done so her hands fell by her side; she stood motionless till, suddenly wrapping an old shawl round her, she took up her candle and went downstairs again.

As she pushed open the door at the foot of the stairs, she saw Isaac, where

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she had left him, sitting on his chair, bent forward, his hands dropping between his knees, his gaze fixed on a bit of dying fire in the grate.

"Isaac!"

He looked up with the unwillingness of one who hates the sound he hears, and saw her standing on the lowest step. Her black hair had fallen upon her shoulders, her quick breath shook the shawl she held about her, and the light in her hand showed the anguished brightness of the eyes.

"Isaac, are yer comin' up?"

The question maddened him. He turned to look at her more fixedly.

"Comin' up? noa, I'm not comin' up—so now yer know. Take yerself off, an' be quick."

She trembled.

"Are yer goin' to sleep down 'ere, Isaac?"

"Ay, or wherever I likes: it's no concern o' yourn. I'm no 'usband o' yourn from this day forth. Take yersel' off, I say!—I'll 'ave no thief for *my* w. . !"

But instead of going she stepped down into the kitchen. His words had broken her down; she was crying again.

"Isaac, I'd ha' put it back," she said, imploring. "I wor goin' in to Bedford to see Mr. Grimstone—'ee'd ha' managed it for me. I'd a worked extra—I could ha' done it—if it 'adn't been for Timothy. If you'll 'elp—an' you'd oughter, for yer *are* my 'usband, whativer yer may say—we could pay John back—some day. You can go to 'im, an' to Watson, an' say as we'll pay it back—yo' *could*, Isaac. I can take ter the plattin' again, an' I can go an' work for Mrs. Drew—she asked me again lasst week. Mary Anne ull see to the childer. You go to John, Isaac, to-morrer—an'—an'—to Watson. All they wants is the money back. Yer couldn't—yer couldn't—see me took to prison, Isaac."

She gasped for breath, wiping the mist from her eyes with the edge of her shawl.

But all that she said only maddened the man's harsh and pessimist nature the more. The futility of her proposals, of her daring to think, after his fiat and the law's had gone forth, that there was any way out of what she had done, for her or for him, drove him to frenzy. And his wretched son was far away; so he must vent the frenzy on her. The melancholia, which religion had more or less restrained and comforted during a troubled lifetime, became, on this tragic night a wild-beast impulse that must have its prey.

He rose suddenly and came toward her, his eyes glaring, and a burst of invective on his white lips. Then he made a rush for a heavy stick that leant against the wall.

She fled from him, reached her bedroom in safety, and bolted the door. She heard him give a groan on the stairs, throw away the stick, and descend again.

Then for nearly two hours there was absolute stillness once more in this miserable house. Bessie had sunk, half fainting, on a chair by the bed, and lay there, her head lying against the pillow.

But in a very short time the blessed numbness was gone, and consciousness became once more a torture, the medium of terrors not to be borne. Isaac hated her—she would be taken from her children—she felt Watson's grip upon her arm—she saw the jeering faces at the village doors.

At times a wave of sheer bewilderment swept across her. How had it come about that she was sitting there like this? Only two days before she had been everybody's friend. Life had been perpetually gay and exciting. She had had qualms indeed, moments of a quick anguish, before the scene in the "Spotted Deer." But there had been always some thought to protect her from herself. John was not coming back for a long, long time. She would replace the money—of course she would! And she would not take any more—or only a very little. Meanwhile the hours floated by, dressed in a color and variety they had never yet possessed for her—charged with all the delights of wealth, as such a human being under such conditions is able to conceive them.

Her nature, indeed, had never gauged its own capacities for pleasure till within the last few months. Excitement, amusement, society—she had grown to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them; they had evoked in her a richer and fuller life, expanded and quickened all the currents of her blood. As she sat shivering in the darkness and solitude, she thought, with a sick longing, of the hours in the public-house—the lights, the talk, the warmth within and without. The drink-thirst was upon her at this moment. It had driven her down to the village that afternoon at the moment of John's arrival. But she had no money. She had not dared to unlock the cupboard again, and she could only wander up and down the bit of dark road beyond the "Spotted Deer," suffering and craving.

Well, it was all done—all done!

She had come up without her candle, and the only light in the room was a cold glimmer from the snow outside. But she must find a light, for she must write a letter. By much groping she found some matches, and then lit one after another while she searched in her untidy drawers for an ink-bottle and a pen she knew must be there.

She found them, and with infinite difficulty — holding match after match in her left hand—she scrawled a few blotted lines on a torn piece of paper. She was a poor scholar, and the toil was great. When it was done, she propped the paper up against the looking-glass.

Then she felt for her dress, and deliberately put it on again, in the dark, though her hands were so numb with cold that she could scarcely hook the fastenings. Her teeth chattered as she threw her old shawl round her.

Stooping down she took off her boots, and pushing the bolt of her own door back as noiselessly as possible, she crept down the stairs. As she neared the lower door, the sound of two or three loud breathings caught her ear.

Her heart contracted with an awful sense of loneliness. Her husband slept —her children slept—while she——

Then the wave of a strange, a just passion mounted within her. She stepped into the kitchen, and walking up to her husband's chair, she stood still a moment looking at him. The lamp was dying away, but she could still see him plainly. She held herself steadily erect; a frown was on her brow, a flame in her eyes.

"Well, good-by, Isaac," she said, in a low but firm voice.

Then she walked to the backdoor and opened it, taking no heed of noise; the latch fell heavily, the hinges creaked.

"Isaac!" she cried, her tones loud and ringing, "*Isaac!*"

There was a sudden sound in the kitchen. She slipped through the door, and ran along the snow-covered garden.

Isaac, roused by her call from the deep trance of exhaustion which only a few minutes before had fallen upon his misery, stood up, felt the blast rushing in through the open door at the back, and ran blindly.

The door had swung to again. He clutched it open; in the dim weird light, he saw a dark figure stoop over the well; he heard something flung aside, which fell upon the snow with a thud; then the figure sprang upon the coping of the well.

He ran with all his speed, his face beaten by the wind and sleet. But he was too late. A sharp cry pierced the night. As he reached the well and hung over it, he heard, or thought he heard, a groan, a beating of the water —then no more.

Isaac's shouts for help attracted the notice of a neighbor who was sitting up with her daughter and a new-born child. She roused her son-in-law and his boy, and through them a score of others, deep night though it was.

Watson was among the first of those who gathered round the well. He and others lowered Isaac with ropes into its icy depths, and drew him up again, while the snow beat upon them all—the straining men—the two dripping shapes emerging from the earth. A murmur of horror greeted the first sight of that marred face on Isaac's arm, as the lanterns fell upon it. For there was a gash above the eye, caused by a projection in the hard chalk side of the well, which of itself spoke death.

Isaac carried her in, and laid her down before the still glowing hearth. A shudder ran through him as he knelt, bending over her. The new wound had effaced all the traces of Timothy's blow. How long was it since she had stood there before him pointing to it?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The features were already rigid. No one felt the smallest hope. Yet with that futile tenderness all can show to the dead, everything was tried. Mary Anne Waller came—white and speechless—and her deft gentle hands did whatever the village doctor told her. And there were many other women, too, who did their best. Some of them, had Bessie dared to live, would have helped with all their might to fill her cup of punishment to the brim. Now that she had thrown herself on death as her only friend, they were dissolved in pity.

Everything failed. Bessie had meant to die, and she had not missed her aim. There came a moment when the doctor, laying his ear for the last time to her cold breast, raised himself to bid the useless effort cease.

"Send them all away," he said to the little widow, "and you stay." Watson helped to clear the room, then he and Isaac carried the dead woman upstairs. An old man followed them, a bent and broken being, who dragged himself up the steps with his stick. Watson, out of compassion, came back to help him.

"John—yer'd better go home, an' to yer bed—yer can't do no good."

"I'll wait for Mary Anne," said John, in a shaking whisper—"I'll wait for Mary Anne."

And he stood at the doorway leaning on his stick; his weak and reddened eyes fixed on his cousin, his mouth open feebly.

But Mary Anne, weeping, beckoned to another woman who had come up with the little procession, and they began their last offices.

"Let us go," said the doctor, kindly, his hand on Isaac's shoulder, "till they have done."

At that moment Watson, throwing a last professional glance round the room, perceived the piece of torn paper propped against the glass. Ah! there was the letter. There was always a letter.

He walked forward, glanced at it, and handed it to Isaac. Isaac drew his hand across his brow in bewilderment, then seemed to recognize the handwriting, and thrust it into his pocket without a word. Watson touched his arm. "Don't you destroy it," he said in warning; "it'll be asked for at the inquest."

The men descended. Watson and the doctor departed. John and Isaac were left alone in the kitchen. Isaac hung over the fire, which had been piled up in the hope of restoring warmth to the drowned woman. Suddenly he took out the letter, and, bending his head to the blaze, began to read it.

"Isaac, yer a cruel husband to me, an' there's no way fer me but the way I'm goin'. I didn't mean no 'arm, not at first, but there, wot's the good of talkin'. I can't bear the way as you speaks to me an' looks at me, an' I'll never go to prison—no, never. It's orful—fer the children ull 'ave no mother, an' I don't know however Arthur ull manage. But yer woodent show me no mercy, an' I can't think of anythin' different. I did love yer an' the childer, but the drink got holt of me. Yer mus' see as Arthur is rapped up, an' Edie's eyes ull 'ave to be seen to now an 'agen. I'm sorry, but there's nothin' else. I wud like yer to kiss me onst, when they bring me in, and jes say, Bessie, I forgive yer. It won't do yer no 'arm, an' p'raps I may 'ear it without your knowin'. So good-by, Isaac, from yur lovin' wife, Bessie. . . ."

As he read it the man's fixed pallor and iron calm gave way. He leaned against the mantelpiece, shaken at last with the sobs of a human and a helpless remorse.

John, from his seat on the settle a few yards away, looked at Isaac miserably. His lips opened now and then as though to speak, then closed again. His brain could form no distinct image. He was encompassed by a general sense of desolation, springing from the loss of his money, which was pierced every now and then by a strange sense of guilt. It seemed to have something to do with Bessie, this last, though what he could not have told.

So they sat, till Mary Anne's voice called "Isaac" from the top of the stairs.

Isaac stood up, drew one deep breath, controlled himself, and went, John following.

Mary Anne held the bedroom door open for them, and the two men entered, treading softly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The women stood on either hand crying. They had clothed the dead in white and crossed her hands upon her breast. A linen covering had been passed, nun-like, round the head and chin. The wound was hidden, and the face lay framed in an oval of pure white, which gave it a strange severity.

Isaac bent over her. Was this *Bessie*—Bessie, the human, faulty, chattering creature—whom he, her natural master, had been free to scold or caress at will? At bottom he had always been conscious in regard to her of a silent but immeasurable superiority, whether as mere man to mere woman, or as the Christian to the sinner.

Now—he dared scarcely touch her. As she lay in this new-found dignity, the proud peace of her look intimidated, accused him—would always accuse him till he too rested as she rested now, clad for the end. Yet she had bade him kiss her—and he obeyed her—groaning within himself, incapable altogether, out of sheer abasement, of saying those words she had asked of him.

Then he sat down beside her, motionless. John tried once or twice to speak to him, but Isaac shook his head impatiently. At last the mere presence of Bolderfield in the room seemed to anger him. He threw the old man such dark and restless looks that Mary Anne perceived them, and, with instinctive understanding, persuaded John to go.

She, however, must needs go with him, and she went. The other woman stayed. Every now and then she looked furtively at Isaac.

"If some one don't look arter 'im,' she said to herself, "'ee'll go as his father and his brothers went afore him. 'Ee's got the look on it awready. Whenever it's light I'll go fetch Muster Drew."

With the first rays of the morning Bolderfield got up from the bed in Mary Anne's cottage, where she had placed him a couple of hours before, imploring him to lie still and rest himself. He slipped on his coat, the only garment he had taken off, and taking his stick he crept down to the cottage door. Mary Anne, who had gone out to fetch some bread, had left it ajar. He opened it and stood on the threshold looking out.

The storm of the night was over, and already a milder breeze was beginning to melt the newly fallen snow. The sun was striking cheerfully from the hill behind him upon the glistening surfaces of the distant fields; the old laborer felt a hint of spring in the air. It brought with it a hundred vague associations, and filled him with a boundless despair. What would become of him now—penniless and old and feeble? The horror of Bessie's death no longer stood between him and his own pain, and would soon even cease to protect her from his hatred.

Mary Anne came back along the lane, carrying a jug and a loaf. Her little face was all blanched and drawn with weariness; yet when she saw him her look kindled. She ran up to him.

"What did yer come down for, John? I'd ha' taken yer yer breakfast in yer bed."

He looked at her, then at the food. His eyes filled with tears.

"I can't pay yer for it," he said, pointing with his stick; "I can't pay yer for it."

Mary Anne led him in, scolding and coaxing him with her gentle, trembling voice. She made him sit down while she blew up the fire; she fed and tended him. When she had forced him to eat something, she came behind him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"John," she said, clearing her throat, "John, yer sha'n't want while I'm livin'. I promised Eliza I wouldn't forget yer, and I won't. I can work yet—there's plenty o' people want me to work for 'em—an' maybe, when yer get over this, you'll work a bit, too, now and again. We'll hold together, John—anyways. While I live and keep my 'elth yer sha'n't want. An' yer'll forgive Bessie"—she broke into sudden sobbing. "Oh! I'll never 'ear a crule word about Bessie in my 'ouse, *never!*"

John put his arms on the table and hid his face upon them. He could not speak of forgiveness, nor could he thank her for her promise. His chief feeling was an intense wish to sleep; but as Mary Anne dried her tears and began to go about her household work, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sound of her step, the sense of her loving presence near him, began for the first time to relax the aching grip upon his heart. He had always been weak and dependent, in spite of his thrift and his money. He would be far more weak and dependent now and henceforward. But again, he had found a woman's tenderness to lean upon, and as she ministered to him—this humble, shrinking creature he had once so cordially despised—the first drop of balm fell upon his sore.

Meanwhile, in another cottage a few yards away, Mr. Drew was wrestling with Isaac. In his own opinion he met with small success. The man who had refused his wife mercy, shrank with a kind of horror from talking of the Divine mercy. Isaac Costrell's was a strange and groping soul. But those misjudged him who called him a hypocrite.

Yet, in truth, during the years that followed, whenever he was not under the influence of recurrent attacks of melancholia, Isaac did again derive much comfort from the aspirations and self-abasements of religion. No human life would be possible if there were not forces in and round man perpetually tending to repair the wounds and breaches that he himself makes. Misery provokes pity; despair throws itself on a Divine tenderness. And for those who have the "grace" of faith, in the broken and imperfect action of these healing powers upon this various world—in the love of the merciful for the unhappy, in the tremulous yet undying hope that pierces even sin and remorse with the vision of some ultimate salvation from the self that breeds them—in these powers there speaks the only voice which can make us patient under the tragedies of human fate, whether these tragedies be "the falls of princes," or such meaner, narrower pains as brought poor Bessie Costrell to her end.

THE END.

AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS—ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY*

IT is as an interpreter of Nature that Elbridge Kingsley is best known. His reproductions of paintings by famous landscape artists—Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, Inness, and Tryon—and his original blocks, either from his own studies or directly in the wood, are permeated through and through with a sympathy and poetry only possible to one who knows and loves Nature.

His boyhood was passed upon a farm near Hadley, Mass., in the heart of a beautiful and varied country, and his early acquired fondness for the freedom of the woods and fields has led him back in his maturity to make his home amid the scenes that gave him his first artistic inspiration. From the age of sixteen until manhood, when he came to New York with the ambition to study art, he worked in the office of a small country newspaper. Arrived in the city, his first object was to enter the evening classes of the Cooper Union Art Schools, after which he found a practical means of defraying expenses as a compositor on *The Tribune*. An opportunity presenting to take up the more congenial study of wood-engraving, he began it with the enthusiasm that has characterized all of his work. After a few years of city life he returned to the freedom of his loved country, where his spare time was spent in wandering through the woods, sketch-book in hand, ready to make note of any scene that might appeal to his passing mood. A reading of Mr. Hamerton's "Painter's Camp," and a long-cherished wish to live and be in touch with Nature, to work within her charmed circle, to be at hand in all her changing moods from dawn to night, and in sun and storm, suggested

* With a portrait and two original wood-engravings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the building of a wheeled car that might be used both as a studio and dwelling.

Elbridge Kingsley.

While working in this gypsy-like home in the fall of 1882 he engraved a scene directly in the wood which at the time attracted attention, both as a beautiful example of his art and a remarkable achievement. It went far to prove his claim for the wood-engraver's art as one that, in the hands of a master, may assume the value and dignity of a place for itself apart from its merely reproductive value. With Kingsley the successful engraving of a landscape depends upon his going into the woods himself; he must, as far as possible, be in full accord with the environment that contributed to the original conception and inspiration. He cannot work from suggestions by the artist he is to copy. "If I do not go to the same source of inspiration myself and earn my position, he would tire of me in half an hour." There is no use in talking technique, "if I can in my own way find the black and white translation of his color scheme, sacrificing the smaller to the greater masses. I am a creative artist myself." In other words, the responsibility of producing a harmony in black and white rests with the engraver. His work is a creation in precisely the same way as the painter-etcher's, and should receive the same consideration.

This note of individuality, the expression of a strong nature striving toward an ideal, is the key to Kingsley's work. He believes the artist should be a law unto himself, untrammelled by aught beyond the necessity of being true to his own impulses and convictions born of an intense earnestness, and an elevating enthusiasm for the best that is in him. "His art is his personality identified with his every expression." Kingsley says we do not stop to analyze every detail of a picture that touches and moves us, its faults of technique, often its defiance of recognized conventional canons, but we are carried away by its spirit—the thought that gives the impression of truth, and speaks to us of deeper things than mere dexterity of handling. "Whatever reaches down and lifts up that which is sweetest and best within us, whether it comes from the running brooks in the meadows, the whispering of the pines in the forest, the music of cow-bells on the mountain-side, or from simple wood-engraving, that to you is

Twilight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the highest art." Kingsley's especial distinction in the use of the graver lies in his beautifully delicate tones and in the treatment of masses. He is willing to sacrifice perfection of form, strict accuracy in textures, and a precision of line for the sake of attaining a thoroughly sympathetic translation of the picture as a whole, its meaning and poetry; and few will find fault with the result who will study the essential life that vibrates in such a fine example of the engraver's art as the frontispiece of this number.

It is rich in the tender and delicate feeling of the scene, and conveys with a fine truth the artist's motives and mood. Modern process methods of illustrating have encroached upon the domain of the wood-engraver, but while this development has narrowed the field it has also stimulated the wood-engravers, and called upon them for a quality of training and execution that must more and more put their work on a truly creative basis. Kingsley has always been one of the leaders in this new and broader direction, and has done much both by his original and reproductive work to raise the position of his art.

For a number of years he has given a large part of his time to the engraving of large blocks, with especial reference to their careful printing on Japan paper for limited editions, and among them are many charming things after his own paintings.

A Tragedy of the Sea.

POSTERS AND POSTER-DESIGNING IN ENGLAND

By M. H. Spielmann

FIFTY years ago Art and Commerce made little pretence of grasping hands. There was no reference to the "dignity" or "degradation" of which now we hear so much. Wall-announcements and advertising-vans — the latter a nuisance long since legislated off London's face —were already a grievance fast growing into a scandal; and when in a spirit of banter *Punch* suggested that advertisers had better take whole houses while they were about it and plaster their entire frontages with posters right up to the eaves, the hint was taken with appalling promptness and hideous effect. But Art was as yet unsmirched save by Rowland's "incomparable" Macassar Oil, beloved of Byron, and Warren's Nubian Blacking. The former showed us the interesting but unconvincing spectacle of a lady covered from head to foot with a luxuriant growth of hair obtained through a course of judicious loyalty to Mrs. Rowland; and the latter, the delight of a negro grinning at the reflection of his face in a Wellington boot to which he has applied the splendor that lay hid in the blacking-bottle. And that was practically the sum of English poster art. It was admittedly not "high;" but it was large, and made to cover vast acreage of space.

Matters went from bad to worse. Im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itators—of the Catnach order, one would say—sprang up in plenty, and illustration accompanied printed announcement of a sort that did not require familiarity to breed contempt. It was a competition in vulgarity which, while discrediting "displayed advertisement," made a walk in London streets past London hoardings a matter of tribulation. Practically, up to 1870 no pictorial effort appeared upon the walls that did not make the artistic angels weep. To that utter debasement, to the deliberate if not intentional ugliness—for sometimes there was obviously a vague idea of beauty in the designer's mind—and to the splendid vulgarity that nearly always accompanied it, we owe much of the prejudice that exists to this day in the minds of many artists and art writers against the union of art and advertisement; and it is as much in spite of them as of the advertisers themselves that Art has gradually forced her way into her rightful place, and promises henceforth to attend as fairy-godmother at the birth of many a commercial enterprise.

One of the first serious and worthy attempts to free "the poor man's picture-gallery" of its bad taste and barbaric coarseness was made in 1869 and 1870 by the *Graphic* when it heralded its appearance with posters by M. Godfroy Durand, still a member of the staff. The first was a preliminary design familiarly called "The Tombstone" by reason of its shape and attendant winged *amorini;* and others represented a dignified female figure, and, during the Franco-Prussian war, a French and German soldier. These posters helped to show the way—but none followed in it, until in 1871 Fred Walker, A.R.A., drew his famous poster of "The Woman in White." This, a magnificent design of a woman, with her finger to her lips, stepping out into the starlight night, announced Wilkie Collins's new story. People complained that it illustrated no scene in the story, ignorant of the fact that that was precisely Walker's intention, and was, in truth, at the very root of his and of the modern principle of poster-designing. This, he proclaimed, should not be a pictorial illustration of the object or

CITY OF LIVERPOOL SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE AND APPLIED ART
CLASSES IN ARCHITECTURE MODELLING PAINTING AND DRAWING CARVING IN WOOD AND STONE ORNAMENTAL WROUGHT IRON WORK ETC ETC
FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE DIRECTOR
UNIVERSITY
FIAT LUX
COLLEGE
ROBERT ANNING BELL DEL.

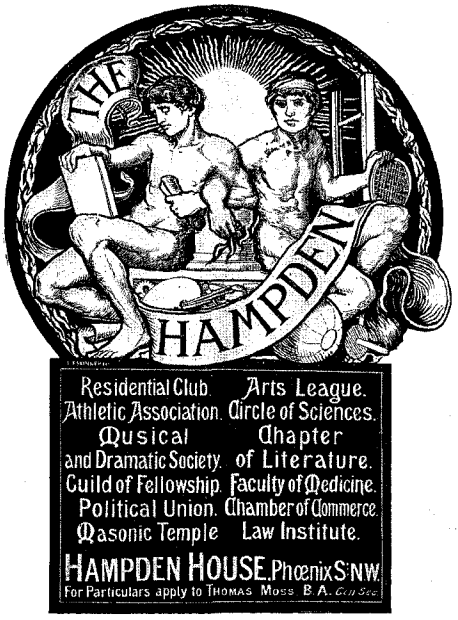
R. Anning Bell, del.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

commodity advertised at all, but a decoration which, completely harmonizing with its spirit, should yet attract by its independent originality and artistic beauty. "I am bent," he wrote at the time, "on doing all I can with a first attempt at what I consider *might develop into a most important branch of art.*" A reproduction of this poster, engraved on wood (before the days of process) by the hand of the man who won Walker's high commendation for his cutting of the great original block, is shown on page 46, through the courtesy of the proprietors of the *Magazine of Art*. No immediate outcome, however, was to be recorded; but "The Woman in White" became the mother of the many admirable designs in black-and-white which since that time have occasionally dignified our hoardings. To these it may be convenient here to refer.

When the *Magazine of Art* was started, Professor Herkomer, R.A., was appealed to to design a poster that should make the country talk, and show at the same time the ground that the publication proposed to cover. The vast poster reproduced on page 45 was the result—with its suggestion of Art distributing the favors of the great painters and sculptors grouped *en hemicyle* behind, to the artist, the artisan, the student, and the passer-by who stands in front. It was sufficiently conventional, yet sufficiently pictorial to be understanded of the people, and the slight technical imperfection was forgiven for the sake of the success with which a difficult problem had been solved. Twelve years later, the present writer commissioned the same hand to design the poster for *Black and White* (page 37)—at the cost, it was currently reported, of thousands of pounds!—which for many weeks pleased the eye of the artist and worried the spirit of the Puritan of London. The letters received on the subject of this semi-nude statuesque figure from narrow-minded correspondents are among the curiosities of epistolary literature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



E. F. Skinner, del.

H. Herkomer, R.A., del.

Mr. Walter Crane's advent into the field of poster-designing was the natural outcome of his artistic principles and activity. He began, in point of fact, before Fred Walker, as in 1869 he produced the poster for a lead-pencil manufacturer, and continued at Mr. Comyns Carr's request with a still-remembered design in blue and yellow for the Promenade Concerts of the Covent Garden Theatre in the early '80's—one of the best he ever executed, but unfortunately at this date absolutely unprocurable. In this poster Orpheus was shown harping to the beasts—scant courtesy, it may be thought, to the public it was intended to attract. Then appeared the "Olympia" poster, which billed the town on the arrival of the French Hippodrome troupe that came over to astonish London (page 36); and though it was really intended as an illustration for the book issued in connection with the same entertainment, it attracted in its enlarged form all eyes to the hoardings by the quietness and distinction of its style and the beauty of its lines. Afterward came the poster of his own exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in 1891; the colored design for Hale & Co.'s Champagnes,

Lockhart Bogle, del.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the black-and-white for the "Arts and Crafts," for the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and the various Scottish insurance companies which, with curious unanimity, found virtue in Mr. Crane's early efforts to influence for good the libels on the name of art which disgraced our London streets. One of the most effective of all Mr. Crane's disciples is Professor R. Anning Bell, whose admirable poster for the Liverpool Gallery of Art (page 35) was his first achievement in the University of that city.

The great principle of poster-designing—that it should be unconventionally conventional and decorative, and if possible original—has not always been accepted by artists, especially by picture-painters, and even by illustrators in black-and-white. The little shipwrecked lady who, by means of a cake of Cleaver's Soap, prettily "washed herself ashore," so far violated the rules of the game, that it did not count as an artistic effort at all, notwithstanding its great popularity; nor admirable and effective as are Mr. Lockhart Bogle's strong posters for the annual Scottish Gathering—"Putting the Shot" and "Throwing the Hammer" (page 37)—did they attract so much attention by their aptness for poster design as by the ability displayed in their draughtsmanship and by the vigor of the arrested action of the Highland athletes. On the other hand, the classic dignity of the posters by Mr. E. F. Skinner (best known, perhaps, as a comic draughtsman) for the Hampton Club (page 37) and for the *Star* newspaper were perfect of their kind, and though through the practical absence of color they were not decorative in the fullest degree possible, they were among the most impressive and best-drawn of London posters.

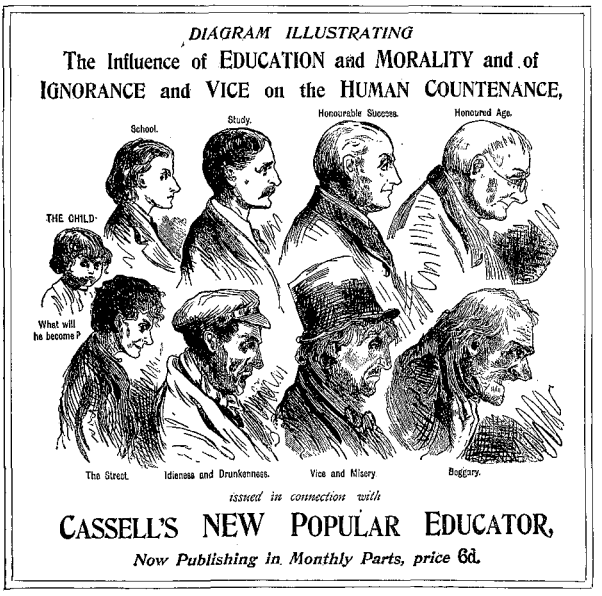
Reproduced by the courtesy of David Allen & Sons, Publishers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Linley Sambourne, of *Punch*, too, has contributed for some years to the hoardings a lively drawing of a lady smoking a cigarette as she sits on a champagne cork—but this was an enlargement of a random sketch made, in accordance with the artist's pleasant custom, on a sheet of note-paper, while talking with a visitor. It was intended for a book. Similarly, Mr. Harry Furniss's filthy Casual, who used Pears's Soap years and years ago, "since when he has used no other," is simply an enlargement of a *Punch* cut. Nevertheless, they do their share in educating the public taste away from the horrors of 1850, and to prepare it for black-and-white work such as M. Willette's lithograph—not entirely suitable for the position, it is true, but full of passion and tears—for "L'Enfant Prodigue." Far better adapted to its purpose, though too light and delicate in its lines for effective wall-treatment, was the admirable theatrical bill designed by Mr. Heywood Sumner for Mr. Benson's Shakespearian revivals.

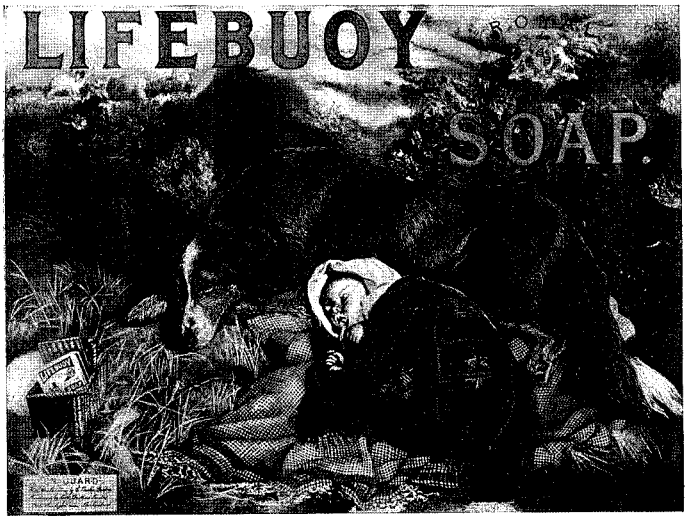
While Walker and his followers were tempting popular taste away from Warren's Blacking, America through her theatrical posters was showing to England how much more could be done by lithography in the way of color than the old wood-block methods—in which the tint of a face was composed of diagonal red lines which fell into their places and became pink (through courtesy of the intermediate bars of plain white paper) when the spectator retired to a distance of ten or twenty yards. But, unhappily, this otherwise capital innovation was entirely in the direction of pictorial treatment; and the English manufacturers and traders, with characteristic perversity, seized upon it at once. The high finish delighted them; and encouraged by the example of theatrical managers—who were pleased to be able to rep-

Drawn by John White from the painting by G. D. Leslie, R.A.



Redrawn by Frederick Barnard.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



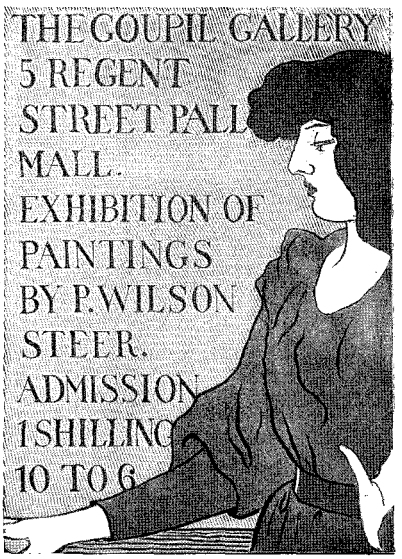
C. Burton Barber, del.

resent a play-scene upon paper with all the glories (and a good deal more) of its native colors—they proceeded to test it in the direction of picture-reproduction. Traders bought popular paintings with their copyrights at sums which in themselves were bold advertisements, and had them reproduced with such additional effects and details as would proclaim their wares. Thus "Bubbles," of Sir John Millais, R.A.; "This is the Way we Wash the Clothes," of Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A. (page 39); "Mariana," by Mr. J. J. Shannon; "A Dress Rehearsal," by Mr. Chevallier Tayler; Venetian *genre* scenes by M. Van Haanen; Landseer, Edouard Frère, even Rubens and Rembrandt—have all in turn advertised articles of trade; and had not Fred Walker's "Bathers" been run up to $13,125 at the Graham sale in 1886, it would now be in the service of soap, instead of reposing as a treasured gem in Mr. Cuthbert Quilter's picture-gallery.

Sir John Millais, R.A., del.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

L. Raven Hill, del.



P. Wilson Steer, del.

Soap, it may be said, although the most advertised commodity in Great Britain, is not the most attractive thing for an artist to deal with. A naturally cleanly public is getting tired of it; and for all that it may be "matchless for the complexion," we do not want to have it continuously thrust in our faces. On the other hand, advertisers claim to know their own business best from the business point of view, and the greatest of them all reminds me that "this French exhibition (at the Aquarium), I may tell you as an advertiser of some little experience, is an absurdity, whatever may be said of it in respect to its 'art.'"

Nevertheless, it soon began to dawn upon some commercial minds that the original suitability of a special design might prove as attractive to the public as the most apt distortion of a popular picture, and that besides being talked of for the wares alone they might obtain additional credit

André Sinet, del.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for promoting Commerce to the Seat of Patronage long since vacated by the Church. And so Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., made his design for Pears's Shaving-soap; Mr. Poynter, R.A., his notable and richly colored "Minerva in her Temple" for the Guardian Insurance Company; Mr. Wyllie, A.R.A., his fine marine picture for the Orient Steamship Company; Mr. C. Burton Barber, his "Guardian Shepherd Dog" for the Lifebuoy Soap (page 40); Mr. Charles Green, R.I., his Georgian scene for Collinson & Lock; and so forth. The idea incubated, and on the quadruple experience I have indicated (Walker's example—American execution—reproduction of pictures—and special designing by distinguished hands) there shone the color-beams from the wonderful chromo-lithographic decorative work introduced by M. Chéret into delighted Paris, with all their joyousness of subject and of pose. London woke up one day to find the first of all the series of this sort enlivening every hoarding. It was by M. Jan Van Beers, and drew attention to the "Salon Parisien" in Bond Street, at which his first exhibition in England was about to be opened. The prudes were a little scandalized at this short-skirted vision in yellow, but the brightness and suggestive mirth of the composition tickled the public mind, and contributed greatly to the success of the artistic enterprise. His second poster for "La Cigale" at the Lyric Theatre—flatter in manner and simpler in tint—was the first hint I saw on English walls of the style that was soon to dominate the more talked-of poster-artists of the present day, whose performances have been seen together in Mr. Edward Bella's collection at the Royal Aquarium aforesaid.

Where M. Van Beers led, two draughtsmen of original talent and overflowing spirits quickly followed—Mr. Paleologue and Mr. Dudley Hardy. The former, gifted with extraordinary dash and *chic*, which, refusing to be bound by the ordinary Academic laws of anatomy or classic gravity, produced a poster for *Pick-me-up* that exactly reproduced the spirit of the paper it proclaimed. Mr. Hardy, though a frank imitator of Mr. Van Beers, brought an added charm, piquancy, and "sensuous suavity" which told with extraordinary effect upon the walls, and with his singular ability to draw a smile, especially when daintily illumined by the upthrown light of the footlights, and his clear use of telling colors, have made him one of the most telling and popular of bill-designers. There is undoubtedly the scent

Dudley Hardy, del.
Reproduced by the courtesy of David Allen & Sons, Publishers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AVENUE THEATRE
Manager - Mr. C. T. H. HELMSLEY
ON THURSDAY, March 29th, 1894.
A COMEDY OF SIGHS!
By JOHN TODHUNTER.
THE DRAWING-ROOM AT SOUTHWOOD MANOR
ACT I. AFTER BREAKFAST.
ACT II. AFTER LUNCH
ACT III. BEFORE DINNER
ACT IV. AFTER DINNER
A New and Original Play in One Act, entitled
THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

Aubrey Beardsley, del.

NEW THEATRE, OXFORD.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
JUNE 7th, 8th & 9th, at 8 p.m.
Matinee on Friday, June 8th, at 2 p.m.
PYGMALION AND GALATEA
The BURGLAR & the JUDGE.
WEIRDSLEY DAUBERY

Weirdsley Daubery (J. Hearn), del.

of the stage and the *demi-monde* about most of his ladies, as you may trace in his three designs for "The Gaiety Girl," in the great poster of *To-day* (page 42), and even in the theatrical air of the lily-bearing Sister who, with sanctified air, heralded the arrival of *St. Paul's*. But all the more, perhaps, for that are his efforts applauded and his pencil employed.

Next to Mr. Hardy, and linking him with the latest movement, comes Mr. Robert Fowler, R.I., whose rather hesitating design in five colors for the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool has through his classic dignity something of the spirit of the former with more than a *soupçon* of the Academic flavor of latter-day poster-designers. Among these M. André Sinet created a great impression by the poster he made for his exhibition at the Goupil Gallery (page 41), and his simple figure of a girl drawn in five colors was quickly acted upon. The fine taste and masterly "placing" in Mr. Mortimer Menpes's announcement-sheets, were passed over in favor of the spirit of Messrs. Sinet, Steinlen, and de Lautrec — perhaps because he was too individual, too personal and simple to permit of satisfactory imitation. Mr. Raven Hill's two-colored poster for *Pick-me-up* (page 41), and in particular Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's bill for the now defunct *Pall Mall Budget* (page 44), created a distinct sensation among the younger men, and enabled them to catch the public eye—as they had captured a considerable section of the London press in its critical columns, as well as an equal section of wall-space in the exhibition galleries. Mr. Greiffenhagen's work was peculiar enough to attract public attention and elegant enough not to repel it; its three colors and their relative proportion were well enough selected and balanced to please the artist, and the whole was suffi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

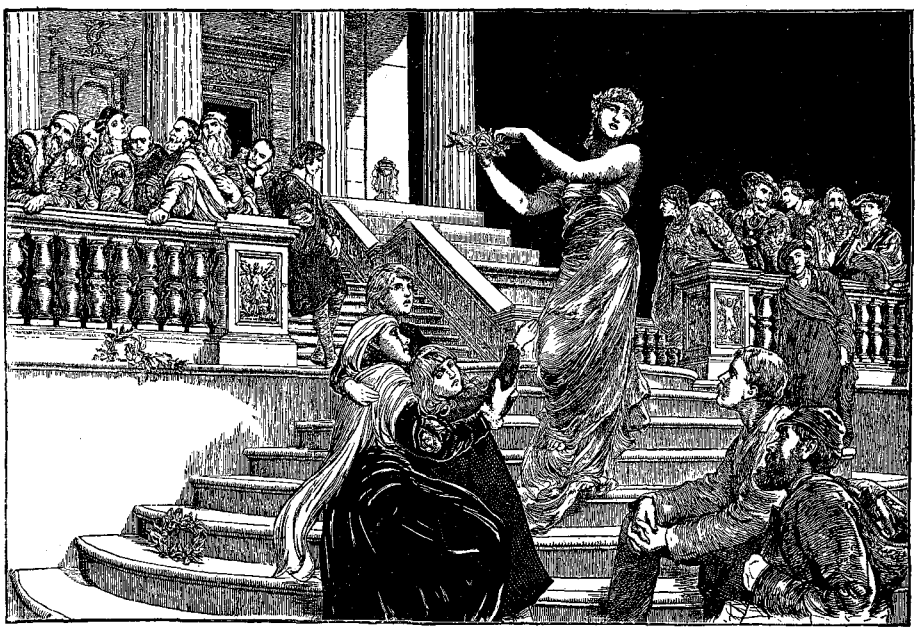
ciently successful to encourage other works in the same line.

Meanwhile, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley had appeared on the artistic horizon—a draughtsman of weird and singular power, who, after importing into his art elements so suggestively opposite as his distorted echoes of Chinese or Annamite execution and Rossettian feeling, seen with a squinting eye, imagined with a Mephistophelian brain, and executed with a vampire hand, showed a deep natural instinct for the beauty of line, for the balance of chiaroscuro, and for decorative effect. It was the æsthetic craze of a former day run mad—startlingly novel, original, and *spirituel*, and full of artistic cleverness. Here was indeed the New Poster, ready to the pen of the New Critic and the New Humorist!

His first effort in the direction of poster-designing was the bill for the Avenue Theatre (page 43), from which many of the stranger characteristics of his drawings were prudently if necessarily withheld. A "creepy" vision of a peacock-green, low-necked woman, behind a transparent curtain, stood with a quiet dignity and quaint simplicity

Maurice Greiffenhagen, del.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



H. Herkomer, R.A., del.

By permission of the "Magazine of Art."

of line that was in itself effective, if not imposing or pleasing. Plainly, the lady was forbidding, "uncanny," inhuman; yet her reception was appreciative, if not altogether sympathetic and complimentary, and provided an excellent target for the shafts of the year's satire. Then followed from the same hand the colored posters for Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, in which the draughtsman put nature and the simply weird entirely on one side, and dealt solely in the grotesque. It was magnificent in point of audacity, but apart from the technical virtue of balance and a certain Oriental treatment of the distance, it was not beauty, such as is exoterically accepted and understood. It was not surprising that these works should produce a caricature such as that executed by Mr. J. Hearn under the pseudonym of "Weirdsley Daubery" for the performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea" as played at Oxford under the ægis of the Rev. the Vice-Chancellor of the University (page 43). A serious imitator of talent, who has rejected the extremer views, or does not share the personality, of Mr. Beardsley is Mr. Lewis Baumer, who for the Royal Academy Students' Club in 1894 produced a poster which in point of line set forth some of the best and most characteristic tenets of the Beardsley cult and creed.

And, finally, there are the grim designs of Mr. Pryde and Mr. Nicholson, artists who work at poster-making under the professional name of "The Beggarstaff Brothers." They are in the very van of the advance-guard of poster-designers who have led the faithful from the gaudy to the joyous, and on to the sober, to the melancholy, and the depressing. Messrs Beggarstaffs' design for "Hamlet" for Somebody's Blue, Dash's Candles, for Niggers, and for Pianos, are among the most striking of all the English attempts at original poster-designing, challenging the attention of the passer-by and claiming his admiration for the powerful and simple dignity of the figure in the first case (black upon brown), or for the effect of fine white lines and blue spots upon a black ground in the second. They are undeniably conceived in the minor key, and after impressing the be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

holder with their individuality, they send him away thoroughly dejected, and convinced of the entire rightness of their claim to be affixed to a "dead" wall. They are about as like to Chéret's posy-like *affiches* as a grim and ascetic old Carmelite is like to a lady of the *corps de ballet*.

"To imagine London," writes my friend Van Beers, "billed with good figures by good designers is, I fear, to imagine a Utopia. Much that is to be done might be done above all in the comic *genre* and by reduction of forms to a humorous point of absurdity and exaggeration. I should like an opportunity of showing what I mean." Humor undoubtedly has its uses. One day all London was smiling at the matutinal welcome of "Good-morning—have you used Pears' Soap?" as it had before smiled at a negro-cupid whose body had been washed pink by a judicious use of the same commodity. But humor in English posters usually takes the empty, vapid form of well-known statesmen nailing down carpets or manning boats — very little indeed that is really witty.

A capital recent poster in colors, in support of a cycle exhibition, conceived in the manner of Chéret, represented a tandem bicycle with a fair coryphée in tights on the front seat; and many were the letters of angry denunciation that were sent to the papers in protest. And when the Bovril Highland Bull, by Mr. William Watson, R.S.A., was posted in Cork, a Town Councillor impeached it on the score of impropriety! Where, one would ask, in the face of such facts, is the sense of humor with which M. Van Beers would coquet to the advantage of the poster-public? The truth is that the artistic and non-artistic views of "vulgarity," as entertained by the English people, are sharply at variance. The vulgarity of the non-artistic poster rarely strikes them; but in the artistic—almost exclusively in the treatment of the feminine figure—what they call vulgarity is usually a certain suggestiveness, usually

Fred. Walker, A.R.A., del.

"The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins, 1871.

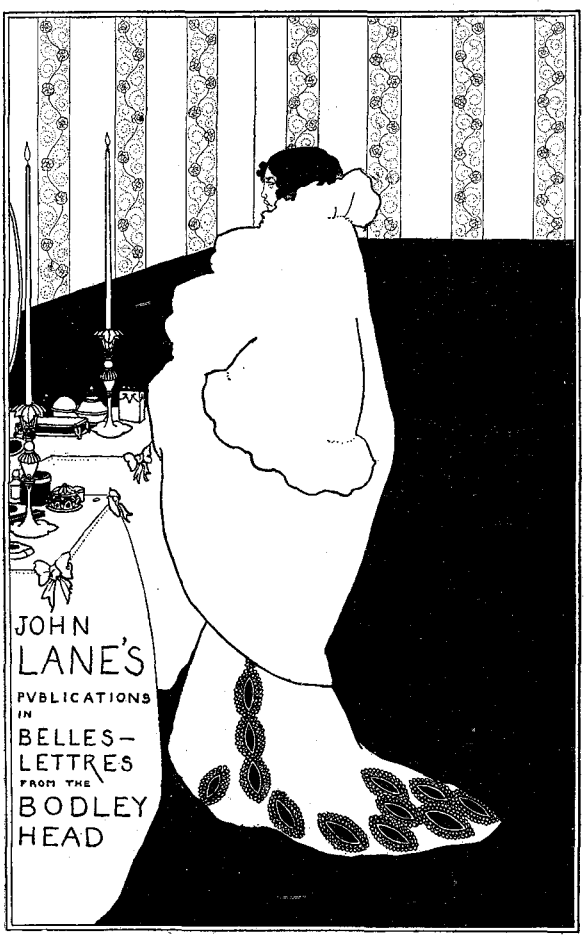
By permission of the "Magazine of Art."

fancied, rarely real, which in either case the artist hardly notices, if at all, on account of its artistry.

"I fear," says Mr. Walter Crane, in discussing the matter from another point of view, "that there is something essentially vulgar about the idea of the poster unless it is limited to simple announcements or directions, or become a species of heraldry, or sign-painting. The jostling together of conflicting scenes and motives on the hoarding,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however, to which all must submit, is as inartistic a condition of things as a picture exhibition. The very fact of the necessity of shouting loud, and the association with vulgar commercial puffing, are against the artist and so much dead weight."



Aubrey Beardsley, del., 1894—a poster as yet unpublished.

But, surely, the fact is at last becoming recognized that "shouting" is no longer necessary. Just as to practised ears in a boiler-shop the whisper of a man or a soft note of music, can be heard above the deafening din of a hundred hammers, so the artistic poster of real beauty proclaims itself gently, but irresistibly, out of the mass of violent kaleidoscopic color and common design. Few colors in strong contrast skilfully arranged, the fewest lines and masses, simple chiaroscuro, added to charm, grace, dignity, or vigor of design—these are the elements and essentials; and if the conditions are properly fulfilled the result is an artistic triumph of which any artist might be proud. That we in England, too long delayed, are at last advancing toward this point, there is little reason to doubt; not, primarily, through any motives of philanthropy or enthusiasm on the part of the designers who are the mainspring of the movement, but rather through the law of self-protection against the perpetrations of bygone days. In this laudable crusade they are being slowly encouraged by some of the advertisers themselves, who are finding that they can attract more attention with novel and artistic posters than with shouting ugliness or rampant Philistinism. But never can the improvement be more than partial.

To the end of time vulgarity will be for the vulgar, and I much fear that the best means of enlisting middle-class sympathy and attracting middle-class cash is to appeal, without any show of artistic superiority, to middle-class taste and understanding.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ART OF LIVING

THE SUMMER PROBLEM

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. HYDE

I

WHAT is the good American to do with himself or herself in summer? The busiest worker nowadays admits that a vacation of a fortnight in hot weather is at least desirable. Philanthropy sends yearly more and more children on an outing in August, as one of the best contributions to the happiness and welfare of the poor. The atmosphere of our large cities in midsummer is so lifeless and oppressive that everyone who can get away for some part of the summer plans to do so, and fathers of families find themselves annually confronted by a serious problem.

I specify the father of a family because the problem is so much easier for a single man. The single man, and generally the single woman, can pack a bag and go to the beach or mountains, or to a hotel within easy distance from town, without much premeditation. The worst that can happen to them is that they may become engaged without intention; besides they can always come home if they are dissatisfied with their surroundings. But the family man who lives in a large city finds more and more difficulty every year, as the country increases in population, in making up his mind how best to provide for the midsummer necessities of his wife and children. There are several courses of action open to him.

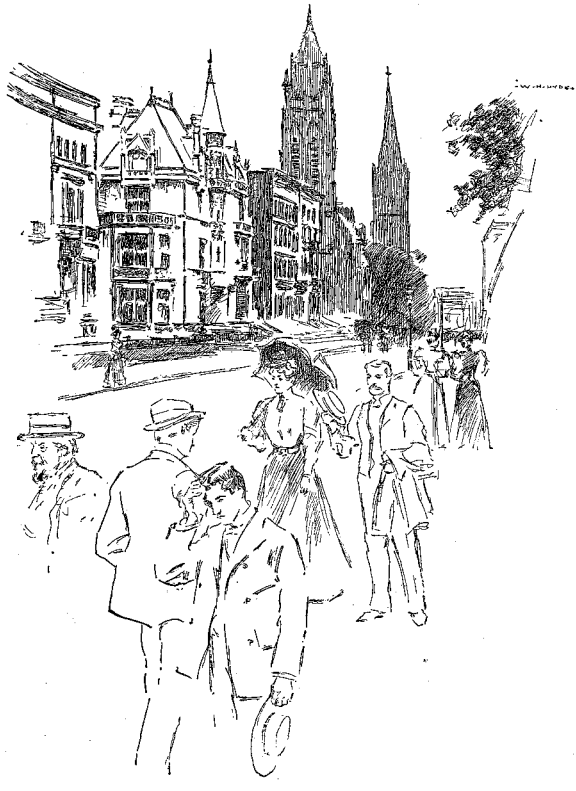
He can remain in town and keep his family there.

He can remain in town himself and send his family to a distance.

He can hire a house or lodgings by the sea or in the country within easy reach of town by railroad or steamboat.

He can send his family to a summer hotel at a distance, or take a house or lodgings at a distance, making occasional flying trips to and from town, according to his opportunities.

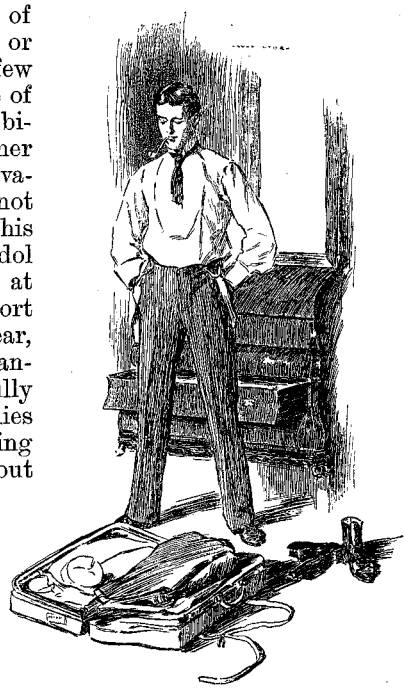
To stay in town and keep one's family there is a far from disagreeable experience except in very large cities in unusually hot weather. The custom of going away from home in summer is one which has grown by force of imitation. The inclination to change one's surroundings, and to give the wife and

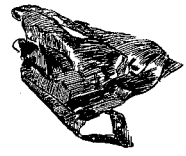


"The City in Midsummer."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

children a whiff of country or sea or mountain air for a few weeks in the course of the year is an ambition which is neither godless nor extravagant. But it is not worth while to set this necessity up as an idol to be worshipped at the expense of comfort for the rest of the year, for, after all, our ancestors successfully reared large families of children, including some of us, without going away from home in the summer, and "the-can't-get-aways" in our largest and most uncomfortable cities still outnumber those who can and do in the proportion of at least five to one. It costs more to go away than to stay in town; from which certain native philosophers, who maintain that anyone who spends more than twenty-five hundred dollars on his family in any one year is not a good American, may argue that those who have both a summer and a winter home are aristocrats and materialists. Their argument is not likely to diminish summer travel, to bankrupt the summer hotels, or to induce the well-to-do American citizen to shut up his cottage. A change in summer, for a longer or shorter period, is generally recognized as one of the most healthful and improving advantages which a father in our civilization can give his family and himself. On the other hand, to go out of town simply because one's neighbors do, when one cannot afford it, is a pitiful performance. Moreover, the man who does not send his family out of town from motives of economy, has more than a clean conscience to comfort him. He can remember that probably one-third of the annual experiments in summer culture and health-giving recreation, made by his friends and acquaintance, turn out dire failures, and that another one-third results in mixed joy and comfort. He can reflect too, if he lives in the suburbs of a city, or in a town or small city, that, barring a few exceptionally hot days, he and his family are really very comfortable at home. Even if his household gods are in a parboiled metropolis, he will commonly be able to relieve his tedium and physical discomfort by some form of excursion. All our seaboard cities have their mid-summer Meccas for the multitude in the form of beaches; and even where no ocean breezes blow, there is usually close at hand verdure, a lake, a grove, or a river where the philosophical soul can forget the thermometer, and cease to commiserate with itself on being kept in town. One's own bed is never humpy, and the hollows in it are just fitted to one's bones or adipose developments. One can eat and drink in one's town-house without fear of indigestion or germs. Decidedly the happiness of staying at home is not much less than the happiness of passing one, two, or three months at a place where everything is uncomfortable or nasty, at a cost which one can ill afford, if at all. Good city milk and succulent city vegetables are luxuries which are rarely to be found at the ordinary summer resort.





"The single man can pack a bag."

It is difficult to convince one's family of this in advance. Besides, man is

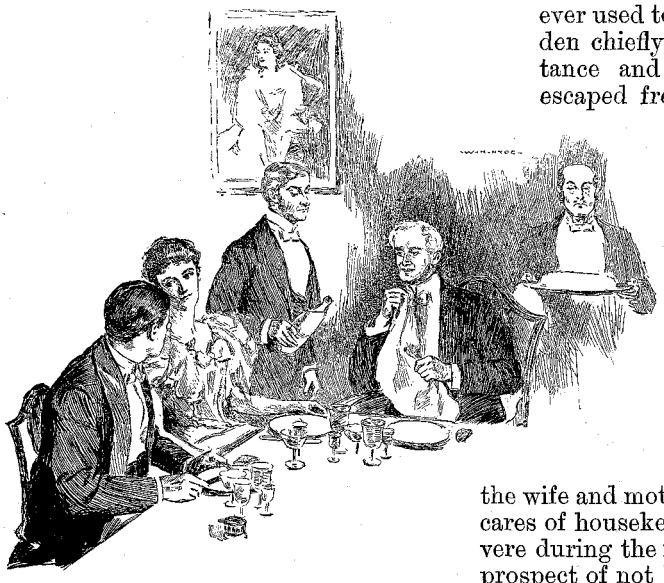
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always to be blessed. We are always hoping that the next summer will be a grand improvement on those which have gone before, and generally by the first of May we believe, or at least imagine, that we have discovered the genuine article — the ideal spot at last. Discovered it for our families. The American father has the trick of sending his family out of town for the summer, and staying at home himself. This had its origin probably in his supposed inability to escape from business in the teeth of the family craving to see something of the world outside of their own social acquaintance. Yet he acknowledged the force of the family argument that with such a large country to explore it would be a pity not to explore it; and accordingly he said, "Go, and I will join you if and when I can." Paterfamilias said this long ago, and in some instances he has vainly been trying to join them ever since. There are all sorts of trying in this world, and perhaps his has not been as determined as some; nevertheless he has maintained tolerably well the reputation of trying. The Saturday night trains and steamboats all over the country are vehicles, from July first to October first, of an army of fathers who are trying successfully to join their nearest and dearest at the different summer-resorts of the land.

"Where the philosophical soul can forget the thermometer."

To be separated for three months from one's wife and children, except for a day or two once a fortnight, is scarcely an ideal domestic arrangement, in spite of the fact that it is more or less delightful for the dear ones to meet new people and see new scenes. The American father may not try very hard to leave his city home, but it must be admitted that he has been an amiable biped on the score of the summer question. He has been and is ready to suffer silently for the sake of his family and his business. But now that he has made up his mind at last that he prefers to leave his business for the sake of his family and his own health, the difficulties of sending them to a distance are more apparent to him. Ten or fifteen years ago it dawned upon him that the city in summer without his family was not the ideal spot his fancy had painted, and that the sea-side and country, especially the former, were, after all, the best place for an over-worked, full-grown man on a summer's afternoon. It dawned upon him, too, that there was sea-coast and country close at hand where he could establish his family and refresh himself at the end of every day's work. Twenty-five years ago the marine and attractive suburban environs of our cities were substantially unappropriated. To-day they bristle with cottages, large and small, the summer homes of city men. Every available promontory, island, hill, nook, and crook, which commands a pleasing view or is visited by cooling breezes is, or soon will be, occupied. What can a busy man do better, if he can afford it, than buy or hire a cottage, as humble as you like, to which he can

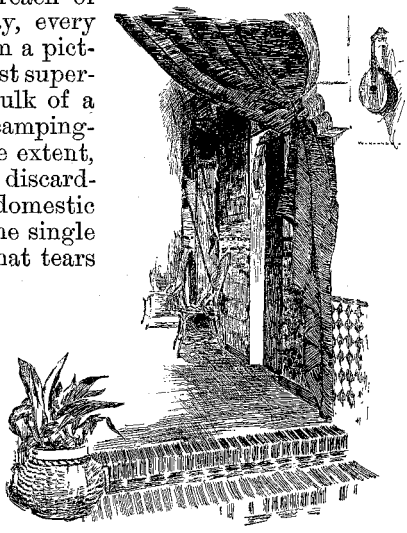
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Meals with many courses."

return in the afternoon to the bosom of his own family, and be comfortable and lazy until morning? From the domestic point of view this is assuredly the most satisfactory arrangement for the father, and the American paterfamilias, ever since the truth dawned upon him, has been prompt in recognizing the fact. He has builded, too, according to his taste, whim, and individual idiosyncrasies. A sea-side cottage within easy reach of town includes, to-day, every variety of shelter from a picturesque villa of the most supercivilized type to the hulk of a ship fitted up as a camping-out home. To a large extent, too, the hotel has been discarded in favor of the domestic hearth, even though the single chimney smokes so that tears are perpetually in the domestic eye. The well-to-do city man who comes to town every day appreciates that a hotel is a poor place for children; consequently the long piazzas, where the terrible infant forever used to abound, are now trodden chiefly by visitors from a distance and transients who have escaped from the city for a day in search of a sea-bath and a clam chowder.

If the summer cottage to which the husband returns at night, is not the most satisfactory arrangement for the mother, she must blame herself or the civilization in which she lives. The sole argument in favor of passing the summer at a hotel is that the wife and mother escapes thereby the cares of housekeeping, too often so severe during the rest of the year that the prospect of not being obliged to order dinner for three months causes her to wake in the night and laugh hysterically. Formality and conventional ceremony are the lurking enemies of our American summer life, who threaten to deprive our mothers and daughters of the rest and vacation from the tension, excitement, and worry begotten by nine months of active domestic duties. Simplicity of living ought to be the controlling warm-weather maxim of every household where the woman at the head of the establishment does the housekeeping, as nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of ten thousand in America do. It may be argued that greater simplicity in living all the year round would enable the wife and mother to do without a vacation. Possibly. But unfortunately for her the trend of the tide is all the other way. Besides, simplicity is such a difficult word to conjure with. Her interests have become so varied that the wear and tear is



"An Artistic Interior."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

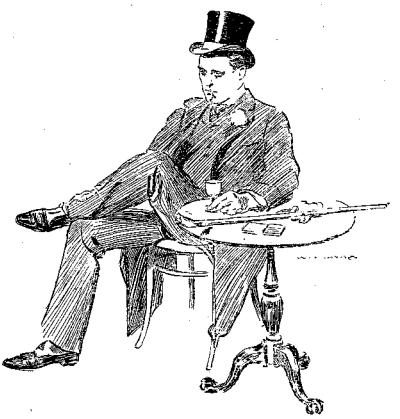
quite as likely to proceed from new mental strivings as from a multiplicity of sheer domestic duties. At least there seems to be no immediate prospect that she will be less tired in the Spring, however exemplary her intentions, and it therefore behooves her not to allow the wave of increasing luxury to bear her on its crest through the summer and land her in her town-house in October a physical and mental wreck.

The external attractiveness of the modern summer cottage, with its pleasing angles and comely stains, is easily made an excuse for an artistic interior and surroundings to match. But artistic beauty in summer can readily be produced without elaboration, and at comparatively slight cost, if we only choose to be content with simple effects. The bewitching charm of the summer girl, if analyzed, proves to be based on a few cents a yard and a happy knack of combining colors and trifles. Why need we be solicitous to have all the paraphernalia of winter-life — meals with many courses, a retinue of servants, wines, festal attire, and splendid entertainments? While we rejoice that the promiscuous comradeship of hotel life has largely given place at Newport, Bar Harbor, Lenox, and our other fashionable watering-places to the pleasant protection of the cottage home, is it not seriously deplorable that simplicity is too often lost sight of? To be comfortable is one thing, to be swathed in luxury or to be tortured by ceremony all the time is another. It seems strange to many of us, who cannot choose precisely what we will do and where we will go in summer, that those who can so often select a mere repetition of mid-winter social recreation. There is Patterson the banker for instance, the employer of Rogers. He can go where he pleases, and he goes to Newport. One can see him any afternoon driving augustly on Bellevue Avenue or along the ocean drive, well gloved, well shod, and brilliantly neck-tied, in his landau beside Mrs. Patterson. They have been to Newport for years in summer, and their house, with its beautiful outlook to sea, has doubled and trebled in value. How do they pass their time? Entertain and let themselves be entertained. Dinners with formal comestibles, late dances, champagne luncheons, *paté de fois gras* picnics on a coach are their daily associations. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson are close upon sixty themselves, but they follow—a little more solemnly than formerly, but still without stint—the same programme, which grows more and more elaborate with each succeeding year. It was there that their youngest daughter was married, six months ago, with widely heralded splendor, to a Russian nobleman who speaks beautiful English. May her lot be a happy one! The son, who went through the Keeley cure, and the elder daughter, who is separated from her husband, have spent their summers at Newport from their youth up.

"That newly created product, the American girl."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are comparatively few who have the means to live, or who do live just like Patterson, but there is many a man of fine instincts and with a sufficient income to maintain a summer home, who finds himself to-day oppressed by the incubus of things. He seeks rest, books, fresh air, the opportunity to enjoy nature—the sea, the foliage, the flowers—and yet he is harassed by things, the very things he has all winter, with a garnishment suitable to hot weather. He wishes to be still; and things keep him moving. He yearns to strip off, if not all his clothing, at least enough of it to give his lungs and his soul full play; but things keep him faultlessly dressed. He intends to slake his thirst only from the old oaken bucket or the milk-pail, and things keep his palate titillated with champagne and cocktails. Our old-time simplicity in summer is perhaps no longer possible in the large watering-places. It is even with considerable satisfaction that we don, and see our wives and children don, the attractive clothing which has taken the place of shirt-sleeves and flannel shirts as articles of toilette; but is it not time to cry halt in our procession toward luxury, if we do not wish to live on our nerves all the year round?



"The son, who went through the Keeley cure."

"Refusing the man who is not her choice."

It is this difficulty in escaping the expenses and the formality of city life in the summer cottage or at the summer hotel, almost as much as the fact that the desirable locations near town have all been taken, which is inclining the American father to send his family to a distance. After twenty-five years of exploration the outlying beaches and other favorite resorts near our large cities have become so thoroughly appropriated that the man who wishes to build or own a summer home of his own is obliged to look elsewhere. As a consequence cottages have sprung up all along the line of our coast, from the farthest confines of Maine to New Jersey, on the shores of the lakes of the middle West, and on the Pacific shore. Many of these are of a simple and attractive character, and generally they stand in small colonies, large enough for companionship and not too large for relaxation. With the similar double purpose of obtaining an attractive summer home at a reasonable price, and of avoiding the stock watering-place, city families are utilizing also the abandoned farm. There is not room for us all on the sea-coast; be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Stranded on islands."

sides those of us whose winter homes are there are more likely to need inland or mountain air. There are thousands of beautiful country spots, many of them not so very far from our homes, where the run-down farm can be redeemed, if not to supply milk and butter, at least to afford a picturesque shelter and a lovely landscape during the season when we wish to be out of doors as much as possible. A very few changes, a very little painting and refurnishing will usually transform the farm-house itself into just the sort of establishment which a family seeking rest and quiet recreation ought to delight in. You may bring mosquito-frames for the windows if you like, and you must certainly test the well-water. Then swing your hammock between two apple-trees and thank Providence that you are not like so many of your friends and acquaintances, working the tread-mill of society in the dog-days.

Of course most men who have homes of this description at a distance cannot be with their families all the time. But, on the other hand, the conviction that a busy man can do better work in ten or eleven months than in twelve, is gaining ground, and most of us, if we only choose to, can slip away for at least three weeks. Many of the demands of modern civilization on the family purse cannot be resisted without leaving the husband and parent a little depressed; but it seems to me that a serious item of expense may be avoided, and yet all the genuine benefits and pleasures of a change of scene and atmosphere be obtained, if we only dismiss from our minds the idea of living otherwise than simply. A little house with very little in it, with a modest piazza, a skiff or sail-boat which does not pretend to be a yacht, a garden hoe and rake, a camera, books and a hammock, a rod which is not too precious or costly to break, one nag of plebeian blood and something to harness him to, rabbits in the barn and sunflowers in the garden, a walk to sunset hill and a dialogue with the harvest moon — why should we not set our summer life to such a tune, rather than hanker for the neighborhood of the big steam-yacht and polo-ground, for the fringe of the fashionable bathing beach, for the dust of the stylish equipage, and try in our several ways, and beyond our means, to follow the pace which is set for us by others?

II

Why? Largely on account of that newly created species, the American girl. From solicitude for her happiness and out of deference to her wishes. Many a father and mother would be delighted to pass the summer on an abandoned farm or in any other spot

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

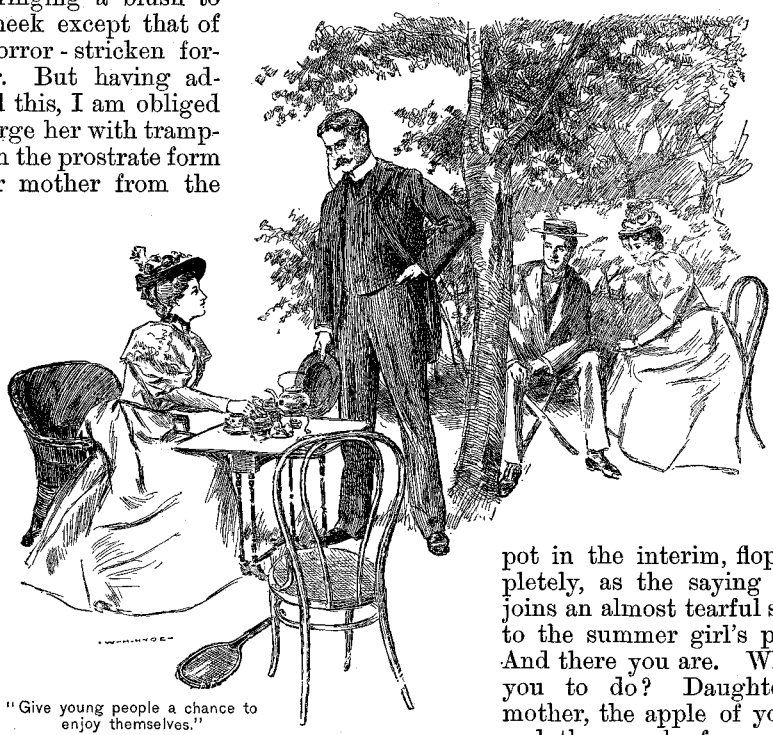
where it were possible to live simply and to be cool, comfortable, and lazy, but for fear of disappointing their young people—principally their daughters, who, unlike the sons, cannot yet come and go at will. Feminine youth has its inherent privileges everywhere, but the gentle sway which it exercises in other civilizations has become almost a sour tyranny here. Was there ever an American mother who knew anything portrayed in fiction? The American daughter is commonly presented as a noble-souled, original creature, whose principal mission in life, next to or incidental to refusing the man who is not her choice, is to let her own parents understand what weak, ignorant, foolish, unenlightened persons they are in comparison with the rising generation—both parents in some measure, but chiefly and utterly the mother. She is usually willing to concede that her father has a few glimmering ideas, and a certain amount of sense—horse business sense, not very elevating or inspiring—yet something withal. But she looks upon her poor dear mother as a feeble-minded individual of the first water. What we read in contemporary fiction in this realistic age is apt to be photographed from existing conditions. The newly created species of our homes does not always reveal these sentiments in so many words; indeed she is usually disposed to conceal from her parents as far as possible their own shortcomings, believing often, with ostrich-like complacency, that they have no idea what she really thinks of them. Quite frequently late in life it dawns upon her that they were not such complete imbeciles as she had adjudged them, and she revises her convictions accordingly. But often she lives superior to the end. It would be an excellent thing for the American girl if her eyes could be definitely opened to the fact that her parents, particularly her mother, are much more clever than she supposes, and that they are really her best counsellors. But on the other hand, is not the American mother herself chiefly responsible for this attitude of loving contempt and sweet but unfilial condescension on the part of her own flesh and blood? It sometimes seems as though we had fallen victims to our reluctance to thwart our children in any way lest we should destroy their love for us. But is it much preferable to be loved devotedly as foolish, weak, and amiable old things, than to be feared a little as individuals capable of exercising authority and having opinions of our own?

This yielding, self-abnegating tendency on the part of parents, and consequent filial tyranny, are especially conspicuous in the case of that arch

"Joins an almost tearful support to the summer girl's petition."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

despot the summer girl. I admit her fascination unreservedly, and am willing to concede that she has run the gauntlet of criticism hurled at her by the effete civilizations with an unblemished reputation. Though she may have become a little more conservative and conventional out of deference to good taste, she is still able to be lost in caves or stranded on islands with any young man of her acquaintance without bringing a blush to any cheek except that of the horror-stricken foreigner. But having admitted this, I am obliged to charge her with trampling on the prostrate form of her mother from the first of July to the first of October. She does so to a certain extent the year round, but the summer is the crowning season of her despotism.



"Give young people a chance to enjoy themselves."

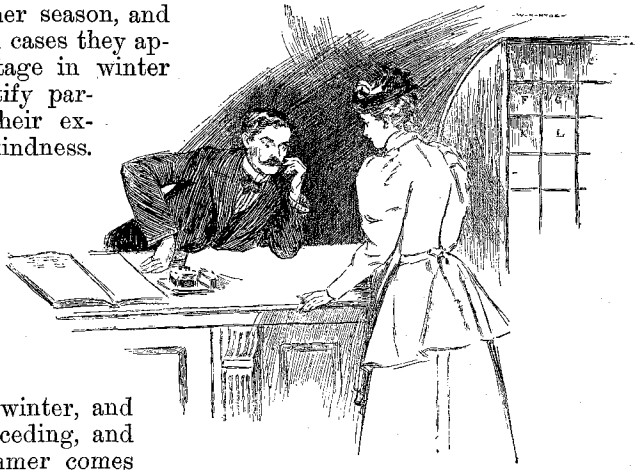
The first concern of the American father and mother in making plans for the summer is to go to some place which the children will like, and the summer girl in particular. This is natural and in keeping with the unselfish devotion shown by the present generation of parents toward their children. But it is one thing to endeavor to select a place which will be satisfactory to one's eighteen-year-old daughter and another to be sweetly hectored by that talented young woman into going to some place selected by her of which you entirely disapprove. And just here it is that the American mother almost seems to be convicted of the feebleness of intellect ascribed to her by the newly created species. You, the father, are just screwing your courage up to say that you will be blessed if you will go to a summer hotel at Narragansett Pier (or wherever it is), when your wife, who has been cowed or cajoled by the despot in the interim, flops completely, as the saying is, and joins an almost tearful support to the summer girl's petition. And there you are. What are you to do? Daughter and mother, the apple of your eye and the angel of your heart, leagued against you. Resistance becomes impossible, unless you are ready to incur the reputation of being a stony-hearted old curmudgeon.

The summer girl invariably wishes to go where it is gay. Her idea of enjoyment does not admit domesticity and peaceful relaxation. She craves to be actively amused, if not blissfully excited. It is not strange that the tastes and sentiments of young persons from seventeen to twenty-three should differ considerably from those of mothers and fathers from forty to fifty, and it speaks well for the intelligence and unselfishness of middle-aged parents and guardians in this country that they so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promptly recognize the legitimate claims of youth, and even are eager to give young people a chance to enjoy themselves before the cares of life hedge them in. But have we not gone to the other extreme? Is it meet that we should regard ourselves as moribund at fifty, and sacrifice all our own comfort and happiness in order to let a young girl have her head, and lead a life in summer of which we heartily disapprove? It is not an exaggeration to state that there is a growing disposition on the part of the rising hordes of young men and girls to regard anyone in society over thirty-five as a fossil and an encumbrance, for whom, in a social sense, the grave is yawning. It is not uncommon to hear a comely matron of forty described as a frump by a youth scarcely out of his teens, and every old gentleman of thirty-nine has experienced the tactless pity which fashionable maidens under twenty-one endeavor to conceal in the presence of his senility.

The summer girl is generally a young person who has been a winter girl for nine months. I am quite aware that some girls are much more effective in summer than at any other season, and it may be that in certain cases they appear to so little advantage in winter that to attempt to gratify parental inclinations at their expense would be rank unkindness. But it is safe to allege that the average summer girl in this country has been doing all she ought to do in the way of dancing, prancing, gadding, going, working, and generally spending her vital powers in the autumn, winter, and spring immediately preceding, and consequently when summer comes needs, quite as much as her parents, physical, mental, and moral ozone. But what does she prefer to do? Whither is she bent on leading her father by the nose with the assistance of her mother? To various places, according to her special predilection, and the farthest limit of the parental purse. If possible, to one of the gayest watering-places, where she hopes to bathe, play tennis, walk, talk, and drive during the day; paddle, stroll, or sit out during the evening, and dance until twelve o'clock at night two or three times a week. Else to some much-advertised mountain cataract or lake-resort, to lead a stagnant hotel corridor and piazza life, in the fond hope of seeing the vividly imagined Him alight from the stage-coach some Saturday night. Meanwhile she is one of threescore forlorn girls who haunt the office and make eyes at the hotel clerk. The summer girl has a mania for the summer hotel. It seems to open to her radiant possibilities. She kindles at the mention of a hop in August, and if she is musical, the tinkle of her piano playing reverberates through the house all day until the other boarders are driven nearly crazy. In the gloaming after supper she flits off from the house with her best young man of the moment, and presently her mother is heard bleating along the piazza, "My Dorothy has gone without her shawl, and will catch her death a cold." And so it goes all summer. When autumn comes and the leaf is about to fall, and Dorothy returns to town, what has she to show for it? A little tan and a callous heart, a promised winter correspondence with the hotel clerk, new slang, some knack at banjo-playing, and considerable uncertainty in her mind as to whom she



"Haunt the office and make eyes at the hotel clerk."

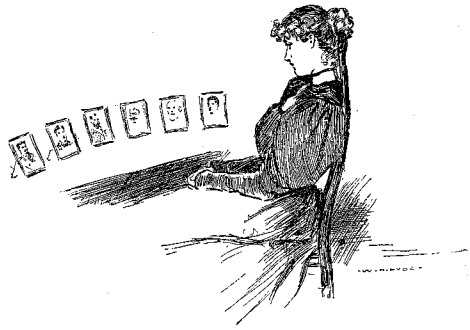
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Flits off from the house with her best young man of the moment."

is engaged to, or whether she is engaged at all. And like as not the doctor is sent for to build her up for the winter with cod-liver oil and quinine. There is too much ozone at some of these summer hotels.

We cannot hope to do away wholly with either the summer hotel or the fashionable watering-place by the assertion of parental authority. Such an endeavor, indeed, would on the whole be an unjust as well as fruitless piece of virtue. The delightful comradeship between young men and young women, which is one of our national products, is typified most saliently by the summer girl and her attendant swains. Naturally she wishes to go to some place where swains are apt to congregate; and the swain is always in search of her. Moreover, the summer hotel must continue to be the summer home of thousands who, for one reason or another, have no cottage or abandoned farm. My plea is still the same, however. Why, now that the negro slave is free, and the working-man is being legislated into peace and plenty, and the wrongs of other women are being righted, should not the American mother try to burst her bonds? It would be a much more simple matter than it seems, for, after all, she has her own blood in her veins, and she has only to remember what a dogmatic person she herself was in the days of her youth. If the code of fathers and mothers, instead of that of girls and boys, were in force at our summer hotels and watering-places, a very different state of affairs would soon exist; and that, too, without undue interference with that inherent, cherished, and unalienable right of the American daughter, the maiden's choice. We must not forget that though our civilization boasts the free exercise of the maiden's choice as one of the brightest jewels in the crown of republican liberties, the crowded condition of our divorce courts forbids us to be too demonstrative in our self-satisfaction.

It would be dire, indeed, to bore the young person, especially the summer girl. But does it necessarily follow that a summer home or a summer life indicated by the parent would induce such a disastrous result? I am advising neither a dungeon, a convent, nor some excruciatingly dull spot to which no fascinating youth is likely to penetrate. Verily, even the crowded bathing beach may not corrupt, provided that wise motherly control and companionship point out the dangers and protect the forming soul, mind, and manners, instead of allowing them to



"Considerable uncertainty in her mind as to whom she is engaged to."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be distorted and poisoned by the ups and downs of promiscuous amatory summer guerilla warfare. But may it not happen, when the maternal foot is once firmly put down, that the summer girl will not be so easily bored as she or her mother fears, and will even be grateful for protection against her own ignorance and inexperience? Boating, sketching, riding, reading, bicycling, travel, sewing, and photography are pastimes which ought not to bore her, and would surely leave her more refreshed in the autumn than continuous gadding, dancing, and flirtation. To be a member of a small, pleasant colony, where the days are passed simply and lazily, yet interestingly; where the finer senses are constantly appealed to by the beauties of nature and the healthful character of one's occupations, is a form of exile which many a summer girl would accommodate herself to gladly if she only understood what it was like, and understood, moreover, that the selection of a summer programme had ceased to be one of her prerogatives. A determined man who wishes to marry will discover the object of his affections on an abandoned farm or in the heart of the Maine woods, if he is worth his salt. In these days of many yachts and bicycles true love can travel rapidly, and there is no occasion for marriageable girls to select courting-grounds where their lovers can have close at hand a Casino and other conveniences, including the opportunity to flirt with their next best Dulcineas.

If the summer-time is the time in which to recuperate and lie fallow, why should we have so many summer schools? After the grand panjandrum of Commencement exercises at the colleges is over, there ought to be a pause in the intellectual activity of the nation for at least sixty days; yet there seems to be a considerable body of men and women who, in spite of the fact that they exercise their brains vigorously during the rest of the year, insist on mental gymnastics when the thermometer is in the eighties. These schools —chiefly assemblies in the name of the ologies and osophies—bring together more or less people more or less learned, from all over the country, to talk at one another and read papers.

Judging merely from the newspaper accounts of their proceedings, it is almost invariably impossible to discover the exact meaning of anything which is uttered, but this may be due to the absence of the regular reporters on their annual vacations, and the consequent delegation to tyros of the difficult duty in question. But even assuming that the utterances of the summer schools are both intelligible and stimulating, would not the serious-minded men and women concerned in them be better off lying in a hammock under a wide-spreading beech-tree, or, if this seems too relaxing an occupation, watching the bathers at Narragansett Pier? There is wisdom sometimes in sending young and very active boys to school for about an hour a day in summer, in order chiefly to know where they are and to prevent them from running their legs off; but with this exception the mental workers in this country, male and female, young and old, can afford to close their text-books with a bang on July 1st, and not peep at them again until September. Philosophy in August has much the flavor of asparagus in January.

"Close their text-books with a bang on July 1st."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PRICE OF ROMANCE

By Robert W. Herrick

THEY were paying the price of their romance, and the question was whether they would pay it cheerfully. They had been married a couple of years, and the first flush of excitement over their passion and the stumbling-blocks it had met was fading away. When he, an untried young lawyer and delicate dilettante, had married her she was a Miss Benton, of St. Louis, "niece of Oliphant, that queer old fellow who made his money in the tobacco trust," and hence with no end of prospects. Edwards had been a pleasant enough fellow, and Oliphant had not objected to his loafing away a vacation about the old house at Quogue. Marriage with his niece, the one remaining member of his family who walked the path that pleased him, was another thing. She had plenty of warning. Had he not sent his only son adrift as a beggar because he had married a little country cousin? He could make nothing out of Edwards except that he was not keen after business—loafed much, smoked much, and fooled with music, possibly wrote songs at times.

Yet Miss Benton had not expected that cruel indifference when she announced her engagement to the keen old man. For she was fond of him and grateful.

"When do you think of marrying?" had been his single comment. She guessed the unexpressed complement to that thought. "You can stay here until that time. Then good-by."

She found in herself an admirable spirit, and her love added devotion and faith in the future, her lover's future. So she tided over the months of her engagement when her uncle's displeasure settled down like a fog over the pleasant house. Edwards would run down frequently, but Oliphant managed to keep out of his way. It was none of his affair, and he let them plainly see this aspect of it. Her spirit rose. She could do as other women did, get on without candy and roses, and it hurt her to feel that she had expected money from her uncle. She could show him that they were above that.

So they were married and went to live in a little flat in Harlem, very modest, to fit their income. Oliphant had bade her good-by with the courtesy due to a tiresome Sunday visitor. "Oh, you're off, are you?" his indifferent tones had said. "Well, good-by, I hope you will have a good time." And that was all. Even the colored cook had said more; the servants in general looked deplorable. Wealth goes so well with a pretty, bright young woman!

Thus it all rested in the way they would accept the bed they had made. Success would be ample justification. Their friends watched to see how well they would solve the problem they had so jauntily set themselves.

Edwards was by no means a *fainéant*—his record at the Columbia Law School promised better than that, and he had found a place in a large office that might answer for the stepping-stone. As yet he had not individualized himself; he was simply charming, especially in correct summer costume and luxuriating in indolent conversation. He had the well-bred, fine-featured air of so many of the graduates from our Eastern colleges. The suspicion of effeminacy which he suggested might be unjust, but he certainly had not experienced what Oliphant would call "life." He had enough interest in music to dissipate in it. Marriage was an excellent settler, though, on a possible income of twelve hundred!

The two years had not the expected aspiring march, however; ten-dollar cases even had not been plenty in Edwards's path, and he suspected that he was not highly valued in his office. He had been compelled to tutor a boy the second year, and the hot summers made him listless. In short he felt that he had missed his particular round in the ladder. He should have studied music,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or tried for the newspapers as a musical critic. Sunday afternoons he would loll over the piano, picturing the other life—that life which is always so alluring! His wife followed him heroically into all his moods with that pitiful absorption such women give to the men they love. She believed in him tremendously, if not as a lawyer, as a man and an artist. Somehow she hadn't been an inspiration, and for that she humbly blamed herself. How was it accomplished, this inspiration? A loving wife inspired the ordinary man. Why not an artist?

They got into the habit of planning their life all differently—so that it might not be limited and futile. *If* they had a few thousand dollars! That was a bad sign, and she knew it, and struggled against it. *If* she could only do something to keep the pot boiling while he wrote for fame and success! But she could reduce expenses; so the one servant went, and the house-bills grew tinier and tinier. However, they didn't "make connections," and something was wrong—she wondered what.

As the second summer came in they used to stroll out of their stuffy street, up St. Nicholas Avenue, to the Park, or to the Riverside Drive. There they would sit speechless, she in a faded blue serge skirt with a crisp, washed-out shirt-waist, and an old sailor hat—dark and pretty, in spite of her troubled face. He in a ready-made black serge suit, yet very much the gentleman—pale and listless. Their eyes would seek out any steamer in the river below, or anything else that reminded them of other conditions. He would hum a bit from an opera. They needed no words; their faces were evident, though mute, indications of the tragedy. Then they would return at bed-time or supper-time into the sultry streets; from the open windows of the flats came the hammered music of the city. Such discordant efforts for harmony! Her heart would fill over him, yearning like a mother to cherish him in all the pleasant ways of life, but impotent, impotent!

She never suggested greater effort. Conditions were hard, she said over and over; if there were only a little money to give him a start in another direction. She admired his pride in never referring to old Oliphant. Her uncle was often in her mind, but she felt that even if she could bring herself to petition him, her husband would indignantly refuse to consider the matter.

Still she thought about it, and especially this summer, for she knew he was then at Quogue. Moreover, she expected her first child. That worried her daily; she saw how hopeless another complication would make their fate. She cried over it at night when the room was too hot to sleep. And then she reproached herself; God would punish her for not wanting her baby.

One day she had gone down-town to get some materials for the preparations she must make. She liked to shop, for sometimes she met old friends; this time in a large shop she happened upon a woman she had known at Quogue, the efficient wife of a successful minister in Brooklyn. This Mrs. Leicester invited her to lunch at the café at the top of the building, and she had yielded after a little urging, with real relief. They sat down at a table near the window—it was so high up there was not much noise—and the streets suddenly seemed interesting to Mrs. Edwards. The quiet table, the pleasant lunch, and the energetic Mrs. Leicester were all refreshing.

"And how is your husband?" Mrs. Leicester inquired, keenly. As a minister's wife she was compelled to interest herself in sentimental complications that inwardly bored her. It was a part of her professional duties. She had taken in this situation at once—she had seen that kind of thing before; it made her impatient. But she liked the pretty little woman before her, and was sorry she hadn't managed better.

"Pretty well," Mrs. Edwards replied, consciously. "The heat drags one down so!"

Mrs. Leicester sent another quick glance across the table. "You haven't been to Quogue much of late, have you? You know how poorly your uncle is."

"No! *You* must know that Uncle James doesn't see us."

"Well," Mrs. Leicester went on, hastily, "he's been quite ill and feeble,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and they say he's growing queer. He never goes away now, and sees nobody. Most of the servants have gone. I don't believe he will last long."

Then her worldliness struggled with her conventional position, and she relapsed into innuendo. "He ought to have someone look after him, to see him die decently, for he can't live beyond the autumn, and the only person who can get in is that fat, greasy Dr. Shapless, who is after his money for the new Methodist school in Jersey City. He goes down every week. I wonder where Mr. Oliphant's son can be?"

Mrs. Edwards took in every word avidly, while she ate. But she let the conversation drift off to Quogue, their acquaintances, and the difficulty of shopping in the summer. "Well, I must be going to get the train," exclaimed Mrs. Leicester at last. With a sigh, the young wife rose, looked regretfully down at the remains of their liberal luncheon, and then walked silently to the elevator. They didn't talk again, but there was something understood between them. Mrs. Leicester hailed a cab; just as she gathered her parcels to make a dive, she seemed illuminated with an idea. "Why don't you come down some Sunday—visit us? Mr. Leicester would be delighted."

Mrs. Edwards was taken unawares, but her instincts came to her rescue.

"Why, we don't go anywhere; it's awfully kind, and I should be delighted; I am afraid Mr. Edwards can't."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Leicester, smiling back unappeased, "come if you can; come alone." The cab drove off, and the young wife felt her cheeks burn.

. . . . . .

The Edwardses had never talked over Oliphant or his money explicitly. They shrank from it; it would be a confession of defeat. There was something abhorrently vulgar in thus lowering the pitch of their life. They had come pretty near it often this last summer. But each feared what the other might think. Edwards especially was nervous about the impression it might make on his wife, if he should discuss the matter. Mrs. Leicester's talk, however, had opened possibilities for the imagination. So little of Uncle James's money, she mused, would make them ideally happy—would put her husband on the road to fame. She had almost made up her mind on a course of action, and she debated the propriety of undertaking the affair without her husband's knowledge. She knew that his pride would revolt from her plan. She could pocket her own pride, but she was tender of his conscience, of his comfort, of his sensibilities. It would be best to act at once by herself—perhaps she would fail anyway—and to shield him from the disagreeable and useless knowledge and complicity. She couldn't resist throwing out some feelers, however, at supper that night. He had come in tired and soiled after a day's tramp collecting bills that wouldn't collect this droughty season. She had fussed over him and coaxed a smile out, and now they were at their simple tea.

She recounted the day's events as indifferently as possible, but her face trembled as she described the luncheon, the talk, the news of her uncle, and at last Mrs. Leicester's invitation. Edwards had started at the first mention of Quogue.

"It's been in his mind," she thought, half-relieved, and his nervous movements of assumed indifference made it easier for her to go on.

"It was kind of her, wasn't it?" she ended.

"Yes," Edwards replied, impressively. "Of course you declined."

"Oh, yes; but she seemed to expect us all the same." Edwards frowned, but he kept an expectant silence. So she remarked, tentatively:

"It would be so pleasant to see dear old Quogue again." Her hypocrisy made her flush. Edwards rose abruptly from the table and wandered about the room. At length he said, in measured tones, his face averted from the table:

"*Of course*, under the circumstances we cannot visit Quogue while your uncle lives—unless he should send for us." Thus he had put himself plainly on record. His wife suddenly saw the folly and meanness of her little plans.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

orders to protect all foreigners. In fact we have instructions also to protect Greeks and Roman Catholic natives. If you have friends among them who are alarmed, you may tell them confidentially of this fact. But you must tell it to them very confidentially, for if the Armenians should hear of it they would all be calling out 'I am a Catholic, or I am something else,' and demanding to be protected." This remark, with its significant omission of the Armenians from the parties to be protected, seems to explain the curiously inconsistent and even fickle actions of the police.

The magnitude of the catastrophe which had burst over the city as a revenge for the acts of the anarchists, hardly dawned upon the minds of most of the European residents of Constantinople before Thursday night. Up to this time murder and pillage had been limited to the city of Stamboul, to parts of Pera and Galata, and to Hasskeuy. In Scutari and Kadikeuy, on the Asiatic shore, mobs had been formed with intent to put the Armenians there also where they would do no more harm. But the General in command had declared that the thing should not be, and the "servants of God" were forced to return home unsatisfied in the deepest of their desires. But no such enterprises had been undertaken in the direction of the Bosphorus. After the doings of Thursday began to be understood, it was evident that the robber instinct let loose in this way would, probably, sooner or later, involve us all in its ruthless destruction. Even in the quiet of the Bosphorus villages few slept peacefully that night. Parties of ruffians from the city appeared in several of the villages and pillaged Armenian houses, killing a number of people without pretence that any seditious act had been committed by the victims, some of whom were women. Then the police pounced upon them, and drove them off in dismay. The Sultan at last had ordered the massacre to stop.

On Thursday afternoon several of the representatives of the European Powers went in person to Galata and Pera, from their summer residences on the upper Bosphorus, in order to see for themselves the fact as to the mobs. Earlier in the day they had protested at the Sublime Porte against mob license, and had been assured that no such thing existed. What Mr. Herbert, the British Chargé d'Affaires, saw of murder and pillage, and especially of the pillage of the offices of Englishmen, led him at once to order a force of marines ashore for the protection of British property. Afterward the ambassadors met together and did what is probably unique in the history of diplomacy in Turkey. They sent a collective telegram to the Sultan himself, informing him that the license allowed to the mobs had compelled them to order the landing of armed marines for the protection of the embassies, and expressing profound regret for the impunity allowed rapine in the city. Upon this the Sultan gave orders for the suppression of the mobs. Firing and looting continued unchecked until about eight o'clock in the evening, and then it suddenly stopped all over the city. As the common people expressed the sense of the orders received by the police, "There was no more permission to kill Giaours."

So at last on Friday morning the Christians of Constantinople found that they could breathe freely again. The police suddenly acquired great ability in the matter of preventing Mussulmans from attacking peaceable people on the streets. They took away unceremoniously the clubs from any Turks who ventured to appear on the streets with these ornaments still in their hands. With commendable impartiality they also seized the canes from the hands of European gentlemen who were serenely promenading the streets. In such cases they closed their ears to remonstrance and entreaty, declaring that they were informed that sticks had been used to kill people, and that they had been ordered to gather them up from any persons who carried them on the streets. Thus several gentlemen of considerable self-esteem were led to reflect on the results of seeing ourselves as others see us. But at least the police did make it tolerably safe for all classes of the people to go about the streets.

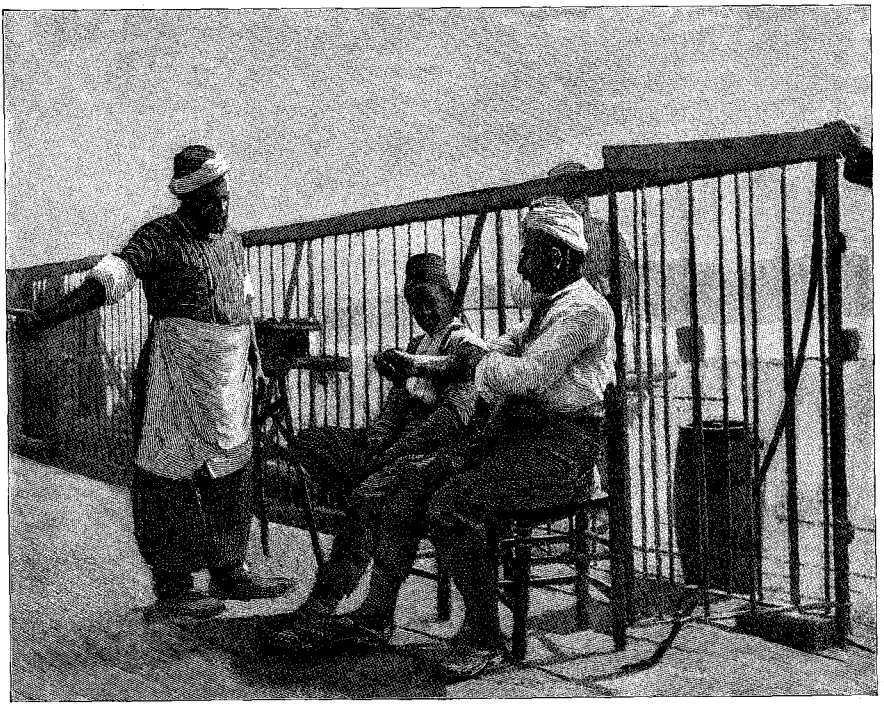
Turkish officials talking with sensitive foreigners always claim that the religious question does not enter into proceedings like those here set forth. The only question is the suppression of rebels, dynamiters, and anarchists. But there is another source of information in the discus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion. During the massacre in Constantinople, and in the days immediately following, many Mohammedans assured Christians that the only chance of escape from sharing sooner or later the fate of the men dumped into the Armenian cemeteries by the scavenger carts was acceptance of the Mohammedan religion. Not the least grewsome of the feats of the mob at Cassim Pasha on the Wednesday night was the public circumcision, in the midst of the massacre, of an Armenian boy of thirteen, who had been converted to Mohammedanism by persuasion of the bludgeon-men. Women begging that their children might be spared, in several instances found the condition on which alone people would grant the request to be a formal promise to become a Mohammedan. After the massacre some of the Turks openly announced that the Armenian men having been killed, the Mohammedan law directs the women to be divided around among God's people as their right. Acting on this theory a Turk walked into the house of an Armenian widow, and in her presence, chucking her daughter under the chin, he told the girl that he had selected her for his share and she must be prepared to come to his house in three days. The attitude of the police in such cases was to hold that a man making such a proposal could not be repulsed; to turn all their energies upon hunting down a woman, who having received asylum during the massacre on condition of becoming a Moslem afterward escaped from fulfilment of her promise; and to assume that "conversion" to Mohammedanism annuls the ties of blood, so that the parents of the boy circumcised in the midst of the massacre at Cassim Pasha may not see him again for any purpose. Moreover, in their conversation among themselves, or with their own people, Government officials habitually denounce Armenians not as dynamiters but as "Giaours," and enlarge on their sedition less than on their audacity in claiming to have equal rights with the people of Islam. Such facts of the massacre at Constantinople make it difficult for those who understand Turkish to champion the claim that religion has no connection with the Armenian question in the mind of the Turk.

Yet in many cases Turks showed considerable humanity toward Christians who were in danger of being killed. At the brick-works which line the shore of the yellow stream at the crook of the Golden Horn, where it begins to emerge from the river of the Sweet Waters of Europe, the workmen are mainly Armenians. They come from the eastern part of the Empire to earn bread for their families left in the devastated villages of the highlands. On the north shore of the Golden Horn the Armenian workmen at these brick-works were nearly all killed. But on the south side they were carefully protected by the soldiers guarding the Imperial Fez Factory. In one case an Armenian clerk in a European store in Galata was returning to the store, ignorant of what had taken place, an hour or two after the attack on the Bank commenced. The mob was in full control of the streets of the region which he was approaching, and he would infallibly have been killed had he gone on. But a Turkish gentleman, who had often bought goods of him, met him, took him to his own house, and kept him three days, until it was again safe for him to be seen on the streets. In Stamboul a mob was chasing two harmless Armenians, when a Mohammedan teacher, one of those white-turbaned gentlemen whose general tribe is known to foreigners indiscriminately as the Softas, placed himself between the mob and the fugitives. The bludgeon-men held back from the holy man, but demanded that he allow them to seize the Armenians. "No," said the Turk, "they are unarmed and harmless." "But we have permission to attack the Giaours, for the people of their kind have killed many Turks." "I tell you, you shall not attack these men," said the teacher. The mob appealed to a passing patrol. The officer in command heard the story, and commanded the white-turbaned gentleman to mind his own business, since he had no authority to interfere in the management of the city. But the teacher still refused to let the mob take the Armenians, who were cowering behind his flowing robes. A loud altercation ensued, which drew one and another of the Softas to the side of their teacher. The patrol, seeing that the affair was likely to be a thorny one,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Water-side Loafers.

finally withdrew, pleading urgent business elsewhere. Then the teacher took the grateful Armenians into his seminary, and the next day escorted them himself in safety to their homes. It may be added that the dreaded Softas, in general, had nothing to do with the massacres; their chiefs having early taken measures to keep them out of the way of temptation in this direction. Similar cases of interference of Turks to protect Armenians occurred at some of the villages on the Bosphorus. No explanation appears of such differences in treatment of Armenians, except that some of the Turks are humane men, and some are more enlightened than those who devised the massacre. It is also true that a large part of the more educated Turks of Constantinople had a firm belief that the European Powers would at once send in their fleets to punish the slaughter of Armenians. In that case they preferred to be on the right side, and loudly condemned the whole proceeding. Weeks having passed, no harm having befallen any of the murderers, and the European Powers having limited their action to mere Platonic denunciation, some of these gentlemen, it must be confessed, have now changed their minds, and bitterly regret their failure to have a share in the plunder. If another outbreak occurs such men will not let any fear of Europe lead them to repeat the experiment of saving the lives of Christians.

Two spectacles upon this Friday and the succeeding Saturday greatly moved the hearts of Europeans in Constantinople. One was the families of pillaged Armenians, coming for shelter from Hasskeuy and Samatia, where the looting had included the utmost shred of their household possessions. They came in numbers to the Galata Bridge, on their way to take refuge with relatives in other parts of the city. Pitiful, broken-hearted groups they were; weeping widows huddling their orphaned children together; old men, feeble with the weight of years, yet trying to hold themselves erect as becomes a man suddenly placed in the office of protector to a younger brood; and here and there a young man who had escaped the mob by some miracle of agility. All were in their night-clothes; the women and girls cov-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ered with some faded shawl or some pitiful fragment of quilt, as with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks they hastened to the steamers, where they might hide themselves from the curious gaze of the public. A dressing-gown or a tattered work-day coat formed the outer garment of the men, and both men and women had only slippers upon their bare feet. These people stood before us just as they had escaped from their houses when the bludgeon-men broke in the doors; and they wore all that remained to them from the furnishings and comforts of their homes.

The other moving spectacle of these days was the spectacle of the rows of dead cast headlong into the Armenian cemeteries from the scavenger carts of the municipality, and left for the Armenians to bury in long trenches, filled with uncoffined and mangled victims. The corpses lay upon the ground in the worn garments of poverty; they were to be counted by the hundred, and every one was bruised and hacked and mutilated. No one who went to one of these cemeteries on those days came away without the feeling that men who will linger to beat and batter and mangle in this manner those whom they have killed, have reached a depth of degradation such as the inhabitants of Christian lands have never suspected.

There will never be any trustworthy report of the number of Armenians killed during the thirty-six hours of the massacre of Constantinople. Some of the officials seem to have two sets of records—both equally wrong. One report was prepared for the Sultan's eyes. In the hope of commendation for zeal in repressing rebellion, actual and possible, it places the total of Armenian dead at more than eight thousand. The other report was made out for consumption in Europe, in the hope of convincing the world that nothing has occurred worthy of condemnation. It declares the number of Armenians dead to be eleven hundred. The actual fact, probably, is that between four thousand and six thousand persons were killed from sheer hate of race, besides any few scores of actual revolutionists who may have fallen through their own folly. Of Turks, military and civilian, their own authorities say that less than one hundred and fifty were killed. Nevertheless the official documents declare that the whole of these disorders were the work of Armenians. So far as the Turkish official utterances are concerned, not one particle of regret, or shame, or remorse is felt for the destruction of these thousands of helpless creatures.

These disagreeable subjects now being disposed of, let us return to the illuminations prepared for the anniversary of the Accession of the Sultan. Accession Day fell on the Monday after the massacre. Thousands of people in the city were yet sitting dazed by the double blow of national and personal bereavement in this blood-curdling manner. Thousands of others were hungry and half-naked, paralyzed by the loss of all that they possessed. Tens of thousands were white with terrible expectation of the renewal of these dreadful scenes within a few hours. The hasty burial of the dead was hardly completed; the most diligent washing had not yet removed the blood-stains from the houses, the pavements, and the planking of the bridge. A natural gloom, which invited compassion, rested upon the whole Christian population of the city. Upon that day the police, with eyes like saucers, reported to the palace that the ambassadors were not preparing to illuminate their dwellings as usual. Straightway the palace worthies sent to remind the embassies that the celebration of the accession was to take place that night. Beyond measure these gentlemen, too, were astounded to learn that the ambassadors partook of the feelings of that large part of the population of the city which was plunged in grief, and regarded the time as one for mourning, not for rejoicing. The idea that any one not a confessed sedition-monger can feel, much less express, sorrow for the slaughtered Armenians, and sympathy for the survivors, had never entered the heads of the men at the management of affairs. But they chose to deem the answer of the ambassadors as one of those incomprehensible vagaries of European feeling and action which so often blight the comfort of true believers. So they proceeded with their rejoicings. In order to prevent misunderstanding by the ignorant Mohammedan populace, who might mistake, the proclamation said, the explosion of rockets for the sound of fire-arms or bombs,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rally. Something unfulfilled troubled his mind, and once he even crawled downstairs. She found him shakily puttering over the papers in his huge davenport. He asked her to make a fire in the grate, and then gathering up an armful of papers he knelt down on the brick hearth, but suddenly drew back; his deep eyes gleamed hatefully at her. Holding out several stiff papers he motioned to her to burn them. Usually she would have obeyed docilely enough, but this deviltry of merriment she resented. While she delayed, standing erect before the smouldering sticks, she noticed that a look of terror crept across the sick face. A spasm shook him, and he fainted. After that his weakness kept him in bed. She wondered what he had been so anxious to burn.

From this time her thoughts grew more specific. Just how should she attain her ends? Had he made a will? Could he not now do something for them, or would it be safer to bide their time? Indeed for a few moments she resolved to decide all by one straightforward prayer. She began, and the old man seemed so contentedly prepared for the scene that she remained dumb.

In this extremity of doubt she longed to get aid from her husband. Yet under the circumstances she dared to admit so little. One Saturday afternoon he called at the house; she was compelled to share some of her perplexities.

"He seems so very feeble," she remarked. They were sitting on the veranda some distance from Oliphant's room, yet their conversation was furtive. "Perhaps he should see a doctor or a minister."

"No, I don't think so," Edwards replied, assuringly. "You see he doesn't believe in either, and such things should be left to the person himself, as long as he's in his right mind."

"And a lawyer?" Mrs. Edwards continued, probingly.

"Has he asked for one?"

"No—but he seems to find it hard to talk."

"I guess it's best not to meddle. Who's that?"

A little fat man in baggy black trousers and a seersucker coat was panting up the gentle hill to the gate. He had a puggy nose and a heavy, thinly bearded face incased about the eyes in broad steel spectacles.

"That's Dr. Shapless," she said, in a flutter.

"What of it?" Edwards replied.

"He mustn't come in," she cried, with sudden energy. "You must see him, and send him away! He wants to see Uncle Oliphant. Tell him he's too sick,—to come another day." Edwards went down the path to meet him. Through the window she could hear a low conversation, and then crunched gravel. Meantime Oliphant seemed restlessly alert, expectant of something, and with suspicious eyes intent on her.

Her heart thumped with relief when the gate clicked. Edwards had been effective that time. Oliphant was trying to say something, but the hot August day had been too much for him—it all ended in a mumble. Then she pulled in the blinds, settled the pillows nervously, and left the room in sheer fright.

The fight had begun—and grimly.

. . . . . .

"I wonder what the old cove wanted," Edwards said the next day; "he was dead set on seeing your uncle; said he had an engagement with him, and looked me up and down. I stood him off, but he'll be down again."

"Don't you know about that new school the Methodists are building? Uncle Oliphant has always helped the Methodists, and I suppose Dr. Shapless wanted to see him about some contributions." Edwards asked no more questions, and, in fact, got back to town on a pretext of business that afternoon. He was clearly of no use in Quogue. His wife sent for a physician that week. It was tardy justice to propriety, but it was safe then, for Oliphant had given up all attempts to talk.

The doctor came, looked at the old man, and uttered a few remarks. He would come again. Mrs. Edwards did not need to be told that the end was coming. The question was, how soon?

That week had another scare. Somehow old Slocum, the local lawyer Oliphant used, had been summoned, and one morning she ran across him in the hall. She knew the man well of old.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was surprised and pleased to see her, and it was not difficult to get him out of the house without arousing his suspicions. But he would talk so boisterously; she felt her uncle's eyes aflame in anger.

"Be sure and send for me when he rallies, quick," Slocum whispered loudly in the hall. "Perhaps we can do a little something for some folks." And with a wink he went out.

Had she done the clever thing after all in shooing old Slocum out? Her mind went over the possibilities in tense anxiety. If there were no will, James, Jr., would get the whole, she thought. If there was a will already in the house, in that old davenport, what then? Would Shapless get the money? She grew keen in speculation. To leave her in the lurch, to give it all to that greasy Shapless would be the most natural trick in the world for an incisive old fellow like Oliphant.

It was too much! She cried a little, and she began to hate the helpless man upstairs. It occurred to her to poke about in the papers in the adjoining room. She must do it at once, for she expected Edwards every moment.

First she ran upstairs to see if her uncle was all right. As soon as she entered, he glared at her bitterly and would have spoken. She noted the effort and failure, elated. He could not betray her now, unless he rallied wonderfully. So leaving the door ajar, she walked firmly downstairs. Now she could set herself to rest.

If the money were *all* left to Shapless? She might secure the will, and bargain with the old parasite for a few thousands of dollars. Her mind was full of wild schemes; if she only knew a little more about affairs! She had heard of wills, and read many novels that turned upon wills lost or stolen. They had always seemed to her improbable, mere novels. Necessity was stranger than fiction.

It did not take long to find the very articles she was after; evidently Oliphant had been overhauling them on that last excursion from his room. The package lay where he had dropped it when he fainted. There were two documents. She unfolded them on the top of the mussy desk. They were hard reading in all their legal dress, and her head was filled with fears lest her husband should walk in. She could make out, however, that Oliphant was much richer than she had ever vaguely supposed, and that since her departure he had relented toward his son. For in the first in date she was the principal heir, a lot of queer charities coming in besides. In the second, James, Jr., received something. Her name did not appear. Several clauses had been added from time to time, each one giving more money and lands to the Methodist school. Probably Shapless was after another codicil when he called.

It had taken her into the twilight to gain even a meagre idea of all this. She was preparing to fold the documents up in their common wrapper, when she felt the door open behind her. All she could see in the terror of the moment was the gaunt white arm of her uncle, and the two angry eyes in the shaking head. She shrieked from pure nervousness, and at her cry, the old man fell in a heap.

The accident steeled her nerves. Dinah came in a panic, and as they were lifting the bony frame from the floor, Edwards entered. With his assistance they got the sick man to bed.

That was clearly the last gasp. Yet Mrs. Edwards shook in dread every time she entered the room. The look seemed conscious still, intensified malignity and despair creeping in. She was afraid and guilty and unstrung. Perhaps with some sudden survival of his forces he would kill her. He was lying there too still for defeat. His life had been an expression of hates—the last one might be dreadful.

Yet she stood to her post in the sickroom, afraid, as she confessed to herself, to trust herself with her husband. Her mind was soiled with seething thoughts, and in contrast his seemed so fresh and pure! If she could keep him unsuspicious of her, all would be well in the end. But the task she had set herself for him was hard, so hard!

That night when all was still she crept downstairs and groped about in the davenport for the papers. They had been lying there unopened where

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they had fallen earlier in the evening. She struck a match, caught up the fresher document, and hugged it to her as she toiled upstairs. When she had tucked it away in her satchel the end seemed near. They must wait now.

She put her husband out of her mind. Outside the warm summer days died away over the sea, one by one, and the grass beyond the gates grew heavier with dust. Life was tense in its monotony.

. . . . . .

That had happened on a Saturday; Monday Dr. Shapless came again, his shoes dusty from his long walk from the station. He looked oiled as ever, but more determined. Mrs. Edwards daringly permitted him to see the dying man—he had been lying in a stupor, for she was afraid that the reverend doctor's loud tones in the hall might exasperate Oliphant to some wild act. Dr. Shapless shut her from the room when he went in, but he did not stay long. A restless despair had settled down on her uncle's face, there to remain for the last few hours. And his visitor was enraged with defeat.

Her heart sank; she longed to cry out to the poor old man on the bed that *she* did not want his money. She remained with him all night, yet she did not dare to approach his bed. She would disturb him.

He died the next afternoon, and at the last he looked out on the world and at her with his final note of intelligence. It was pathetic, a suggestion of past tenderness defeated, and of defeat in hate, too. She closed his sad eyes: it was awful to meddle with a man's last purposes.

The funeral was almost surreptitious. Old Dinah, the Leicesters, and the Edwardses occupied the one carriage that followed him to the graveyard across the village. They met a hay-cart or two on their way, but no curious neighbors. Old Oliphant's death aroused no interest in this village, ridden with summer strangers.

The day was impersonally suave and tender, with its gentle haze and autumn premonitions. Mr. Leicester said a few equivocal words, while Mrs. Edwards gazed helplessly into the grave. The others fell back behind the minister. Between her and her uncle down there, something remained unexplained, and her heart ached.

. . . . . .

They spent that night at the Leicesters, for Mrs. Edwards wearily refused to return to the Oliphant place. Edwards carried the keys over to Slocum, and told him to take the necessary steps toward settling the old man's affairs. The next day they returned to the little flat in Harlem. The Leicesters found their presence awkward, now that there was nothing to do, and Mrs. Edwards was craving to be alone with her husband, to shut out the past month from their lives as soon as possible.

These September days, while they both waited in secret anxiety, she clung to him as she had never before. He was pure, the ideal she had voluntarily given up, given up for his sake in order that he might have complete perfection. His delicate sensitiveness kept him from referring to that painful month, or to possible expectations. She worshipped him the more, and was thankful for his complete ignorance. Their common life could go on untainted and noble.

Yet Edwards betrayed his nervous anxiety. His eagerness for the mail every morning, his early return from business indicated his troubled mind.

The news came at breakfast-time. Mrs. Edwards handed Slocum's letter across the table and waited, her face wanly eager. The letter was long; it took the country lawyer some half-dozen large letter-sheets to tell his news, but in the end it came. He had had the will probated and was happy to say that Mrs. Edwards was a large, a very large beneficiary. Edwards read these closing sentences aloud. He threw down the letter and tried to take her in his arms. But she tearfully pushed him away, and then, repenting, clasped his knees.

"Oh, Will! it's so much, so very much," she almost sobbed.

Edwards looked as if that were not an irremediable fault in their good luck. He said nothing. Already he was planning their future movements. Under

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the circumstances neither cared to discuss their happiness, and so they got little fun from the first bloom.

In spite of Mrs. Edwards's delicate health and her expected confinement they decided to go abroad. She was feverishly anxious for him to begin his real work at once, to prove himself; and it might be easier to forget her one vicious month when the Atlantic had been crossed. They put their affairs to rights hurriedly, and early in November sailed for France.

The Leicesters were at the dock to bid them God-speed and to chirrup over their good fortune.

"It's all like a good, old-fashioned story," beamed Mrs. Leicester, content with romance for once, now that it had arranged itself so decorously.

"Very satisfactory; quite right," the clergyman added. "We'll see you soon in Paris. We're thinking of a gay vacation, and will let you know."

Edwards looked fatuous; his wife had an orderly smile. She was glad when Sandy Hook sank into the mists. She had only herself to avoid now.

They took some pleasant apartments just off the Rue de Rivoli, and then their life sank into the complacent commonplace of possession. She was outwardly content to enjoy with her husband, to go to the galleries, the opera, to try the restaurants, and to drive.

Yet her life went into one idea, a very fixed idea, such as often takes hold of women during their confinement. She was eager to see him at work. If he accomplished something—even content!—she would feel justified and perhaps happy. As to the child, the idea grew strange to her. Why should she have a third in the problem? For she saw that the child must take its part in her act, must grow up and share their life and inherit the Oliphant money. In brief, she feared the yet unborn stranger, to whom she would be responsible in this queer way. And the child could not repair the wrong as could her husband. Certainly the child was an alien.

She tried to be tender of her husband in his boyish glee and loafing. She could understand that he needed to accustom himself to his new freedom, to have his vacation first. She held herself in, tensely, refraining from criticism lest she might mar his joy. But she counted the days, and when her child had come, she said to herself, *then* he must to work.

This morbid life was very different from what she had fancied the rich future would be, as she looked into the grave, the end of her struggle, that September afternoon. But she had grown to demand so much more from *him;* she had grown so grave! His bright, boyish face, the gentle curls, had been dear enough, and now she looked for the lines a man's face should have. Why was he so terribly at ease? The world was bitter and hard in its conditions, and a man should not play.

Late in December the Leicesters called; they were like gleeful sparrows, twittering about. Mrs. Edwards shuddered to see them again, and when they were gone she gave up and became ill.

Her tense mind relieved itself in hysterics, which frightened her to further repression. Then one night she heard herself moaning: "Why did I have to take all? It was so little, so very little, I wanted, and I had to take all. Oh, Will, Will, you should have done for yourself. Why did you need this? Why couldn't you do as other men do; it's no harder for you than for them." Then she recollected herself. Edwards was holding her hand and soothing her.

Some weeks later, when she was very ill, she remembered those words, and wondered if he had suspected anything. Her child came and died, and she forgot this matter with others. She lay nerveless for a long time without thought; Edwards and the doctor feared melancholia. So she was taken to Italy for the cold months. Edwards cared for her tenderly, but his caressing presence was irritating instead of soothing to her. She was hungry for a justification that she could not bring about.

At last it wore on into late spring. She began to force herself back into the old activities in order to leave no excuse for further dawdling. Her attitude became terribly judicial and suspicious.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An absorbing idleness had settled down over Edwards, partly excused to himself by his wife's long illness. When he noticed that his desultory days made her restless, he took to loafing about galleries or making little excursions, generally in company with some forlorn artist he had picked up. He had nothing, after all, so very definite that demanded his time; he had not yet made up his mind for any attempts. And something in the domestic atmosphere unsettled him. His wife held herself aloof, with alien sympathies, he felt.

So they drifted on to discontent and unhappiness until she could bear it no longer without expression.

"Aren't we to return to Paris soon?" she remarked one morning as they idled over a late breakfast. "I am strong now, and I should like to settle down."

Edwards took the cue, idly welcoming any change.

"Why, yes, in the fall. It's too near the summer now, and there's no hurry."

"Yes, there *is* hurry," his wife replied, hastily. "We have lost almost eight months."

"Out of a lifetime," Edwards put in, indulgently.

She paused, bewildered by the insinuation of his remark. But her mood was too incendiary to avoid taking offence. "Do you mean that that would be a *life*, loafing around all day, enjoying this, that, and the other fine pleasure. That wasn't what we planned."

"No, but I don't see why people who are not driven should drive themselves. I want to get the taste of Harlem out of my mouth." He was a bit sullen. A year ago her strict inquiry into his life would have been absurd. Perhaps the money, her money, gave her the right.

"If people don't drive themselves," she went on, passionately, "they ought to be driven. It's cowardly to take advantage of having money to do nothing. You wanted the—the opportunity to do something. Now you have it."

Edwards twisted his wicker chair into uncomfortable places. "Well, are you sorry you happen to have given me the chance?" He looked at her coldly, so that a suspicious thought shot into her mind.

"Yes," she faltered, "if it means throwing it away, I *am* sorry."

She dared no more. Her mind was so close on the great sore, the perpetual irritant in her gentle soul. He lit a cigarette, and sauntered down the hotel garden. But the look he had given her—a queer glance of disagreeable intelligence—illumined her dormant thoughts.

What if he had known all along? She remembered his meaning words that hot night when they talked over Oliphant's illness for the first time. And why had he been so yielding, so utterly passive, during the sordid drama over the dying man? What kept him from alluding to the matter in any way? Yes, he must have encouraged her to go on. *She* had been his tool, and he, the passive spectator. The blind certainty of a woman made the thing assured, settled. She picked up the faint yellow rose he had laid by her plate, and tore it slowly into fine bits. On the whole he was worse than she.

But before he returned, she stubbornly refused to believe herself.

. . . . . .

In the autumn they were again in Paris, in soberer quarters, which were conducive to effort. Edwards was working fitfully with several teachers, goaded on, as he must confess to himself, by a pitiless wife. Not much was discussed between them, but he knew that the price of the *statu quo* was continued labor.

She was watching him; he felt it and resented it, but he would not understand. All the idealism, the worship of the first sweet months in marriage had gone. Of course that incense had been foolish, but it was sweet. Instead, he felt these suspicious, tolerant eyes following his soul in and out on its feeble errands. He comforted himself with the trite consolation that he was suffering from the natural readjustment in a woman's mind. It was too drastic for that, however.

He was in the habit of leaving her in the evenings of the opera. The light was too much for her eyes, and she was often tired. One wet April night, when he returned late, he found her up sitting by the window that overlooked the steaming boulevard. Somehow his soul

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was rebellious, and when she asked him about the opera he did not take the pains to lie.

"Oh, I haven't been there," he muttered. "I am beastly tired of it all. Let's get out of it; to St. Petersburg or Norway—for the summer," he added, guiltily.

Now that the understanding impended she trembled, for hitherto she had never actually known. In suspicion there was hope. So she almost entreated.

"We go anyway to Vienna next winter, and I thought we had decided on Switzerland for the summer."

"You decided! But what's the use of keeping up the mill night and day. There's plenty of opportunity over there for an educated gentleman with money, if what you are after is a 'sphere' for me."

"You want to—to go back now?"

"No, I want to be let alone."

"Don't you care to pay for all you have had? Haven't you any sense of justice to Uncle Oliphant, to your opportunities?"

"Oliphant," Edwards laughed, disagreeably. "Wouldn't he be pleased to have an opera, a Gilbert and Sullivan affair, dedicated to him! No. I have tried to humor your idea of making myself famous. But what's the use of being wretched?" The topic seemed fruitless. Mrs. Edwards looked over to the slight, careless figure. He was sitting dejectedly on a large fauteuil, smoking. He seemed fagged and spiritless. She almost pitied him and gave in, but suddenly she rose and crossed the room.

"We've made ourselves pretty unhappy," she said, apologetically, resting her hand on the lapel of his coat. "I guess it's mostly my fault, Will. I have wanted so much that you should do something fine with Uncle Oliphant's money, with *yourself*. But we can make it up in other ways."

"What are you so full of that idea for?" Edwards asked, curiously. "Why can't you be happy, even as happy as you were in Harlem?" His voice was hypocritical.

"Don't you know?" she flashed back. "You *do* know, I believe. Tell me, did you look over those papers on the davenport that night Uncle James fainted?"

The unexpected rush of her mind bewildered him. A calm lie would have set matters to rights, but he was not master of it.

"So you were willing—you knew?"

"It wasn't my affair," he muttered, weakly, but she had left him.

He wandered about alone for a few days until the suspense became intolerable. When he turned up one afternoon in their apartments he found preparations on foot for their departure.

"We're going away?" he asked.

"Yes, to New York."

"Not so fast," he interrupted, bitterly. "We might as well face the matter openly. What's the use of going back there?"

"We can't live here, and besides I shall be wanted there."

"You can't do anything now. Talk sensibly about it. I will not go back."

She looked at him coldly, critically. "I cabled Slocum yesterday, and we must live somehow."

"You——" but she laid her hand on his arm. "It makes no difference *now*, you know, and it can't be changed. I've done everything."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

"THE UNITED STATES WILL PAY"

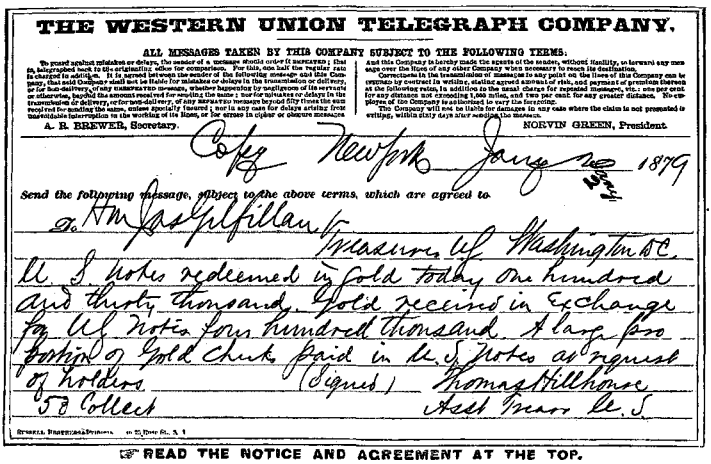
RESUMPTION.
THE LEGAL TENDER DECISION.
DEMONETIZATION OF SILVER.
THE BLAND BILL.
FAILURE OF JAY COOKE.
PANIC OF 1873.
A NEW BLACK FRIDAY.
THE GRANGERS.
THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.
GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES.

PRESIDENT HAYES'S bold independence did not seriously divide his party. He touched the danger-line in removing Chester A. Arthur from the Collectorship of the Port of New York on the charge of partisan activity, having to rely on Democratic votes in the Senate to secure the successor's confirmation. Yet few stalwarts dared call Hayes a traitor. Democratic opposition fortified him against this. The House, Democratic throughout his term, fought nearly all his wishes, as did the Senate, now also Democratic, during his last two years. To balk him, appropriation bills were laden with riders involving legislation which he could not approve, but he firmly applied the veto. The futile attempt to "right" the alleged "fraud of 1877" by ripping up the Electoral Commission's work, kept Hayes before the country as the Republicans' man, incidentally doing much to advertise his sterling character. Fraud in seating him there may have been, and he may not have been wholly ignorant of it; but he did not originate the Commission, or even recommend it, while, under the circumstances, his acceptance of the Presidency was clearly his duty, whatever he thought of the antecedent procedure. Refreshing decency marked all of Mr. Hayes's public doings. The men placed in office by him were the best available, chosen with little regard to political influence, and, like all others in the civil service, they were required to abstain from active participation in political affairs. This policy enraged politicians, but, by immensely relieving the party from the odium into which it had fallen, aided to put it in condition for the campaign of 1880.

The most momentous single deed of Mr. Hayes's administration was the restoration of the country's finances, public and private, to a hard-money basis. On January 1, 1879, the United States began again the payment, suspended for more than sixteen years, of specie in liquidation of its greenback promises. The familiar legend upon our Treasury notes, "The United States will Pay," became true at last. Our paper dollar had begun to sink below par so early as December 28, 1861, after which date it underwent the most painful fluctuations. On July 11, 1864, it was sixty-five per cent. below par, thenceforward sinking and rising fitfully, but never reaching gold value again till the month of December, 1878.

The difficulties of replacing the country's business on a solid monetary platform had been foreseen as soon as the subject loomed into view. Senator Sher-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

ALL MESSAGES TAKEN BY THIS COMPANY SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING TERMS:

To guard against mistakes or delays, the sender of a message should order it REPEATED; that is, telegraphed back to the originating office for comparison. For this, one half the ordinary rate is charged in addition. It is agreed between the sender of the following message and this Company, that said Company shall not be liable for mistakes or delays in the transmission of this message, or for non-delivery, or any unrepeated message, from whatever happening; for negligence of its servants or otherwise, beyond the amount received for sending the message. Nor shall said Company be liable for mistakes or delays in the transmission or delivery, or non-delivery of any REPEATED message beyond fifty times the sum received for sending the same, unless specially insured; nor in any case for delays arising from unavoidable interruption to the working of its lines, or for errors in cipher or obscure messages.

And this Company is hereby made the agents of the sender, without liability, to forward any message over the lines of any other Company when necessary to reach its destination.

Corrections in the transmission of messages to any point on the lines of this Company can be obtained by contract in writing, stating agreed amount of risk, and payment of premium thereon at the following rates, in addition to the usual charge for repeated messages, viz.: one per cent. for any distance not exceeding 1,000 miles, and two per cent. for any greater distance. No claim for errors of the Company for which a greater sum than fifty times the sum paid for sending the message will be admitted.

The Company will not be liable for damages in any case where the claim is not presented in writing, within sixty days after sending the message.

A. B. BREWER, Secretary. NORVIN GREEN, President.

Copy New York January 2nd 1879

Send the following message, subject to the above terms, which are agreed to.

To Hon Jas Gilfillan Treasurer U.S. Washington D.C.

U. S. Notes redeemed in Gold today One hundred and thirty thousand. Gold received in Exchange for U.S. Notes Four hundred thousand. A large portion of Gold Check paid in U.S. Notes at request of holders.

(Signed) Thomas Hillhouse

58 Collect Asst Treas U.S.

☞ READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT AT THE TOP.

The Telegram Announcing the Result of the First Day's "Resumption" at the New York Sub-Treasury.

man, upon whom finally fell the main burden of carrying the operation through, wrote in 1868: "I am in real embarrassment about questions that I must now act upon. My conviction is that specie payments must be resumed, and I have my own theories as to the mode of resumption, but the process is a very hard one and will endanger the popularity of any man or administration that is compelled to adopt it."

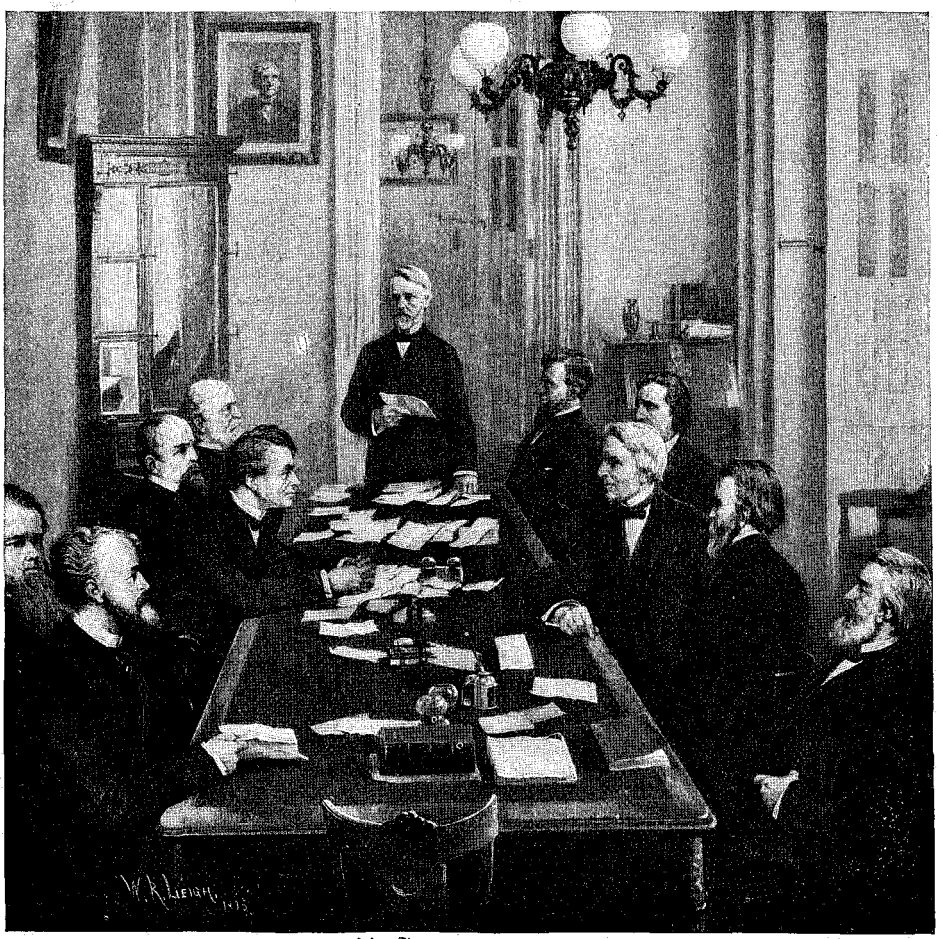
The details of resumption were hotly debated all through the presidential campaign of 1876. Mr. Tilden would assign them to the domain of "practical administrative statesmanship." Like all other Democrats, he urged "a system of preparation" for resumption in place of the Republican Resumption Act. "A system of preparation without the promise of a day, for the worthless promise of a day without a system of preparation would be the gain of the substance of resumption in exchange for its shadow." In reply it was maintained that "the way to resume was to resume." This thought fortunately determined the policy of the country and was justified by the event.

The Resumption Act, passed January 14, 1875, had set a date for resumption—four years ahead, January 1, 1879. The first section provided for the immediate coinage of subsidiary silver to redeem the fractional currency. This was practicable, as the now low gold price of that metal rendered possible its circulation concurrently with greenbacks. The master-clause of the act authorized the Secretary to buy "coin" with any of his surplus revenues, and for the same purpose "to issue, sell, and dispose of bonds of the United States." It was fortunate for the country that Mr. Sherman, who, as Senator, had drafted the measure, was, as Secretary of the Treasury in the Hayes Cabinet, called to execute it. In resolutely preparing for this, spite of cries that it was impossible, or, if possible, certain to be ruinous and deadly, Sherman, whom many had thought timid and vacillating, evinced the utmost strength of will; while the advertising and placing of his loans showed him a master in big finance. By the sale of four-and-a-half-per cent. bonds, callable in 1891, he had, before the appointed day, accumulated $138,000,000 of precious metal, all but $32,000,000 of it gold; the gold alone being almost forty per cent. of the then outstanding greenbacks. Partly owing to several abundant harvests, throwing the balance of European trade in our favor and crowding gold this way, resumption proved easier than any anticipated. The greenbacks rose to par thirteen days before the date fixed for beginning gold payments. When the day arrived, only straggling applications for coin were made, less in amount than was asked for in greenbacks by bondholders, who could in any event have demanded coin. During the entire year 1879 only $11,456,536 in greenbacks were offered for redemption, while over $250,000,000 were paid out in coin obligations. It was found that people preferred paper to metal money, and had no wish for gold instead of notes when assured that the exchange could be made at their option. Notwithstanding our accept-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ance of greenbacks for customs—$109,467,456 during 1879—the Treasury at the end of that year experienced a dearth of these and a plethora of coin, having actually to force debtors to receive hard money.

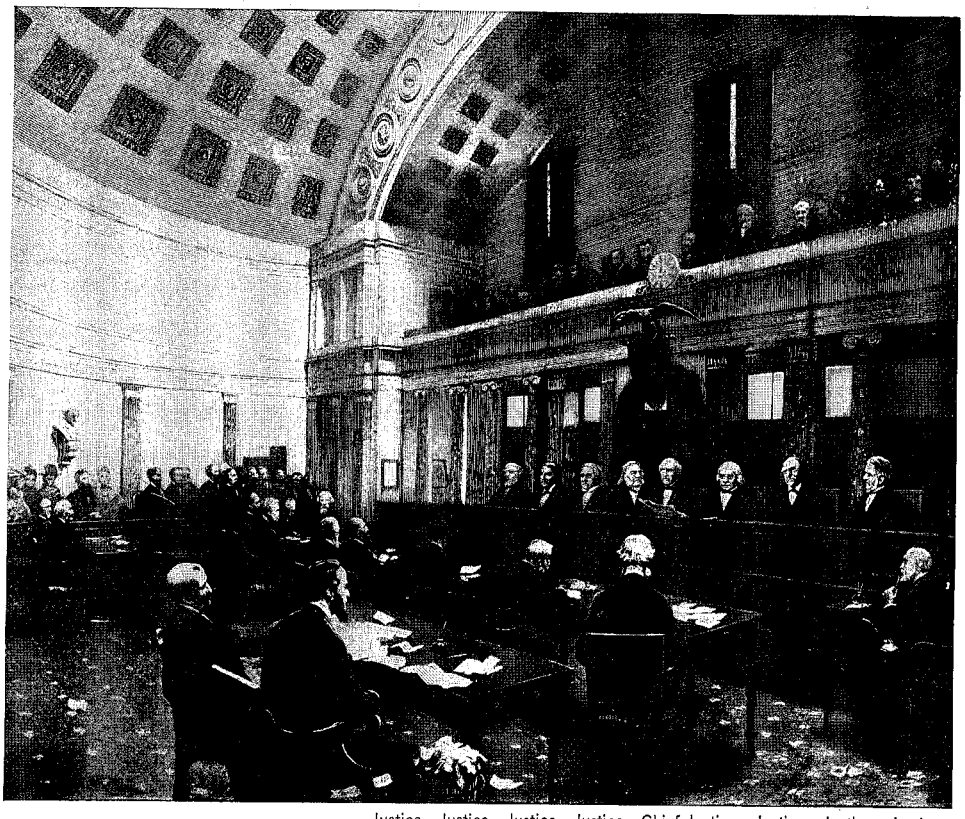
The magnitude and meaning of the financial policy thus launched can hardly be over-estimated. The nation had piled up a war debt amounting to the enormous sum of $2,844,649,626. This figure, the highest which the debt ever attained, was reached in August, 1865. Many people at home and in other countries thought that amounts so vast as were called for could never possibly be paid. When we began borrowing, the London *Economist* declared it "utterly out of the question for the Americans to obtain the extravagant sums they asked," saying: "Europe *won't* lend them; Americans *cannot*." The Washington agent of the London bankers, through whom our Government did foreign business, after the battle of Bull Run called at the Treasury on Sunday to get his "little bill" settled, having the effrontery to ask the acting Secretary, Mr. George Harrington, to give security that the balance, about $40,000, would be paid. Mr. Harrington directed the anxious Englishman



John Sherman.
G. F. Edmunds.
O. P. Morton.
F. T. Frelinghuysen.
T. W. Ferry.
Roscoe Conkling.
W. B. Allison.
John A. Logan.
T. O. Howe.
G. S. Boutwell.
A. A. Sargent.

The Republican Caucus Committee which Formulated the Resumption Act in December, 1874.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Justice Field. Justice Miller. Justice Clifford. Justice Nelson. Chief-Justice Chase. Justice Grier. Justice Swayne. Justice Davis.

Chief-Justice Chase Announcing the Decision of the Supreme Court in the First "Legal Tender" Trial: Hepburn vs. Griswold.

to wait, as the Government would probably not break up before business hours next day. The London *Times* declared: "No pressure that ever threatened is equal to that which now hangs over the United States, and it may safely be said that if in future generations they faithfully meet their liabilities, they will fairly earn a fame which will shine throughout the world." In March, 1863, concluding an article on Secretary Chase's stupendous operations, the same newspaper exclaimed: "What strength, what resources, what vitality, what energy there must be in a nation that is able to ruin itself on a scale so transcendent!"*

No nation ever took a braver course than did the United States in deliberately beginning the reduction of that enormous war debt. The will to reduce it opened the way, and the payment went on by leaps and bounds. The policy was to call in high-rate bonds as soon as callable, and replace them by others bearing lower rates. So immense was the Government's income that to have set so late a date as 1891 for the time when the four-and-a-halfs could be cancelled proved unfortunate. To fix for the maturity of the fours so remote a date as 1907 was worse still. The three-per-cents of 1882, which supplanted earlier issues, were wisely made payable at the Government's option. For the twenty-three years beginning with August, 1865, the reduction proceeded at an average rate of a little under $63,000,000 yearly, which would be $5,250,000 each month, $175,000 each day, $7,291 each hour, and $121 each minute.

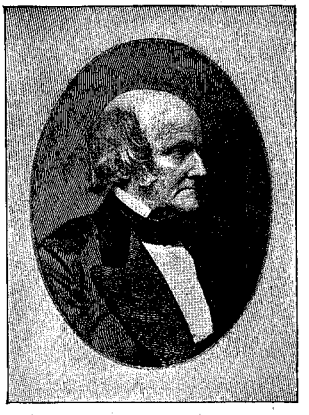
* Shucker's Life of S. P. Chase, pages 225, 226.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

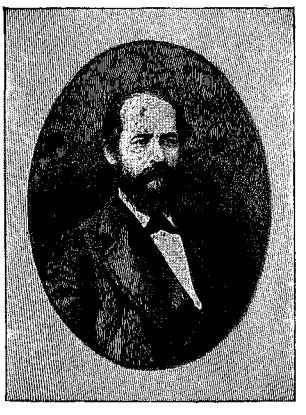
THE LEGAL TENDER QUESTION

An act of Congress passed February 25, 1862, had authorized the issue of $150,000,000 in non-interest-bearing Treasury notes. These notes had no precedent with us since colonial times. Neither receivable for duties nor payable for interest on the public debt, they were yet legal tender for all other payments, public and private. As the Government paid its own debts with them they amounted to a forced loan.

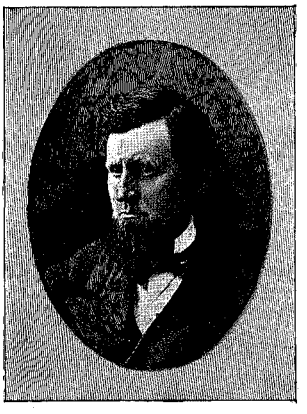
The legal-tender clause of the 1862 law roused bitterest antagonism. The press ridiculed it, in some cases being refused the use of the mails for that reason. "The financial fabric of the Union totters to its base," said a leading journal. Secretary Chase himself, the father of the greenback, afterward, as Chief-Justice, pronounced the law unconstitutional. This was his judgment from the first, and he overrode it, after painful deliberation, only because such a course seemed absolutely necessary to save the nation. Mr. Lincoln is said to have aided his Secretary at this crisis by the parable of the captain who, his ship aleak, worse and worse in spite of his prayers to the Virgin, threw her image overboard, and, having successfully made port and docked his vessel for repairs, found the image neatly filling the hole where the water had come in. Both deemed it patriotic to make jetsam of the Constitution if thereby they might bring safe into port the leaky ship of state, in danger of being engulfed in the mad ocean of civil war.



Elbridge G. Spaulding.*



Richard P. Bland.



William B. Allison.

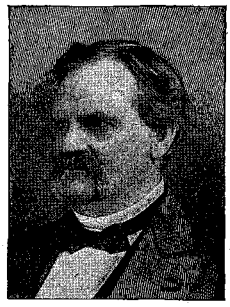
Thus the issue of legal-tenders began under the pressure of urgent necessity. From first to last $450,000,000 of this paper had been voted, whereof, on January 3, 1864, $449,338,902 was outstanding. Specie payments were suspended two days before the introduction of the legal-tender act. Gold went to a premium while that act was under discussion, remaining so till just before resumption, January 1, 1879. Even the subsidiary silver coinage disappeared, and Congress was obliged to issue fractional paper currency, "shin-plasters," in its stead.

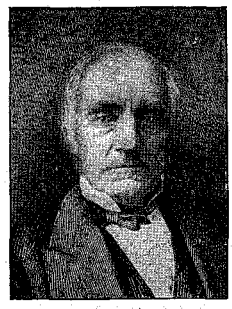
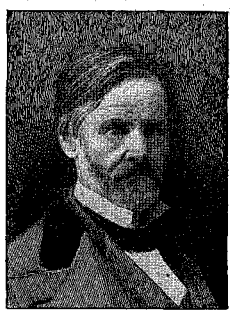
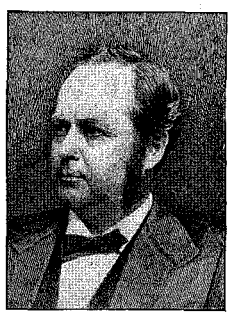
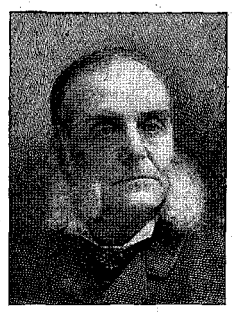
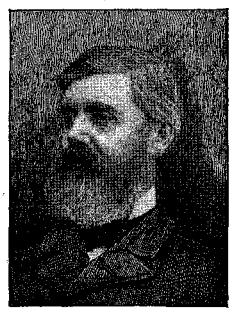
Several constitutional questions were connected with the greenback. In Hepburn *vs.* Griswold (8 Wall., 603) the Court held, four† Justices against three, that, while the act of February 25, 1862, might, as a war measure be valid, making greenbacks legal tender for debts contracted after its passage, yet, so far as its provisions related to pre-existing debts, it was inconsistent with the Constitution, not being a "necessary" or "proper" means to any end therein authorized. In Parker *vs.* Davis (12 Wall., 457), the *personnel* of the Court having been changed by the resignation of Justice Grier and the appoint-

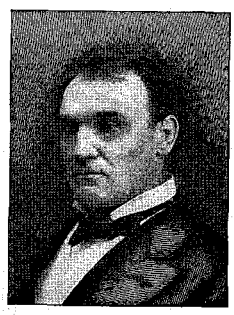
* One of the chief promoters of the Legal Tender Act.

† Or five if Grier be counted. He agreed with the majority, but resigned before the opinion was announced.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





W. A. Richardson, Massachusetts, March 17, 1873–June 2, 1874.
John Sherman, Ohio, March 8, 1877–March 5, 1881.
W. Q. Gresham, Indiana, October 24, 1884–October 28, 1884.
C. S. Fairchild, New York, April 1, 1887–March 5, 1889.

B. H. Bristow, Kentucky, June 2, 1874–June 21, 1876.
William Windom, Minnesota, March 5, 1881–October 27, 1881.
Hugh McCulloch, Indiana, October 28, 1884–March 6, 1885.
Charles Foster, Ohio, February 24, 1891–March 6, 1893.

L. M. Morrill, Maine, June 21, 1876–March 8, 1877.
C. J. Folger, New York, October 27, 1881–October 24, 1884.
Daniel Manning, New York, March 6, 1885–April 1, 1887.
James G. Carlisle, Kentucky, March 6, 1893–

The Secretaries of the Treasury during the Last Quarter-Century.*

* For G. S. Boutwell, March 11, 1869–March 17, 1873, see March issue, p. 279.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment of Justices Bradley and Strong, though Chase, Clifford, and Field strenuously maintained their former views, the Hepburn *vs.* Griswold decision was reversed. That case, the Court now said, "was decided by a divided Court," having fewer Judges "than the law then in existence provided that this Court shall have. These cases have been heard before a full Court, and they have received our most careful consideration." Justice Bradley, whom in the judgment of Senator Hoar, "the general voice of the profession and of his brethren of the bench would place at the head of all then living American jurists," concurred with the majority in a separate opinion of his own, at once elaborate and emphatic. In the famous case of Juilliard *vs.* Greenman (110 U. S., 421) a third question was tried out, namely, whether Congress has the constitutional power to make United States Treasury notes legal tender for private debts in peace as well as in war. The decision was again in favor of the greenback, Field being the only Justice to register dissent. Though this was the first decision of the question arrived at by strictly legal reasoning, it evoked much hostile criticism. When equal to gold, greenbacks began to be glorified, and all thoughts of retiring them gave way. June 20, 1874, the maximum greenback circulation was placed at $382,000,000, which the operation of the Resumption Act in 1875 brought down to $346,681,000, letting the gap be filled by national bank notes. The sum last named is, within a trifle, that still outstanding (1895), all further retirement or cancellation of legal-tenders being forbidden by the act approved May 31, 1878. This popularity of the greenbacks stimulated to fresh life the "fiat greenback" theory, whose pith lay in the proposition that money requires in its material no labor-cost value, its purchasing power coming from the decree of the public authority issuing it, so that paper money put forth by a financially responsible government, though involving no promise whatever, will be the peer of gold. This idea was long very influential throughout States so conservative as Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, where, in several campaigns, the able stump addresses of men like Garfield, Schurz, and Stanley Matthews laid it pretty well to rest. It was, however, the rallying thought of the National Labor Greenback Party, organized at Indianapolis, May 17, 1876, when it nominated Peter Cooper for the Presidency. On the very day that resumption went into effect, a Greenbacker Convention in New England declared it the paramount issue of their party to substitute greenbacks for national bank notes.

DEMONETIZATION OF SILVER

The old silver dollar, "the Dollar of our Fathers," had never ceased to be full legal tender until 1873, although it had since 1853 been, as compared with the gold dollar, too valuable to circulate much. In 1873 a law was unobservedly passed demonetizing it, and making gold the exclusive form of United States full tender hard money.

That legislation of such importance should have passed without general debate, either in Congress or by the public, was unfortunate; but, contrary to a very prevalent view, there is no evidence that a single Congressional vote for it was secured by fraud. Little silver had been coined by the United States since 1834. The monetary problem of 1873 was not that of to-day. Then, simplicity of monetary system was considered the great desideratum, whereas authorities now deem adequacy in volume the most important trait of a hard-money system. In 1873 gold had been for twenty years pouring out of the earth in immense volume, rendering not unnatural the expectation that it alone, without silver, would soon suffice for the world's hard-money stock. Such was then the judgment of the leaders of public opinion in all lands. It was the view of the Paris Conference in 1867, which recommended the general demonetization of silver—a recommendation extremely influential in determining to a gold policy the German Empire, whose course toward silver in 1873 was identical with ours.

European opinion on the subject was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known and concurred in here. At intervals ever since 1816 representative Americans had suggested that we should adopt Great Britain's metallic money system. In his report of November 29, 1851, the Director of our Mint declared the "main features" of that system "eminently worthy of adoption into the monetary policy of our own country." Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, then Secretary of the Treasury, whom no one will charge with obsequiousness to England or to the Money Power at home, in his Report of January 6, 1852, seconded the recommendation of the Director of the Mint, carefully setting forth the argument for adopting it. To the Act of 1873 the Senators from Oregon, California, and Nevada unanimously agreed. At the 1867 Paris Conference the United States was (by delegates) present as a gold country, Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, being responsible for this, though no one protested. Inspired by such example and by the recommendation of the Conference, the Secretary of our Treasury, in 1870, drafted the bill discontinuing the silver dollar, which passed the Senate early in 1871 and became a law in 1873.

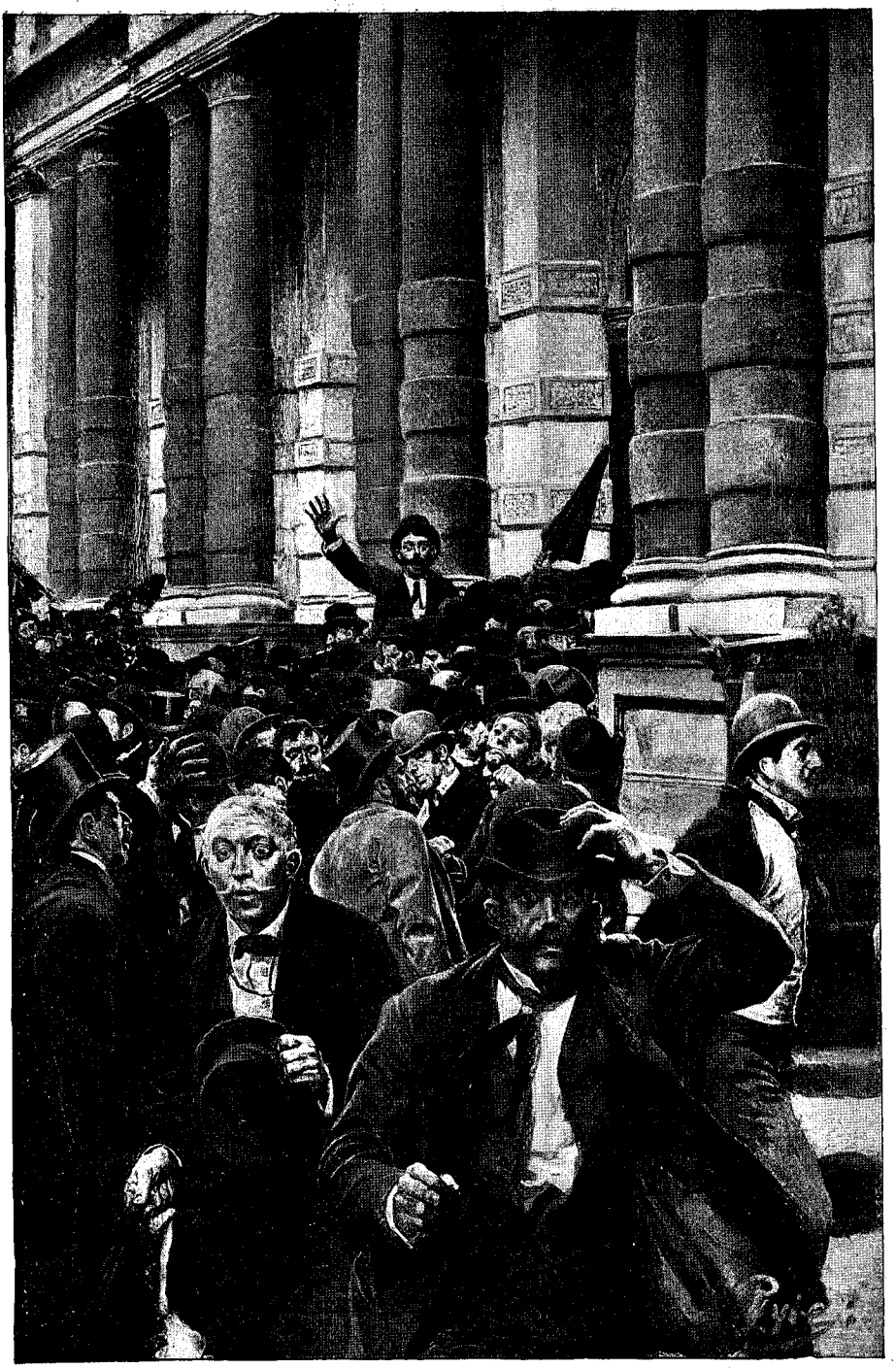
PASSAGE OF THE BLAND BILL

An increased value attaching to gold was soon apparent, or, what is the same thing, a general fall in prices. This began so soon as silver full money had been laid aside, silver falling in gold price almost exactly as products at large fell. In view of this movement, since all Government bonds outstanding in 1873 were payable in "coin," it was a nearly universal belief in most sections of the country that the abridgment of the right to pay debts in silver would, if persisted in, be very unjust to taxpayers in liquidating the national debt. The Bland Bill was therefore brought forward, and in 1878 passed, restoring silver again to its ancient legal equality with gold as debt-paying money. In this act, however, so great was now the disparity in value between gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, Congress did not venture to give back to the white metal the right of free coinage. The "Allison tip," as it was called, was incorporated in the bill, requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase monthly not less than two million dollars' worth of silver, or more than four million dollars' worth, and to coin it into dollars. The Bland-Allison Act was disapproved by President Hayes, but immediately passed over his veto, February 28, 1878.

However necessary to final prosperity, the contraction of our currency was a sore process, and it encountered at every stage the most bitter opposition. The war left us, as it found us, with painfully little grasp on the principles of money. Men of one type felt that low or falling prices, however caused, meant prosperity; another class attached this meaning to high prices, however caused. Few reflected enough to see that great and solid prosperity may attend rising prices, as between 1850 and 1870, or that, on the other hand, prices may be going down and yet greater and greater effort be required to obtain the necessaries of life. The generally conceded desirableness of replacing business upon a precious-metal basis, whatever hardship in lowered values this might cost those whose property consisted of goods or lands and not of money, misled many, even after the gold platform was reached, to hail each drop in general prices with hallelujahs. Eastern people and the creditor class elsewhere were usually in this frame of mind.

Far different felt those, so numerous throughout the West, who had run in debt when rank inflation was on, and who, tied to their mortgaged farms, were compelled to produce against a constantly falling market. They writhed under the pinch, and more or less correctly understood the philosophy of it. A Montgomery County, Pa., farmer once went into a store in Norristown and bought a suit of clothes. The storekeeper said: "That is the cheapest suit of clothes you ever bought." "Oh, no," said the farmer, "this suit cost me twenty bushels of wheat. I have never paid over fifteen bushels of wheat for a suit of clothes before."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



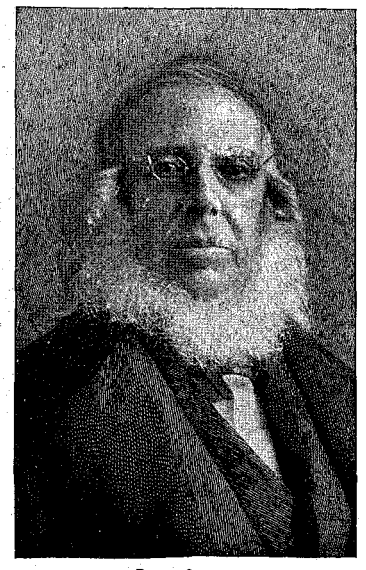
The Rush from the New York Stock Exchange on September 18, 1873.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

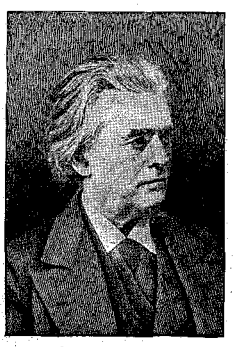
THE PANIC OF 1873

THE panic of 1873, so far as it resulted from contraction, had its main origin abroad, not in America, so that its subordinate causes were generally looked upon as its sole occasion; yet these bye causes were important. The shocking destruction of wealth by fires and by reckless speculation, of course, had a baneful effect. During 1872 the balance of trade was strongly against the United States. The circulation of depreciated paper money had brought to many an apparent prosperity which was not real, leading to the free creation of debts by individuals, corporations, towns, cities, and States. An unprecedented mileage of railways had been constructed. Within the half decade ending with December, 1873, $1,700,000,000 were thus spent in this country. Much supposed wealth consisted in the bonds of these railroads and of other new concerns, like mining and manufacturing corporations. Thus the entire business of the country was on a basis of inflation, and when contraction came disaster was inevitable.

Newton Booth.



Peter Cooper.



Samuel F. Cary.

Three of the Prominent "Greenbackers."

In the course of the summer solid values began to be hoarded and interest rates consequently to rise. In August there was a partial corner in gold, broken by a government sale of $6,000,000. In September panic came, with suspension of several large banking-houses in New York. Jay Cooke & Co., who had invested heavily in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railway, suspended on September 18th. When authoritative news of this event was made known in the Stock Exchange a perfect stampede of the brokers ensued. They surged out of the Exchange, tumbling pell-mell over each other in the general confusion, hastening to notify their respective houses. Next day, September 19th, Fiske & Hatch, very conservative people, went down.

September 19th was a second Black Friday. Never since the original Black Friday had the Street and the Stock Exchange been so frantic. The weather, dark and rainy, seemed to sympathize with the gloom which clouded the financial situation. Wall, Broad, and Nassau Streets were thronged with people. From the corner of Wall Street and Broadway down to the corner of Hanover Street a solid mass of men filled both sidewalks. From the Post-Office along Nassau Street down Broad Street to Exchange Place another dense throng moved slowly, aimlessly, hither and thither. Sections of Broadway itself were packed. Weaving in and out like the shuttles in a loom were brokers and brokers' clerks making the best speed they could from point to point. All faces wore a bewildered and foreboding look. To help them seem cool, money-eyed men talked about the weather,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but their incoherent words and nervous motions betrayed their anxiety. The part of Wall Street at the corner of Broad Street held a specially interested mass of men. They seemed like an assemblage anxiously awaiting the appearance of a great spectacle. High up on the stone balustrade of the Sub-treasury were numerous spectators, umbrellas sheltering them from the pelting rain as they gazed with rapt attention on the scene below. All the brokers' offices were filled. In each, at the first click of the indicator, everybody present was breathless, showing an interest more and more intense as the figures telegraphed were read off.

It was half-past ten in the morning when the Fiske & Hatch failure was announced in the Stock Exchange

The Trial of Thomas Munley, the "Molly Maguire," at Pottsville, Pa.
From photographs by George A. Bretz.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For a moment there was silence; then a hoarse murmur broke out from bulls and bears alike, followed by yells and cries indescribable, clearly audible on the street. Even the heartless bear, in glee over the havoc he was making, paused to utter a growl of sorrow that gentlemen so honorable should become ursine prey. The news of the failure ran like a prairie fire, spreading dismay that showed itself on all faces. Annotators of values in the various offices made known in doleful ticks the depreciation of stocks and securities. Old *habitués* of the exchanges, each usually placid as a moonlit lake, were wrought up till they acted like wild men.

At the corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place a delirious crowd of money-lenders and borrowers collected and tried to fix a rate for loans. The matter hung in the balance for some time until the extent of the panic became known. Then they bid until the price of money touched one-half of one per cent. a day and legal interest. One man, after lending $30,000 at three-eighths per cent., said that he had $20,000 left, but that he thought he would not lend it. As he said this, he turned toward his office, but was immediately surrounded by about twenty borrowers who hung on to his arms and coat-tails till he had agreed to lend them the $20,000.

The Stock Exchange witnessed the chief tragedy and the chief farce of the day. Such tumult, push, and bellowing had never been known there even in the wildest moments of the war. The interior of the Exchange was of noble altitude, with a vaulting top, brilliantly colored in Renaissance design, that sprang upward with a strength and grace seldom so happily united. A cluster of gas-jets, hanging high, well illuminated the enclosure. On the capacious floor, unobstructed by pillars or by furniture, save one small table whereon a large basket of flowers rested, a mob of brokers and brokers' clerks surged back and forth, filling the immense space above with roars and screams. The floor was portioned off to some twenty different groups. Here was one tossing "New York Central" up and down; near by another playing ball with "Wabash;" "Northwestern" jumped and sank as if afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. In the middle of the floor "Rock Isand" cut up similar capers. In a remote corner "Pacific Mail" was beaten with clubs, while "Harlem" rose like a balloon filled with pure hydrogen. The uninitiated expected every instant to see the mob fight. Jobbers squared off at each other and screamed and yelled violently, flinging their arms around and producing a scene which Bedlam itself could not equal.

Behind the raised desk, in snowy shirt-front and necktie, stood the President of the Exchange, his strong tenor voice every now and then ringing out over the Babel of sounds beneath. The gallery opposite him contained an eager throng of spectators bending forward and craning their necks to view the pandemonium on

Franklin B. Gowen.
From photograph by Gutekunst.

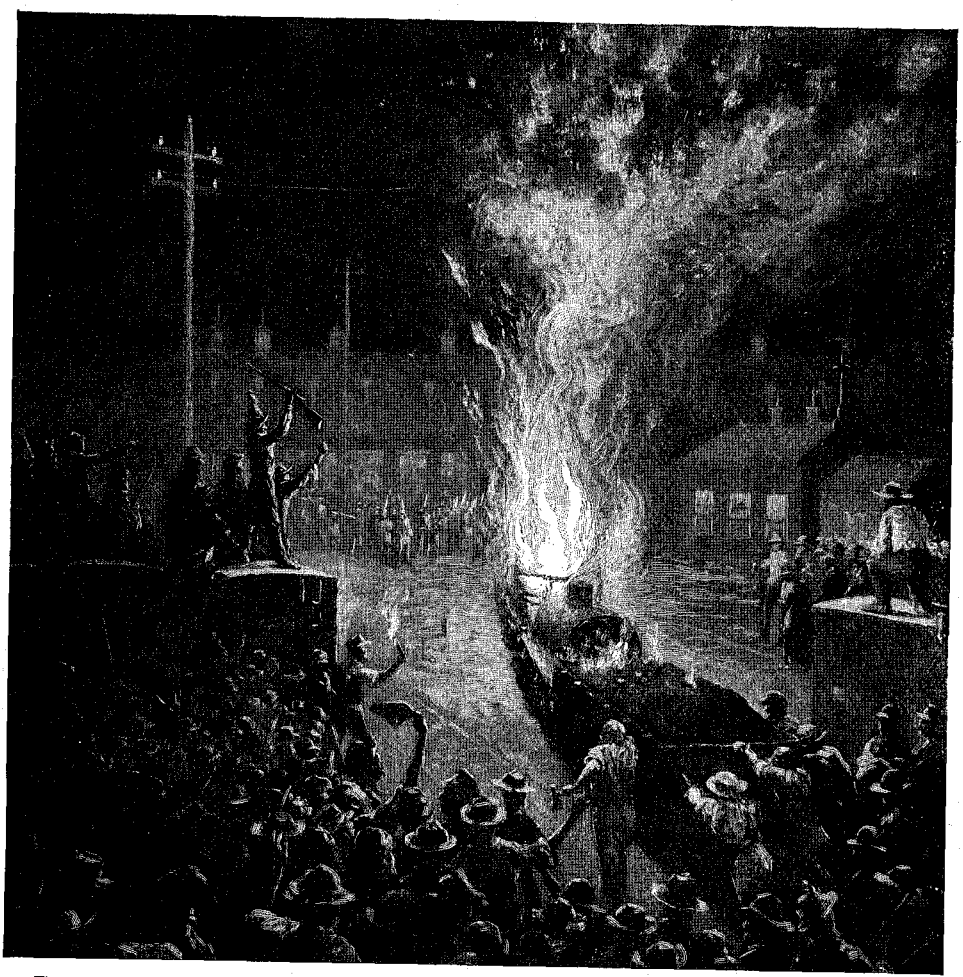
James McParlan, the detective.

Thomas Munley.

"Jimmy" Kerrigan, the "squealer."

From photographs by George A. Bretz.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



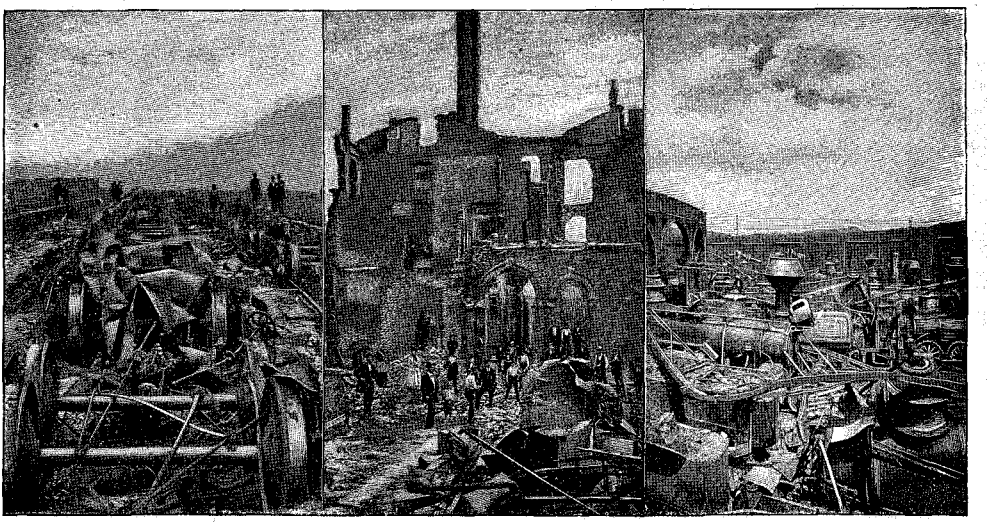
The attempt to Fire the Pennsylvania Railroad Round-house in Pittsburgh, at Daybreak on Sunday, July 22, 1877.
Painted by W. R. Leigh, from photographs by Robinson.

the floor. The rush for this gallery was fearful, and, apparently, but for the utmost effort of the police, must have proved fatal to some. Excitement in Wall Street not infrequently draws crowds to the main front of the Exchange; but hardly ever, if ever before, had the vicinity been so packed as now. Two large blackboards exhibited in chalk figures the incessantly fluctuating quotations. Telegraph wires connected the Exchange with a thousand indicators throughout the city, whence the quotations, big with meaning to many, were flashed over the land.

The first Black Friday was a bull Friday; the second was a bear Friday. Early in the panic powerful brokers began to sell short, and they succeeded in hammering down from ten to forty per cent. many of the finest stocks like "Harlem," "New York Central," "Erie," "Wabash," "Northwestern," "Rock Island," and "Western Union." They then bought to cover their sales. Bull brokers, unable to pay their contracts, shrieked for margin money, which their principals would not or could not put up. They also sought relief from the banks, but in vain. It had long been the practice of certain banks, though contrary to law, early each day to certify checks to enormous amounts in favor of brokers who had not a cent on deposit to their credit, the understanding in each case being

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that before three o'clock the broker would hand in enough cash or securities to cancel his debt. The banks now refused this accommodation. In the Exchange eighteen names were read off of brokers who could not fulfil their contracts. As fast as the failures were announced the news was carried out on to the street. In spite of the rain, hundreds of people gathered about the offices of fallen repu-



Burnt Freight Cars.* Union Station. Round-house.

Scenes After the Railway Riot of 1877 in Pittsburgh.

tation, and gazed curiously through the windows trying to make out how the broken brokers were behaving.

In deference to a general wish that dealings in stocks should cease, the Exchange was shut on Saturday September 20th, and not opened again till the 30th. Such closure had never occurred before. On Sunday morning President Grant and Secretary Richardson, of the Treasury, came to New York, spending the day in anxious consultation with Vanderbilt, Clews, and other prominent business men.

Had the Secretary of the Treasury acted promptly and firmly he might have relieved the situation much; but he vacillated. Some $13,500,000 in five-twenty bonds were bought, and a few millions of the greenbacks which Secretary McCulloch had called in for cancellation were set free. But as Mr. Richardson announced no policy on which the public could depend, most of the cash let loose was instantly hoarded in vaults or used in the purchase of other bonds then temporarily depressed, so doing nothing whatever to allay the distress. On the 25th the Treasury ceased buying bonds. The person who, at the worst, sustained the market and kept it from breaking to a point where half of the street would have been inevitably ruined, was Jay Gould, mischief itself on the first Black Friday, but on this one a blessing. He bought during the low prices several hundred thousand shares of railroad stocks, principally of the Vanderbilt stripe, and in this way put a check on the ruinous decline.

The national banks of New York weathered this cyclone by a novel device of the Clearing-house or associated banks. These pooled their cash and collaterals into a common fund, placed this in the hands of a trusty committee, and issued against it loan certificates that were receivable at the Clearing-house, just like cash, in payment of debit balances. Ten million dollars worth of these certificates was issued at first, a sum subsequently doubled. This Clearing-house paper served its

* Owing to the general congestion of traffic there were miles of freight trains blocked at this point, which the rioters burned just as they stood.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

purpose admirably. By October 3d confidence was so restored that $1,000,000 of it was called in and cancelled, followed next day by $1,500,000 more. None of it was long outstanding. The Clearing-house febrifuge was successfully applied also in Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and other cities, but not in Chicago.

The panic overspread the country. Credit in business was refused, debtors were pressed for payment, securities were rushed into the market and fell greatly in price. Even United States bonds went down from five to ten per cent. There was a run upon savings-banks, many of which succumbed. Manufactured goods were little salable, and the prices of agricultural products painfully sank. Factories began to run on short time, many closed entirely, many corporations failed. The peculiarity of this crisis was the slowness with which it abated, though fortunately its acute phase was of brief duration. No date can be set as its term, its evil effects dragging on through years.

THE GRANGER AGITATION

THE complaints evoked by industrial depression were in due time echoed in politics. Agrarian movements and labor movements in great numbers—social phenomena at first, but rapidly evolving political significance—marked the times.

V.

(Notice found in yard of D. Patchen, Engineer, Cressona.)

from the gap Daniel Patch
remember you will be running in this coal ragion at night you took an nother mans engin we will give you fair warning in time and some more. V. L.

M. M. H. S. T.

VI.

we hear notify you to leave th Road for you took a nother man chop take a warning to Save your live
to Yost

A Notice Put in Evidence During the "Molly Maguire" Prosecutions.

The "Grangers," or "Patrons of Husbandry," was a secret organization for the promotion of farmers' interests. It was founded at Washington, December 4, 1867, women as well as men being members. In 1868 there were but 11 granges. The total membership of the order on April 1, 1874, six years from the time when local granges began to be formed, was 1,500,000, distributed throughout nearly all the States, though most numerous in the West and South.

The central aim of Granger agitation at first was to secure better transportation and lower freight rates, particularly from the West to the East. After waiting for railway facilities to be developed, the shippers of grain and beef found themselves, when railways were at last supplied, hardly better off than before. The vast demand for transportation sent freight charges up to appalling figures. All sorts of relief devices were considered, among them a project for opening canal and slack-water navigation between the Mississippi and the Atlantic coast. This was earnestly urged by the Southern Commercial Convention at Cincinnati in 1870.

The difficulties of freight transportation between the States was discussed at length by Congress, spite of railway attorneys' insistence that the subject was beyond Congressional control. In the House of Representatives, during January, 1874, Hon. G. W. McCrary, Chairman of the Committee on Railroads and Canals, made an exhaustive report affirming the constitutional power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce. This valuable paper laid bare, in Section 8, Article 1, of the Constitution, a depth of meaning which, till then, few had suspected, a discovery that prepared the way for the Interstate Commerce Act, passed on February 4, 1887.

Discrimination in freight charges was a fruitful source of discontent. In Illinois a dispute known as the "Three-Cent War" intensified feeling against railroads. This particular trouble was the outgrowth of the Illinois Central's disregard of an order issued by the Illinois Railroad Com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

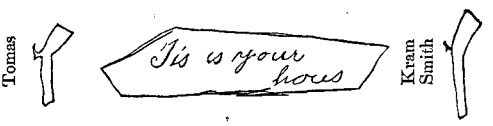
missioners, limiting passenger fares to three cents per mile. The Commissioners' decree having been found contrary to the State Constitution, the Legislature passed a law to limit fares. This the railroads fought with all energy in both State and Federal Courts. In November, 1875, in the case of the people against the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company, the United States Circuit Court handed down a decision sustaining the constitutionality of the law. Several "Granger" cases went to the national Supreme Court, which affirmed a State's right to fix maximum railway charges.

In 1865 a Labor "Congress" was held at Louisville, with but twenty-five or thirty delegates. A second sat at Baltimore in August, the next year, whose proceedings attracted some attention. Labor agitation had by this time assumed considerable proportions, most, perhaps, in Massachusetts, where the Grand Lodge of the Knights of St. Crispin was chartered in 1870. Able men and influential newspapers began to espouse the labor cause. The Congress of 1867 was held in Chicago, and it mooted a scheme of labor unions—city, county, and State. The Congress of 1868 was in New York, that of 1869 in Philadelphia. These marked little progress; but the National Labor Congress which met in Cincinnati, August 15, 1870, was said to represent four hundred thousand people. It demanded Treasury notes not based on coin, an eight-hour work-day, the exclusion of Chinese laborers from the country, and the creation of a National Department of Labor.

Till now the movement was non-political, but the Chicago Congress, by a close vote, adopted a resolution creating an independent political organization to be known as the National Labor Reform Party. The party at once began to have influence. In the Massachusetts election of 1870 it fused with the Prohibitionists, making Wendell Phillips the candidate for Governor, who received nearly twenty-two thousand of the about one hundred and fifty-two thousand votes which were cast. One labor reformer was elected to the Massachusetts Senate, and eleven to the House. In 1871 the Congress met at St. Louis, August 10th. Little was done here beyond adopting a platform on which it was proposed to appeal to the country in the presidential election of 1872.

This platform, slightly modified, was launched at the Columbus Convention, which met on February 21, 1872. Twelve States were represented. The Convention demanded as the nation's money greenbacks not based on coin. A tariff taxing luxuries and protecting home industries, a law for an eight-hour labor day, and the governmental control of railways and telegraphs were also insisted on. Hon. David Davis was nominated for the Presidency, but declined to run. Subsequently Charles O'Conor was named.

"D."



Notice you have Caried this as far as you can By cheating thy men you three Bosses Be Carefull if the Above dont Be your home in A short Time.

From a Stranger he nowes you

A "Molly Maguire" Notice.

After the passage of the Resumption Act, January 14, 1875, the forces of labor reform were directed more particularly against the policy of contraction. A convention of anti-contractionists met in Detroit, August 23, 1875. Protesting that they were not inflationists, they yet earnestly deprecated any diminution in the volume of currency, which they would maintain by greenbacks redeemable only in bonds, these, in turn, being convertible into greenbacks.

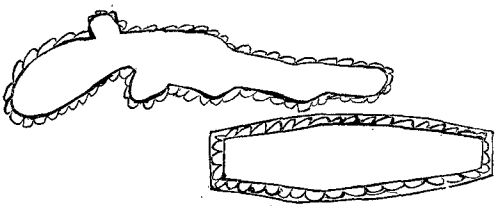
THE NATIONAL GREENBACK PARTY

THE Independents, known as the National Greenback Party, assembled at Indianapolis, Ind., on May 17, 1876. Two hundred and thirty-nine delegates were present from nineteen States. The platform was essentially a demand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the immediate and unconditional repeal of the Resumption Act and for the issue of United States notes convertible on demand into Government obligations bearing a low rate of interest, such notes to form our circulating

"C."



Notice is here given to you men the first and the last Notice that you will get for no man to go Down this slope After to Night if yo Do you Can Bring your Coffion Along With you for By the internal Crist We mean What this Notice says you Drift man stop at home and Cut no more Coal let him go and get Coal himself I Dont mean Engineer or firemans let them mine there one Work now men the Next Notice you Will get I Dont mean to Do it With my Pen I Will Do it With that there Rolver I Don't Want no more Black legs at this Collary.

(No signature)

A "Molly Maguire" Notice.

medium, and such bonds, re-exchangeable for notes at the option of the holder, to render needless any further sales of bonds payable in coin. Peter Cooper was the nominee for President, Newton Booth for Vice-President. Mr. Booth declining, Samuel F. Cary, of Ohio, was chosen in his stead. Mr. Cooper accepted the nomination conditionally, expressing the hope that the Independents might attain their aims through either the Republican or the Democratic party, permitting him "to step aside and remain in that quiet which" he declared "most congenial to his nature and time of life." Cooper ran, however, receiving 82,640 votes. The next year his party polled 187,095 votes, and in 1878, 1,000,365. The Greenback or National Greenback-Labor party entered actively into the canvass of 1880, running General J. B. Weaver for President, who polled 307,740 votes. Four years later General B. F. Butler was the presidential candidate both of this party and of the "Anti-monopoly" party. He received 133,825 votes.

Happy had it been for the country could we have diverted the entire force of the labor agitation into political channels. But this was impossible. The worst labor troubles of these years had to be settled not at the polls but by force. This was mainly due to the large number of immigrants now arriving, among them Hungarians, Poles, Italians, and Portuguese, usually ignorant clay for the hand of the first unscrupulous demagogue. Another cause of the labor wars was the wide and sedulous inculcation in this country of the social — democratic, communist, and anarchist doctrines long prevalent in Europe. Influences concurrent with both these were the actual injustice and the haughty and overbearing manner of many employers. Capital had been mismanaged and wasted. The war had brought unearned fortunes to many, sudden wealth to a much larger number, while the unexampled prosperity of the country raised up in a perfectly normal manner a wealthy class, the like of which, in number and power, our country had never known before. As, therefore, immigration, along with much else, multiplied the poor, the eternal angry strife of wealth with poverty, of high with low, of classes with masses, crossed over from Europe and began on our shores.

The rise of trusts and gigantic corporations was connected with this struggle. Corporations worth nigh half a billion dollars apiece were able to buy or defy legislatures and make or break laws as they pleased; and since such corporations, instead of individuals, more and more became the employers of labor, not only did the old-time kindliness between help and hirers die out, but men the most cool and intelligent feared the new power as a menace to democracy. Strikes, therefore, commanded large public sympathy. Stock-watering and other vicious practices, involving the ruin of corporators themselves by the few holders of a majority of the shares, in order to repurchase the property for next to nothing, contributed to this hostility. So did the presence, in many great corporations,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of foreign capital and capitalists, and also the mutual favoritism of corporations, showing itself, for instance, in special freight rates to privileged concerns. Minor interests, and particularly employees, powerless against these Titan agencies by any legal process, resorted to counter-organization. Labor agitation was facilitated by the extraordinary increase of urban population, it being mostly manufacturing and mechanical industry which brought the hordes of workmen together. Trades-unions secured rank development. The Knights of Labor, intended as a sort of union of them all, attained a membership of a million. The manufacturers' "black list," to prevent any "agitator laborer from securing work," was answered by the "boycott," to keep the products of obnoxious establishments from finding sale. Labor organizations, so strong, often tyrannized over their own members, and boycotting became a nuisance that had to be abated by law.

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES

In the Pennsylvania mining districts labor troubles early became acute. The great coal barons, offending the public by pricing their indispensable product extortionately high, long received no sympathy and no aid in repressing employees' crimes. During 1873, 1874, and 1875, these grew frightfully common. Usually the motive seemed to be not so much to injure employers' property as to scare "scab" help from the mines during contests against "cuts" in wages. A cut at the Ben Franklin Colliery had been accepted by the men, who were peaceably at work, when the "breaker" was burned, throwing them all out. Another "breaker" near by, a gang of strikers fired almost by daylight, first driving the workmen away.

A common method of intimidation was for ten or twelve roughs to form a gang, and, armed, to sweep through a mining camp, forcing every man to join; the numbers so collected being soon sufficient to overawe any inclined to resist. June 3, 1875, one thousand men thus gathered stopped work at several mines near Mahanoy City, and a similar band did the same at Shenandoah. At night there was an attempt to derail a passenger train approaching Shenandoah, but the plot was discovered in time. The same night a "breaker" near Mount Carmel went up in smoke, and a few days later two contractors at the Oakdale mine were shot.

For a time every passenger train on the Reading Railroad had to be preceded through the mining districts by a locomotive carrying an armed posse. Watchmen and station-agents were beaten; loaded cars and other obstructions were put upon main tracks; switches were misplaced and warehouses plundered. At every cut or forest along the line lay armed assassins to shoot trainmen and passengers. Each engineer ran his train, his left hand on the throttle, his right clutching a revolver.

Bosses and "scabs" specially hated by the desperate miners were served with notices denouncing vengeance on them if they did not leave. Some of these are reproduced on pp. 85, 86, and 87.

One admonition ran:

"Now men i have warented ye before and i willnt warind you no mor—but i will gwrintee you the will be the report of the revolver."

A rude drawing of a revolver was subjoined as the author's sign manual.

Others were as follows:

"Notice

"Any blackleg that takes a Union Man's job While He is standing for His Rights will have a hard Road to travel and if He don't he will have to Suffer the Consequences."

This "Notice" was followed by a picture of a dead man in his coffin, and signed "Beacher and Tilton."

At Locust Summit, March 31, 1875, was posted the following:

"Notice."

"Mr. Black-legs if you don't leave in 2 days time You meet your doom there vill Be an Open war—imeateatly—"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Such threats, unless heeded, were nearly always executed. Among others notified in these ways was one McCarron, a policeman in Tamaqua, who had aroused the enmity of "Powder Keg" Carrigan. Two men were detailed to kill McCarron late on a given night, and hid themselves for this purpose near his beat. But on this night McCarron happened to have changed beats with another policeman, named Yost, an old soldier, whom all, even the Mollies, liked. Climbing a lamp-post ladder early in the morning to turn out the gas, Yost was fatally shot by the men who had been lying low for McCarron.

The chief source of these atrocities was a secret society known as the "Molly Maguires," their name and spirit both imported from Ireland. They terrorized the entire Schuylkill and Shamokin districts. A superintendent or a boss was attacked, beaten, or shot down somewhere almost every day. Gangs of these thugs would waylay a victim in the field or by the roadside if they could, but, failing in this, they surrounded his house, forced him out, and did him to death. Among the most brutal of their murders was that of Alexander Rae, a mine superintendent, pounded to death in October, 1868. Driving along a lonely road between Mount Carmel and Centralia, supposed to be going to pay off his men, and therefore to have $19,000, more or less, in his buggy, he was set upon by four Mollies—Pat Hester, Dooley, McHugh, and "Kelly the Bum." After filling themselves with liquor, the four, at dawn, hid in a piece of woods through which their victim was to pass, and, upon his approach, rushed at him, pistols in hand. "Kelly the Bum" fired first. Rae piteously begged for his life. He happened on this occasion to have only $60 with him, having sent the pay-money ahead by a clerk; but he offered his assailants all he had, as well as his watch, agreeing also to sign a check for any amount if they would spare him. In vain. Having fired several bullets into the wretched man without killing him, they finished the work with clubs and the butts of their revolvers. All four of the bloody villains were subsequently tried, convicted, and hung for this murder.

Law-abiding people feared to stir out after dark, or even by day, unless well armed. The Mollies had their signs and passwords for use when necessary, but they grew so bold that such devices were rarely needed. In cases of arrest plenty of perjurers were ready to swear an *alibi*, though not a witness could be drummed up for the State. The Mollies nominated officers and controlled elections. Members of the Order became chiefs of police, constables, and county commissioners. One of them came very near being elected to the Schuylkill County bench. Superintendents of jobs had to hire and discharge men at the Mollies' behest or be shot. At a certain State election a high State official gave the Order large money for casting its vote his way. Jack Kehoe, a leading Molly, when in prison for murder, boasted that if he were convicted and sentenced "the old man up at Harrisburg" would never let him swing. The entire power of the Catholic Church in the region was used against the Order, but in vain.

The principal honor of exposing and suppressing this Pennsylvania Mafia is due to Hon. Franklin B. Gowen, a lawyer, at the time President of the Pennsylvania and Reading Coal and Iron Co. Knowing the uselessness of attempting the work with the local police, he, in 1873, secured from Pinkerton's Detective Agency in Chicago the services of one James McParlan, a young Irishman of phenomenal tact and grit, to go among the Mollies as a secret detective. No bolder, no more dangerous, no more telling work was ever wrought by a detective than that now undertaken by McParlan. Calling himself McKenna, he began operations in the autumn of 1873. By stating that he had killed a man in Buffalo and that his favorite business had been "shoving the queer," he was at once admitted to the Order, and soon became one of its prominent officers. He seems, however, to have been from the first the object of some suspicion, so that the progress of his mission was slow.

It was not till 1875 that McParlan's work began to tell. Two murders to which he was privy he unfortunately could not prevent, so closely was he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

watched. One of these was that of Thomas Sanger, a young English boss miner. Early on the morning of September 1st, Sanger started from his house to his work. Hardly out of sight of his door a man faced him and shot him through the arm. Running round a house near by he was met by a second villain, pistol in hand. Turning, he stumbled and fell, just as a third appeared, who shot him fatally. A fourth deliberately turned the body over so as to make sure of hitting a vital part, and shot him again. Robert Heaton, an employer, heard the firing and rushed, armed, to Sanger's aid. The murderers fled. Poor, brave Sanger, bleeding to death, told Heaton: "Never mind me, give it to them, Bob." Sanger's agonized wife, from whom he had just parted, reached his prostrate form barely in time to hear him gasp: "Kiss me, Sarah, for I am dying."

The assassins escaped Heaton, but went straight to the house where McParlan was, acquainting him with every detail of their bloody deed. Gowen had employed him on the express condition that he should never be called as a witness or be required in any way to show his hand, but when arrests were made the Mollies suspected him, so that it appeared to be his safest course to come out openly for the prosecution. Going upon the witness-stand he demolished the sham *alibi* which the culprits sought to establish, and gave clews which led to the extirpation of the entire gang. Schuylkill County, where the worst crimes had occurred, rose in its might and stamped out the conspiracy. A small army of *alibi* witnesses were punished for perjury. Nine of the Mollies were sentenced to death, and most of the other leaders imprisoned for long terms.

"Then," said Mr. Gowen, who acted as counsel for the prosecution, "we knew that we were free men. Then we could go to Patsy Collins, the commissioner of this county, and say to him: 'Build well the walls of the new addition to the prison; dig the foundations deep and make them strong; put in good masonry and iron bars; for, as the Lord liveth, the time will come when, side by side with William Love, the murderer of Squire Gwither, you will enter the walls that you are now building for others.' Then we could say to Jack Kehoe, the high constable of a great borough in this county: 'We have no fear of you.' Then we could say to Ned Monaghan, chief of police and murderer and assassin: 'Behind you the scaffold is prepared for your reception.' Then we could say to Pat Conry, commissioner of this county: 'The time has ceased when a governor of this State dares to pardon a Molly Maguire—you have had your last pardon.' Then we could say to John Slattery, who was almost elected judge of this court: 'We know that of you that it were better you had not been born than that it should be known.' Then all of us looked up. Then, at last, we were free, and I came to this county and walked through it as safely as in the most crowded thoroughfares of Philadelphia."

The times evoked a specially bitter feeling against great railway corporations, and a widespread desire to set legal limitations to their power. Their reckless rivalries, their ruinous borrowing and extravagance were freely criticised even by such as did not deem themselves injured thereby; but their employees were rendered frantic.

GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES

THE most desperate and extensive strike that had yet occurred in this country was that of 1877, by the employees of the principal railway trunk lines—the Baltimore & Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the New York Central, and their western prolongations. At a preconcerted time junctions and other main points were seized. Freight traffic on the roads named was entirely suspended, and the passenger and mail service greatly impeded. When new employees sought to work, militia had to be called out to preserve order. Baltimore and Pittsburgh were each the scene of a bloody riot. At the latter place, where the mob was immense and most furious, the militia were overcome and besieged in a round-house, which it was then attempted to burn by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lighting oil-cars and pushing them against it. Fortunately the soldiers escaped across the river. The militia having had several bloody and doubtful encounters, on July 21, 22, and 23, at the request of the Governors, President Hayes despatched United States troops to Pennsylvania, Maryland, and West Virginia. Faced by these forces the rioters in every instance gave way without bloodshed.

The torch was applied freely and with dreadful effect. Machine-shops, warehouses, and two thousand freight-cars were pillaged or burned. Men, women, and children fell to thieving, carrying off all sorts of goods—kid ball-shoes, parasols, coffee-mills, whips, and gas-stoves. The police found seven great trunks full of clothes in one house; eleven barrels of flour in another. It is said that a wagon-load of sewing-machines was sold on the street, the machines bringing from ten cents to $1 apiece. The loss of property was estimated at $10,000,000. In disturbances at Chicago nineteen were killed, at Baltimore nine, at Reading thirteen, and thrice as many wounded. One hundred thousand laborers are believed to have taken part in the movement, and at one time or another 6,000 or 7,000 miles of road were in their power. The agitation began on July 14th, and was serious till the 27th, but had mostly died away by the end of the month, the laborers nearly all returning to their work.

Hosts of Pennsylvania miners went out along with the railroad men. The railway strike itself was largely sympathetic, the ten per cent. reduction in wages assigned as its cause applying to comparatively few. The next years witnessed continual troubles of this sort, though rarely, if in any case, so serious, between wage-workers and their employers in nearly all industries. The worst ones befell the manufacturing portions of the country, where strikes and lock-outs were part of the news almost every day.

THE SMOKE

By Hannah Parker Kimball

Dove-winged against a tender, turquoise sky
The white smoke flits; or through the lambent air
Quivers to fading violet spirals fair;
Or shifts to gray, curled upward heavily.
It rises in strong, twisted columns high
From grimy funnels, flecked with fitful flare;
Or through the planks of creaking bridges bare
It sifts a sinuous way to trail and die.

The still, vast skies are background for its strife;
'Tis like man's yearning, mounting from man's pain,
Seeking the tranquil Heavens, waveringly;
Earth's ceaseless clash and clangor give it life;
'Tis like man's prayers, that rise from toil and strain,
Trail, and are lost, in God's immensity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN ASSISTED DESTINY

By Francis Lynde

THE hands of the synchronized clock on the wall of the train-despatcher's office pointed to midnight, and Macdonald got up from his place at the telegraph-table and kicked the chair toward his successor.

"There you are, Pinckney," he said; "everything rolling and nobody hurt. See if you can do as well from now till morning. Reddick, you solemn-eyed owl, why don't you go home and go to bed?"

"Haven't any home," retorted Reddick; "besides, I have to stay here to keep you fellows from going to sleep. If the train-men knew how many times I've saved their lives they'd chip in and buy me a house and lot."

Macdonald knocked the ashes out of his pipe and threw it at Reddick, after which he bent over the train-sheet with Pinckney.

"3 and 4 are both on time, and 4's engine is steaming well, for a wonder. 16 is an hour off, with about ten more loads than the mogul can handle; you won't hear anything more from her till she's doubled over the hill. Come on, Reddick—let's go home."

"Told you I didn't have any home," replied the general agent's chief clerk, putting his feet upon the deserted Western Union table and refilling Macdonald's pipe from the absent operator's tobacco-box.

"So say we all of us—and more's the pity," rejoined Macdonald, putting on his coat. "If I had money enough, I'd see if I couldn't buy myself a little comfort along that line."

"Get somebody to die and leave you a legacy," suggested Reddick; and Pinckney looked up from the train-sheet to say:

"That's a good idea, Mac; got any rich relatives?"

Macdonald laughed and said, "No;" then he corrected himself.

"Yes, I have, too; a grandaunt's a relative, isn't she?"

"I don't know—I never had one," replied Reddick; but Pinckney thought there was no doubt about it.

"If you're sure of that, I have one rich kinswoman," said Macdonald. "My grandfather's sister lives in Whittlesey, Canada, and she has all the money there ever was in the family."

Pinckney looked up again at the mention of the place. "Whittlesey? What is her name?"

"Elvira Spurlock, spinster—at least, that's what she used to be; perhaps she's married now—I don't keep up with my mother's side of the family. You're not going up town, then, Reddick?"

"No."

"Well, I am; good-night."

When he was gone the midnight silence in the despatcher's office was unmarred save by the clicking of the sounders and the irregular crashings of the night switch-engine coupling the cars in the crowded freight-yard. Reddick smoked reflectively for a few minutes, and when Pinckney closed his key and leaned back in his chair, the chief clerk began to vilify the absent Macdonald.

"What a hypocrite Mac is!" he said, sententiously. "Talking poverty all the time, and he's got over a thousand dollars in the bank! If he should ever happen to strike it rich, I believe he'd be the worst miser on top of the earth."

Pinckney shook his head. "That's just where you're off wrong," he argued. "You take a fellow that saves his money by littles, as Mac does, and he's all right; but you give him a pot of it in a lump and see how quick it'll turn his head. If Mac's aunt should happen to remember him in her will, you'll see a spoiled Scotchman trying to buy experience by the car-load."

"All the same, I don't believe it," asserted Reddick.

Just then Pinckney had to answer the wire, and while he was busy, Reddick reached for the "Official Guide."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the despatcher closed the key again, the chief clerk said, "Whittlesey's on the Great Eastern, isn't it?"

"Yes; I know the place."

"That's so; I forgot you were a Canuck. Do you happen to have an operator's roster in your kit?"

Pinckney found the book in the table-drawer and gave it to Reddick.

The chief clerk ran down the list of names. "Here we are," he said; "'John Whitcomb, night-operator, Great Eastern, Whittlesey.' I wonder what kind of a fellow he is?"

"Jack Whitcomb! He's one of the best fellows in the world. I had the night trick with him in the commercial office in London. I didn't know he was at Whittlesey."

"Seems to be," said Reddick, adding, thoughtfully, "Say, Pinckney, do you suppose he'd do you a small favor if you'd ask him?"

"Of course he would; why?"

"I have a scheme; I'll tell you about it when I come back."

The passenger office was just across the corridor, and a little later Pinckney heard, in a lull in the telegraphic clatter, the clicking of a typewriter. When Reddick returned he handed the despatcher a freshly written letter.

"How would that do for an experiment?" he asked.

Pinckney's solemn face relaxed in a sardonic grin as he read. "Humph! you'll get yourself badly disliked some day. But this won't do, you know; these people wouldn't write on a blank sheet of paper—they'd have a letter-head."

"All right, they shall have a letter-head."

Reddick disappeared again, and when he came back the synchronized clock was measuring off the second of the small hours.

"Think that'll pass muster?" he asked, tossing the sheet of paper across the railing to the despatcher.

"That's better," said Pinckney; "how did you do it?"

"With a pen and some India-ink; you didn't know I'd been sent up for forgery once, did you?"

"No, but I think it's quite likely. You'll get us both killed on this deal, though, if Mac ever finds out."

"Never mind about that," said Reddick, yawning cavernously; "you go ahead and do your part, and I'll go hunt me a little sleep. Good-night."

Fergus Macdonald was indebted to his father's fore-elders for two things besides his Scottish name. One was the Macdonald physique, the figure of a young giant with a handsome face, curly brown hair, and honest blue eyes. The other was something more than one man's fair share of Scottish caution. It was the latter trait which made him a laggard in love. To himself, Macdonald stated the case thus: "Miss Elbert was the superintendent's daughter; her father's salary stood sponsor for all of the comforts and not a few of the luxuries; therefore, he, Fergus Macdonald, must wait until his savings would make Mellicent's future somewhat nearer akin to her present."

They had been acquainted a year, but Macdonald's courtship, tempered by thrift and hampered by an occupation which kept him at his office from four in the afternoon to midnight, seven days in the week, had been rather more formal than a young woman of Mellicent's temperament could approve. Moreover, there was Mr. Hugh Mancraft, whose evenings were his own, who called four times to Macdonald's once, and whose suit was warmly seconded by her father.

It was upon the night of Reddick's experiment in pen-lettering that the Macdonald possibilities first took form in the mind of the superintendent. Mancraft had taken Mellicent to the theatre, and had again urged his unsuccessful suit. As he left the house he met the superintendent coming home from the club; and ten minutes later Mellicent was listening to a statement of the case from the parental point of view.

"Now, why can't you be reasonable about this thing, Mellie?"—the argument concluded—"Mancraft is a good fellow, in a good line of business, and he can give you any kind of a social position you want."

"I know, papa," said Mellicent, tying nervous little knots in the fringe of her opera shawl as she talked, "but you forget that I don't love him."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Love—nonsense! You are living in the wrong end of the century to fall back on sentiment! This is the age of common-sense, and you know you can't urge a single reasonable objection to Mancraft."

"No—only that."

The superintendent leaned forward in his chair. "You're keeping something back, Mellie," he said; "there's some other fellow in the background. Who is it?—not Macdonald, I hope."

Unfortunately, Macdonald's self-repression had left Mellicent thus far without weapons, but she took something for granted, and said:

"I—like—Mr. Macdonald."

"Oho! that's it, is it?" The superintendent's look of displeasure deepened into the judicial frown which made him a terror to erring train-men called into the private office for reprimand. "Well, let me tell you: Mac is nothing but an operator, and he'll never be anything else on this division. You promised your mother before she died that you wouldn't marry without my consent, and I'll never consent to let you throw yourself away on a poor devil of an office-man"—here the official habit asserted itself irresistibly, and he concluded: "Just take ten days to think about that, will you?"

Mellicent wanted to cry, but the familiar sentence of suspension saved her, and she caught eagerly at the reprieve. "It shall be as you say, papa," she said, submissively; "I'll give Mr. Mancraft his answer—in ten days."

If Macdonald had been omniscient, it is fair to presume that he would have thrown his frugal scruples to the dogs; but knowing nothing of Mancraft, the parental point of view, or the reprieve, he suffered nine of these precious days to make yesterdays of themselves unmarked save by his usual Sunday afternoon call upon Mellicent. On that accasion she did what a modest young woman may do toward smoothing the difficulties from the path of a reticent lover, and more than once during his visit Macdonald had to emphasize the contrast between her home surroundings and the modest figure of his bank account, before he could persuade himself to hold his peace yet a little longer.

It was on the morning of the tenth day that the despatcher, coming down to his late breakfast in Mrs. Jordan's dining-room, found a Canadian letter on his plate. Mrs. Jordan, herself, came in with his coffee while he was reading the address, and like an honest woman she made instant confession and apology.

"I'm ever so sorry, Mr. Macdonald—the postman brought that letter four or five days ago, and I put it up here on the mantel and clean forgot it. I do hope there's no harm done."

It is doubtful if Macdonald heard a word of Mrs. Jordan's explanation. He had opened the letter, and the first typewritten line made him forget that Mrs. Jordan was observing him and that his coffee was getting cold.

"Dear Mr. Macdonald," it began: "As attorneys for Elvira Spurlock, lately deceased, it was our mournful privilege to draw up her last will and testament. Although the terms of this document have not yet been made public, we are in a position to know that you are the principal legatee, and as such we hasten to offer you our hearty congratulations upon your good fortune. Owing to the absence of one of the executors, the reading of the will will be postponed for a few days; but as your presence will be necessary, you may rely upon us to give you due notice.

"In the meantime, in evidence of our good-will toward one whom we hope to retain as our client, we authorize you to draw upon us for any sum you may need for your present requirements up to $1,000, the advance to be repaid when we shall have the pleasure of turning over the major portion of the Spurlock estate to its future owner. Until then, believe us, dear sir,

"Your most obedient servants,

"Grimshaw & Flynt."

Some tokens of Macdonald's mingled emotions must have found their way into his face, since Mrs. Jordan hastened to ask: "No bad news, is it, Mr. Macdonald?"

"Oh, no; it's rather the other way, I believe," replied Macdonald, putting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the letter into his pocket and trying to bring himself down to the commonplace necessity of eating his breakfast.

Mrs. Jordan went to the window and looped back the curtain so that he might have more light. As she looked out, a young man passed on his way down-town.

"There goes Mr. Elbert's future son-in-law," she remarked, coming back to replenish Macdonald's coffee-cup.

"What Mr. Elbert?" asked the despatcher, absently.

"Why, our Mr. Elbert—the superintendent. Didn't you know that his daughter Mellie was going to be married to Mr. Mancraft, the mining engineer?"

There is a limit to the number and nature of the surprises that a man may endure with becoming indifference, and Mrs. Jordan's bit of gossip wrecked Macdonald's equanimity instantaneously and hopelessly.

"What's that you say?" he gasped, pushing his plate back and staring wildly at his landlady.

Mrs. Jordan repeated the scrap of gossip.

"But it can't be," insisted Macdonald. "I—excuse me, Mrs. Jordan, I don't believe I want any more breakfast"—and the closing of the front door behind him punctuated his apology.

Once in the street, his determination was quickly taken, and within the quarter-hour he was closeted with the superintendent in the latter's private office.

"You'll have to talk quick this morning, Mac; I'm going out on No. 43 to meet the Boston excursion."

Macdonald's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, but he was not the man to look back after he had put his hand to the plough.

"It's about—about your daughter, Mr. Elbert," he stammered; "I love her, and I want your permission to ask her to be my wife."

The superintendent glanced at his watch. "Am I to infer from this that you haven't already asked her?" he inquired.

"Yes; I came to you first because——"

Mr. Elbert waved his hand impatiently. "There is no need of making any more talk about it; the matter can be settled in one word—no."

Macdonald was already overwrought, and the curt negative set the hot blood of his Celtic ancestry to dancing uncivilized measures in his brain. Putting his broad shoulders against the door, he burst out passionately: "You shall hear what I've got to say, if you miss twenty trains! I want to marry your daughter; I can give her a good name; I've saved up enough money to start us in decently; and if that isn't enough—" taking the attorneys' letter from his pocket—"I can give her more. Read that!"

The superintendent glanced at the letter, impatiently at first, and then with awakening interest.

"Open that door and tell Burwell to have 43 held till I come down," he said; and when Macdonald had done so—"You're a hot-headed young fool, like all the rest of them, but I like your spirit. Now tell me all about this."

"There isn't much to tell," rejoined Macdonald, whose wrath vanished with the provocation. "My grandfather disinherited my mother for marrying a Scotch gardener and left his money to his sister. It seems now that she has tried to repair the injustice done to my mother."

"How much of a fortune is it?"

"I don't know that; grandfather left $50,000 in English securities, and there was some real estate in Canada."

Mr. Elbert was a man of quick decision, as a superintendent should be. Handing the letter back, he said, "I'm not more mercenary than I have to be, Mac, but you see how it is, yourself; I wouldn't be much of a father if I didn't keep a level head where Mellie's interests are involved. After all, though, it rests with her; but if you can get her consent, why—I guess you won't have any trouble with me. Now I must go, before I get 43 laid out on her meeting-point."

At the door he thought of something else, and paused with his hand on the knob. "By the way, Mac, perhaps it would be as well for you to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

change off with some of the boys so that you could run up to the house to-night — and I'd go pretty middling early, if I were you."

Macdonald needed no urging, but it took the better part of the forenoon to make the desired change in his working hours. It was accomplished finally by his agreeing to work during the afternoon for one of the day men, who was to relieve him at seven and who, in turn, was to be relieved at nine by Pinckney.

It was unquestionably the longest afternoon in Macdonald's life, and when it came to an end, he could only make a pretence of eating the supper which Mrs. Jordan had kept warm for him. Running up to his room to dress, he met the twins Delay and Haste on the threshold, and it was eight o'clock when the rang the bell at the superintenden's house. While waiting on the doorstep he had a chill of apprehension superinduced by the sight of the lighted parlor windows, presaging another and an earlier visitor; and the presentiment had its fulfilment when the servant led him past the parlor door and into the deserted family sitting-room.

It was five measureless minutes before Mellicent joined him, and he saw at once that she had come only to excuse herself. There was no time for the commonplaces, and still less for subtle and progressive upleadings to the object of his visit.

"Miss Elbert — Mellie," he began, taking her hands in his, "give me just one minute. I don't need to tell you that I love you—that's been saying itself for more than a year—but I've been an over-cautious fool. I've been given to understand that I had a meeting-point to make here to-night; tell me in just one word—am I too late?"

The whispered answer was frank and unhesitating: "No; wait." And before he could put his joy into words she was gone.

"Wait? I should think I would! I'll wait till midnight, God bless her!" said Macdonald, tramping up and down the room in the exuberance of his happiness. "I hope the other fellow will take his medicine easier than I could mine. Whew! I can almost find it in my heart to pity him, poor devil!"

Nevertheless, Macdonald's patience was tested severely before he was permitted to mend the broken thread of his wooing. Mancraft was only human; and inasmuch as Mellicent left him to his own devices for a good half hour while she went to her room to have it out with her emotions, he retaliated by killing time mercilessly after she returned. Putting this and that together, what with the mining engineer's dalliance, and his obstinate refusal to take anything less than an argumentative series of negatives for his final answer, it was after nine o'clock when Mellicent rejoined Macdonald. A little later, when the arrearages of repressed affection had been given a hearing, and coherence once more became possible, Mellicent thought of her promise, and of her father's displeasure.

"Oh, Fergus!" she whispered, "we can't go on and be happy, after all! Papa will never, *never* give his consent."

"Yes, he will," asserted Macdonald, cheerfully; "he has done it already—I asked him this morning."

"And you made him say yes, after he had told me——" Mellicent stopped abruptly and left the sentence unfinished. "Tell me what you said to him."

It was Macdonald's turn to hesitate now, and he floundered helplessly among the introductory phrases. "I told him he'd have to—that is, I gave him to understand—or rather, I should say, he wasn't going to——"

Mellicent laughed and clapped her hands softly. "Go on, Fergus; you're doing beautifully."

"Oh, pshaw! I suppose I might as well tell the truth and be done with it. He said no, at first, and wasn't going to hear me—he was just going away, you know—and then I got angry and put my back against the door, and told him he'd have to listen. He was good about it afterward, though, and when I told him about my savings, and about the fortune Aunt Spurlock had left me——" he stopped in deference to the wide-eyed astonishment of his listener, and suddenly remembered that Mellicent knew nothing about the legacy.

"Why, bless my idiotic soul!" he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exclaimed, "I haven't told you yet! Another day like this would curdle what little brain I have left—here, read this letter, and I'll explain afterward."

Mellicent read Messrs. Grimshaw & Flynt's letter with kindling enthusiasm. At its conclusion she said, fervently, "Oh, I'm so glad; now you won't have to work nights, will you, Fergus?"

Macdonald smiled lovingly at her unselfish first thought. "That wasn't what I was thinking of," he said. "I'm glad because it makes it possible for me to give you all the little comforts and luxuries you've been used to; that's what I was saving for, and it's why I waited so——"

The clang of the front door bell interrupted him, and a sleepy servant came in with a telegram addressed to Mellicent. Macdonald watched her face as she read, and so was not wholly unprepared for her little gasp of dismay.

"What is it, Mellie?" he asked, excitedly.

For answer she gave him the message, and he read it with a curious inversion of the senses which seemed to set him upon a pinnacle remotely apart from the commonplace realities. It was from the superintendent, and it was incisive and curtly definite.

"Tell Macdonald his trick is discovered, and send him about his business. Miss Elvira Spurlock is a passenger on this train."

Macdonald grappled with his sanity, and got up to rage back and forth like a caged lion.

"What do you make of it, Fergus?" asked Mellicent, shading her eyes from the light with the opened letter.

"Make of it? There's only one thing that can be made of it—it's a miserable hoax, and he thinks I'm a party to it!"

"You mustn't mind — he's angry now," pleaded Mellicent. "Who in the world could do such a thing?"—she glanced up at the letter and caught her breath—"Fergus, would anyone in Canada be likely to use C. & G. R. paper?"

"What's that?"

She rose and held the letter before the lamp and Macdonald read the water-mark in the paper, "Colorado & Grand River Railway." Then he remembered the midnight talk with Pinckney and Reddick.

"That tells the story," he said, savagely; "I know who did it, and I'll make them both wish they'd never been born. Where's my hat?"

Mellicant saw battle and murder and sudden death in his flashing eyes, and a pair of soft arms went quickly about his neck. "You mustn't, Fergus, dear," she entreated. "Whoever did it couldn't know what would happen; and, besides"—she hid her face on his shoulder—"you know you were waiting, and—and if it hadn't been for the letter——"

The most courageous affection could go no farther, and Macdonald's wrath dropped a few degrees below the murder point when he supplied the missing half of the suggestion.

"You're right, Mellie," he said, disengaging himself gently from the clinging arms; "I won't kill either of them, but in justice to your father I must go. Good-night, dear; try hard to think me out of this ghastly scrape"—and he was gone before she could promise.

Notwithstanding his relenting admission, Macdonald was determined to have it out with Pinckney and Reddick before he slept; and while he was on his way down-town, a dramatic little scene came upon the stage in the despatcher's office. Pinckney had relieved the day man, and had settled down to his night's work, when Reddick rushed in with a Western Union telegram.

"Great murder, man! Read that, will you?" he exclaimed, dropping into a chair and fanning himself vigorously with his straw hat.

Pinckney read: "Miss Elvira Spurlock, of my party, wants Fergus Macdonald to meet her on arrival of excursion in morning. Find and notify him quick. J. M. Johnson."

"Who is Johnson?" he asked.

"Passenger man in charge of the excursion. What on top of earth do you suppose brings that old woman out here right in the middle of things?"

Pinckney had the answer to that question in his pocket. In asking the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whittlesey operator to mail Messrs. Grimshaw & Flynt's incendiary epistle, he could not refrain from telling the joke. Whitcomb had thoughtlessly repeated it, and he wrote in some contrition to say that Miss Spurlock had been making inquiries and had taken a ticket for the Boston-California excursion. For prudential reasons, however, Pinckney ignored the question and asked:

"Do you suppose Mac's got his legacy yet?"

"Got it? I should say he had! I met Burwell a half hour ago, and he says Mac had a row with the superintendent about his daughter this morning—scored the old man up one hill and down the other, and ended by shoving that fool letter under his nose."

Pinckney came out of his indifference at once. "That's serious—that's why Mac wanted to get off to-night. Did you know there was anything between him and Mellie Elbert?"

"Yes; but I didn't suppose he would go and make a full-blown idiot of himself before he'd taken time to find out."

"You might have known he would, when there was a woman in the case. Oh, you're in for it—the old man's on the train, and he's probably seen the passenger agent; that means a red-hot message to his daughter, or to Mac, or to both of them. Reddick, if I were you, I'd get out of town for a day or two, if I had to walk."

"I? What's the matter with you? You're as deep in the mud as I am in the mire."

"Mac won't think so; and, besides, one scapegoat's a-plenty — what was that?"

A door slammed at the foot of the stairs and a quick step echoed in the corridor.

"Here he comes now," said the despatcher, coolly; "if you want to keep a whole skin, you'd better get out of here."

The advice was good, but there was only one door to the room and Reddick did what he could, diving into a cupboard under the copying-press a scant half-second before Macdonald entered the office. Pinckney looked up, nodded, and took his cue from appearances.

"Where's Reddick?" asked Macdonald.

"Don't know; he was in awhile ago, but he went out again"—the despatcher on duty found it convenient to be very busy over the day man's transfer-notes.

Macdonald tossed an open letter upon the table. "I want to know which one of you fellows wrote that," he said, sternly.

Pinckney read the letter with well-simulated interest. "What makes you think either of us wrote it?" he asked.

"I don't think—I know"—Macdonald held the sheet up to the gas-jet—"you see the water-mark," he continued; "well, this letter has cost me my job, and something more, and I'm going to punch somebody's head. Shall I begin on you?"

Pinckney had a just regard for the righteous anger of a good-tempered young giant, and he was mindful of his cue. "Don't be a fool, Mac," he said, with a fine assumption of virtuous indignation; "I'm no school-boy. If that letter is a fake, you know well enough who wrote it."

"Reddick, you mean?"

"Of course; he's the only man in the outfit with a pin-head brain. Besides, I remember his asking me something about Whittlesey that night after you told us about your aunt."

"He did, eh?" Macdonald spoke doubtfully; "I more than half believe you're trying to lie yourself out of a licking."

Pinckney went from indignant deprecation to pathetic. "I didn't think you'd go back on an old partner like that, Mac; it's rough, especially when the thing is as plain as the nose on your face. Let me show you—here is a passenger department letter written by that chuckle-headed dwarf of a chief clerk to-day; just look at it, and see if the typewriting isn't the same."

"You are right," admitted Macdonald, comparing the letters; "I take it all back, old man, but I've had grief enough to-day to rattle anybody, and all on account of that idiotic letter. Pinckney," he went on, his wrath rising

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again at the mental review of his misfortunes, "you tell Reddick to keep out of my way. If I get my hands on him before I've had time to cool off, there'll be a murder."

He let himself out through the gate in the railing, but Pinckney called him back to give him the passenger agent's telegram. Macdonald read it with a snort of contempt. "I'll do nothing of the sort!" he said, crumpling the message into a ball and throwing it into the waste-basket on his way to the door.

When Macdonald was gone, the cupboard under the copying-press yawned, and a dusty, sweat-begrimed harlequin bounded into the circle of light to dance around Pinckney's table, shaking its fists and rolling its eyes.

"Oh, you double-dyed hypocrite!—you smooth-faced, lantern-jawed foreigner! Chuckle-headed dwarf, am I?—with a pin-head brain? You just wait, will you? Maybe I won't make you wish you'd been born deaf, dumb, and blind, before I get through with you!"

Reddick vanished, breathing out threatenings, and when the door closed behind him, an opportune call for a train-order saved Pinckney from the collapse which might otherwise have followed his bad quarter of an hour.

When Macdonald awoke the following morning, his angry determination to ignore his aunt's request had lost some of its vehemence. He was obliged to confess that she was in nowise to blame for his misfortunes; and since kinship has its undeniable demands, he could scarcely do less than she had asked. Accordingly, he met the excursion train upon its arrival and sought out the passenger agent, who was too busy at the moment to answer his question. When the time served, Miss Spurlock was not to be found; but a brakeman enlightened the inquirers.

"The little old Englishwoman, you mean? Yes, she was in this car; Mr. Elbert's been looking out for her—reckon she must be one of the English stockholders, isn't she?"

"Did they go away together?" asked Macdonald.

"That's what they did; made a beeline for a carriage, soon as the train pulled in."

It was the last drop of bitterness in Macdonald's brimming cup. His affair was the common ground upon which these two people had met; the assumption of his rascality was doubtless the theme upon which each had enlarged during their short acquaintance. And now they had gone to Mellicent!

When an optimistic young man of cheerful habit begins to give ground to the blue devils, his retreat is apt to become a rout. Looking back upon his performances of yesterday, Macdonald accused himself wrathfully of having given place to childish credulity and unreasoning impulse; and the affront to his self-respect was simply unbearable. Clearly, there remained but one thing for him to do—to obliterate himself at once and unobtrusively. A west-bound train, ready to depart, offered the means. He could telegraph his resignation from a way-station, and he could send for his belongings when he had settled upon his destination. The conductor's "All aboard!" and the ringing of the engine-bell decided him; and he swung up to the step of the last car as No. 5 steamed out of the station.

An hour later, when Reddick went to the superintendent's office to arrange for the future movement of the excursion train, Burwell handed him a telegram. It was Macdonald's resignation; and the chief clerk of the passenger department did not shirk his responsibility. Obtaining permission to deliver the message, he went straight to the superintendent's house, and was closeted with Mr. Elbert for a humiliating quarter of an hour. When he came out, he was the bearer of a telegram which reached Macdonald at noon.

"Don't make a fool of yourself," it read. "Double back on No. 6 and come to the house. Your aunt wants to see you. R. A. Elbert."

Macdonald read it twice and emphasized his decision by tearing the telegram into bits. It was too late to return now, he told himself; and he determined to think no more of it, at least not until the train had passed its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meeting-point with No. 6. That was an hour away, however, and many resolutions may be made and broken in sixty minutes. Before the time was half spent, Macdonald found himself fighting a losing battle with an irresistible desire to go back to Mellicent at whatever sacrifice of pride or self-esteem. The crisis came when the operator at Jornado handed two telegrams through the open window of the car as the train pulled in beside No. 6. The first was a telegraphic return pass; the second was less formal:

"Come back and take it out on me. I have owned up and squared you with everybody. REDDICK."

No. 6 was behind time that evening, and it was late when Macdonald rung the bell at the house of the superintendent. Mellicent opened the door, and she scolded him tearfully for running away.

"There wasn't anything else to do, this morning," he said, humbly; and then— "Mellie, give me my cue quick, before we go in; what am I to say or do?"

"Anything you please; the murder's out—papa and your aunt have fixed it all up between them, somehow. She has been trying to find you for years, and it was that letter that gave her the clew. The joke was too good to keep, and Mr. Pinckney wrote the operator at Whittlesey all about it."

"The villain!" said Macdonald; and then they went arm in arm into the sitting-room.

They were married a few weeks later, and Reddick, who did many things well, was Macdonald's best man. The wedding journey paused longest at Whittlesey, and the young couple might have settled there had Fergus been less independent. As it was, they turned their faces westward again in the autumn, and Macdonald is, or was at last accounts, the division superintendent of the Grand River Extension. Having been his guest, I can testify to the cosiness of his home in the wind-swept valley at Mountain Junction; and it was there—when I had risen to examine a typewritten letter framed and hanging over the library fireplace—that I heard from his own lips the story of "An Assisted Destiny."

STORIES OF GIRLS' COLLEGE LIFE

AS TOLD BY HER

By Abbe Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

THE waiters had served the coffee and were retiring in long rows down the sides of the big dining-hall. The rattle of knives and forks and the noise of general and animated talk was subsiding, and the pleased, expectant hush which always precedes the toasts was falling upon the assembly. At the lower end of the room, farthest from the "distinguished-guest" table, the unimportant people began to turn their chairs around toward the speakers and to say "Sh," and "Who's that?" to each other in subdued whispers, and the seniors grasped their sheep-skins less nervously and began to realize their importance, and the fact that they were no longer undergraduates but full-fledged alumnæ. And with the realization came a curious disagreeable sensation and a queer tightening in the throat, accompanied by a horrible inclination to shed tears over the closed chapter of their lives. Then they fiercely thought how their brothers act under similar circumstances, and wished they were men and could give the class yell and drink champagne to stifle their feelings. That be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing impossible they tasted a very mild decoction of coffee and turned their troubled eyes to the far end of the room, and wished ardently that the President would get on her feet and say something funny to make them forget that this was the end—the last act of politeness on the part of the faculty to them—that they were being gracefully evicted, as it were, and could never be taken back upon the same terms or under the same conditions.

It was the annual Commencement dinner to the retiring senior class, and the senior class was, as usual, feeling collapsed and blank after the excitement of Commencement week and the discovery that they were B. A.'s or B. S.'s, and that the world was before them and there would be no more faculties to set them going or haul them up, but that they would have to depend on their own faculties in the future. There was the annual foregathering of brilliant men and women whose presence was to be an incentive to the newly fledged alumnæ, and the display of whose wit and wisdom in after-dinner speeches was to be a last forcible impression of intellectual vigor and acquirements left on their minds.

Suddenly the President arose. She stood there, graceful, perfectly at ease, waiting for a moment of entire silence. Her sensitive, bloodless face looked more animated than usual, her brown eyes quietly humorous. It was a face eminently characteristic—indicative of the element of popularity and adaptability in her nature that made her, just then, so valuable to the college. When she spoke her voice carried surprisingly far, notwithstanding its veiled, soft quality, so that those farthest from her were able to catch and enjoy the witty, gnomic, sarcastic manner of her speech.

What she said was taken down by the short-hand reporter smuggled in for the occasion by the enterprising class-president and is enrolled in the class-book, so it need not be recorded here; but when she had finished, the editor of one of the foremost magazines in the country was smiling and nodding his head appreciatively, and a man whose sermons are listened to by thousands every Lord's Day leaned over and made some quick side remark to her and ran his hands in a pleased, interested way through his long hair; and the young and already famous President of a certain college said, on rising, that he felt very genuine trepidation at attempting any remarks after *that*. He fully sustained his reputation, however, of a brilliant talker, and was followed by the honorary member of the juniors, whose post-prandial speeches have made him famous on both sides of the water.

The room became absolutely quiet, save for the voice of the speaker, the occasional burst of applause, and the appreciative murmur of the listeners. Outside, the afternoon began to grow mellow, long shadows thrown by the pointed turrets of the building lay across the green campus, the ivy at the big windows waved to and fro slightly in the cool breeze. Attention flagged; people began to tire of the clever, witty responses to the toasts and to look about them a little.

At one of the tables, reserved for the alumnæ, near the upper end of the room, sat a girl dressed in deep mourning. Her face was very beautiful and intelligent, with the intelligence that is more the result of experience than of unusual mental ability. There were delicate, fine lines about the mouth and eyes. She could not have been more than twenty-four or five, but there was an air of firmness and decision about her which contradicted her blond—almost frivolous—beauty and lent dignity to the delicate figure.

After a while she leaned back in her chair a trifle wearily and looked about her curiously as if for changes. The general aspect of the place remained the same, she decided, but there were a great many new faces—new faces in the faculty, too, where one least likes to find them. Here and there she saw an old acquaintance and smiled perfunctorily, but, on the whole, there was no one present she cared very much to see. She had just come to the conclusion that she was sorry she had made the long journey to be present at the dinner when she became conscious that someone was looking intently at her across the room. She leaned forward eagerly and smiled naturally and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cordially for the first time. And then she sank back suddenly and blushed like a school-girl and smiled again, but in a different way, as if at herself, or at some thought that tickled her fancy. It certainly did strike her as rather amusing and presuming for her to be smiling and bowing so cordially to Professor Arbuthnot. She remembered very distinctly, in what awe she had stood of that learned lady, and that in her undergraduate days she had systematically avoided her, since she could not avoid her examinations and their occasionally disastrous consequences. She recalled very forcibly the masterly lectures, the logical, profound, often original talks, which she had heard in her lecture-room, though she had to acknowledge to herself reproachfully, that the matter of them had entirely escaped her memory. She had been one of a big majority who had always considered Professor Arbuthnot as a very high type—perhaps the highest type the college afforded—of a woman whose brains and attainments would make her remarkable in any assembly of *savants*. In her presence she had always realized very keenly her own superficiality, and she felt very much flattered that such a woman should have remembered her and not a little abashed as she thought of the entire renunciation of study she had made since leaving college. She wondered what Professor Arbuthnot might be thinking about her—she knew she was thinking about her, because the bright eyes opposite were still fixed upon her with their piercing, not unkindly gaze. It occurred to her at last, humorously, that perhaps the Professor was not considering her at all, but some question in—thermo-electric currents for instance.

But Miss Arbuthnot's mind was not on thermo-electric currents; she was saying to herself: "She is much more beautiful than when she was here, and there is a new element of beauty in her face, too. I wonder where she has been since, and why she is in mourning. She was unintelligent, I remember. It's a great pity—brains and that sort of beauty rarely ever go together. Her name was Ellis—yes—Grace Ellis. I think I must see her later." And the Professor gave her another piercing smile and settled herself to listen to a distinguished political economist—a great friend of hers—speak.

The Political Economist got upon his feet slowly and with a certain diffidence. He was a man who had made his way, self-taught, from poverty and ignorance to a professorship in one of the finest technical schools of America.

There was a brusqueness in his manner, and the hard experiences of his life had made him old. He spoke in a quiet, authoritative way. He declared with a rather heavy attempt at jocoseness, that his hearers had had their sweets first, so to speak, and that they must now go back and take a little solid, unpalatable nourishment; that he had never made a witty or amusing remark in his life, and he did not propose to begin and try then, and finally he hinted that the President had made a very bad selection when she invited him to respond to the toast—"The Modern Education of Woman." As he warmed to his subject he became more gracious and easy in manner. He spoke at length of the evolution of women's colleges, their methods, their advantages, their limitations; he touched upon the salient points of difference between a man's college life and that of a girl; differences of character, of interests, of methods of work. And then he went on:

"I believe in it—I believe firmly in the modern education of woman. It is one of the things of most vital interest to me; but my enthusiasm does not blind me. There are phases of it which I do not endorse. I object to many of its results. The most obvious bad result is the exaggerated importance which the very phrase has assumed." He smiled plaintively around upon the company. "Are we to have nothing but woman's education—*toujours l'éducation de la femme?* There is such eagerness to get to college, such blind belief in what is to be learned there, such a *demand* for a college education for women, that we are overwhelmed by it. Every year these doors are closed upon hundreds of disappointed women who turn elsewhere, or relin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quish the much-prized college education. The day is not far distant when it will be a distinct reproach to a woman that she is not college-bred." He looked down thoughtfully and intently and spoke more slowly.

"It is this phase of it which sometimes troubles me. Life is so rich in experiences for woman—so much richer and fuller for woman than for man—that I tremble at this violent reaction from nature to art. To-day woman seems to forget that she must learn to live, not live to learn. At the risk of being branded as 'behind the times,' of being considered narrow, bigoted, old-fashioned, I must say that until woman re-discovers that *life* is everything, that all she can learn here in a hundred times the four years of her college course, is but the least part of what life and nature can teach her, until then I shall not be wholly satisfied with the modern education of woman."

When he ceased there was an awkward and significant silence, and the editor looked over at him and smiled and shook his head reprovingly. And then the President got up quickly and with a few graceful, apropos remarks she restored good-humor, and taking the arm of the distinguished divine, led the way from the dining-hall to the reception-rooms, and people jostled each other good-naturedly, and edged themselves between chairs and tables to speak to acquaintances, and there was much laughter and questioning and exclamations of surprise and delight, until finally the long procession got itself outside the dining-hall into the big corridors.

At the door Professor Arbuthnot caught sight of Miss Ellis again. She beckoned to the girl, who came quickly toward her.

"I am tired and am going to my rooms for a while, will you come?" The girl blushed again with pleasure and some embarrassment.

"I should be delighted," she said simply, and together they walked down the broad hall-way.

"It's very good of you," she broke in nervously looking down at the small, quiet figure beside hers—she was head and shoulders taller than the Professor.

"Not at all," declared Miss Arbuthnot, kindly. "I want to see you—it has been a long while since you were a student here—four or five years I should say—and you recall other faces and times."

"It has been four years—I can hardly believe it," said the girl, softly. She wondered vaguely what on earth Miss Arbuthnot could wish to see her for—she had been anything but a favorite with the faculty as a student, but she felt very much flattered and very nervous at the attention bestowed upon her.

When she reached Professor Arbuthnot's rooms, the embarrassment she had felt at being noticed by so distinguished a member of the faculty, visibly increased.

The place was so typical—the absence of all ornament and feminine bric-à-brac—the long rows of book-shelves filled with the most advanced works on natural sciences, the tables piled up with brochures and scientific magazines, enveloped her in an atmosphere of profound learning quite oppressive. She had never been in the room but once before, and that was on a most inauspicious occasion—just after the mid-year's. She wondered uneasily, and yet with some amusement, if Professor Arbuthnot remembered the circumstance. But that lady was not thinking of the young girl. She was busy with her mail, which had just been brought in, opening and folding up letter after letter in a quick, methodical way.

"More work for me," she said, smiling; "here is an invitation to deliver six lectures on electro-optics." The girl looked at her admiringly.

"Absolutely I've forgotten the very meaning of the words; and as for lecturing!" she broke off with a little laugh. "Are you going to give them?"

"Yes: it makes a great deal of work for me, but I never refuse such invitations. Besides I shall be able to take these lectures almost bodily from a little book I am getting out." Professor Arbuthnot went over to the desk and lifted up a pile of manuscript, and smiled indulgently at the girl's exclamation of awe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It isn't much," she went on. "Only some experiments I have been making in the optical effects of powerful magnets. They turned out very prettily. I have a good deal of hard work to do on the book yet. I shall stay here a week or two longer, quite alone, and finish it all up."

The girl touched the papers reverently.

"Here is a note I have just received from Professor ——" (Miss Arbuthnot named one of the most distinguished authorities of the day on magnetism and electricity). "I sent him some of the first proof-sheets, and he says he's delighted with them. We are great friends."

The girl's awe and admiration increased with every moment. She looked at the small, slight woman whose intelligent, ugly face, had an almost childlike simplicity of expression, contrasting strangely enough with the wrinkled, bloodless skin, and piercing eyes. Her hair, which was parted and brushed severely back, was thickly sprinkled with gray.

She gasped a little. "You actually know him—know Professor ——?"

Miss Arbuthnot laughed. "Oh, yes," she said; "we often work together. We get along famously; we are 'sympathetic' in our work, as the French say."

The girl swept her a mock courtesy.

"I feel too flattered for anything that you deign to speak to me," she said, laughing and bowing low.

Professor Arbuthnot looked pleased; she was far above conceit, but she was not entirely impervious to such fresh, genuine admiration. She was feeling particularly happy too, over the results of her experiments—particularly interested in her work.

"If you are so impressed by *that*," she laughed, "I shall have to tell you something even more wonderful still. I have just received an honorary degree from —— College. It was quite unexpected, and I must say I am extremely pleased. It is very agreeable to know that one's work is appreciated when one has given one's life to it."

It seemed to the girl, with these evidences of success appealing to her, that a life could not be more nobly spent than in such work. She went slowly around the room after that, looking at a great many interesting things. At books with priceless autographs on their title-pages, and photographs of famous scientists, and diagrams of electrical apparatus, and editions in pamphlet form of articles by Professor Arbuthnot, published originally in scientific journals.

The girl suddenly felt sick and ashamed of herself. It struck her very forcibly just how little she knew, and how she had neglected her opportunities.

"What an awful ignoramus I am!" she burst out at length. "I don't know what these mean; I have only the vaguest idea what these men have done. How different *you* are! Your life has had a high aim and you have attained it. While I——!" she stopped with a scornful gesture. "If it were not for Julian I believe I would come back here and start over!"

Miss Arbuthnot looked at her critically. She admired the girl's beauty tremendously—it was her one weakness—this love of beauty. She never looked at herself in a mirror oftener than necessary.

"Ah! Julian; who is Julian?"

The girl blushed again—she had a pretty way of flushing quickly.

"Julian?—why he's my husband. I forgot to tell you that I married my cousin, Julian Ellis, as soon as I left college."

"Really!" Miss Arbuthnot came over and sat down on the divan beside the girl. "You look so young," she said, rather wistfully. "And you have been married four years?"

The girl nodded. "It seems much longer," she said. "I have had—a great deal of trouble."

"Tell me about it," said the older woman kindly. But the girl was much embarrassed at the idea of talking of her own little affairs to Professor Arbuthnot.

"I am afraid it would only bore you," she said, hurriedly. "Your interests—you are interested in so many——"

But Miss Arbuthnot was firm. "Let me hear," she insisted.

"I'm sure I hardly know what there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is to tell," the girl began nervously. "My father was much opposed to my marrying Julian. He did not wish me to leave college; and he did not believe in cousins marrying. He said that if we did he would disinherit me—you know he is rich. But Julian and I were in love with each other, and so of course we got married." She stopped suddenly and drawing off her glove looked at her wedding-ring. Professor Arbuthnot watched her curiously. The girl's simple statement—"and of course we got married" struck her forcibly. She wondered what it would feel like to be swayed by an emotion so powerful that a father's commands and the loss of a fortune would have absolutely no influence upon it. She could not remember ever having felt anything like that.

The Political Economist.

"Julian was awfully poor and I of course had nothing more, and so we went to Texas—Julian had an opening there," she went on. "It was awfully lonely—we lived ten miles from the nearest town—and you know what a Texas town is." Miss Arbuthnot shook her head. She had never been west of Ohio.

The girl gave a little in-drawn gasp. "Well, it's worse than anything you can conceive of. I think one has to live in one of them and then move away and have ten miles of dead level prairie land between you and it to know just what loneliness is. But we were so happy, *so* happy at first—until Julian was taken ill." She leaned back against the couch and clasped her hands around her knees.

"It was awful—I can't tell you," she went on in a broken voice. "But you know what unspeakable agony it is to see what you love best on earth, ill and suffering, and you nearly powerless to do a thing. And how I loved him! I never knew until then what he was—how much of my life he had become. You must know what agony I went through?" she looked interrogatively, beseechingly at the woman beside her.

Miss Arbuthnot looked away. "I am not sure—I—I was never in love," she said uncertainly. A curious wave of jealousy swept over her that she who had been such a student, whose whole life had been a study, should have somehow missed experiences that this girl had lived through already. The girl shook her head softly, pityingly, as if she could hardly believe her.

"I shall never forget it, and that night," she went on, closing her eyes faintly. "I thought he was dying. I *had* to have a doctor, but I was afraid to leave him. I remember how everything flashed through my mind. It was a decision for life or death. If I left him I knew I might never see him alive again, and yet if I did not——" She opened her eyes wide and clasped and unclasped her hands. "It was the most horrible moment of my life."

"My poor child!" Miss Arbuthnot put her hand timidly on the girl's arm. She suddenly felt absurdly inexperienced in her presence.

"I got Ivan's saddle on him—I don't know just how—and we started. It was about two o'clock I remember. The prairie looked just like the sea, at night—only more lonesome and quite silent. I was horribly frightened. Even Ivan was frightened. He trembled all over—it's a terrible thing to see a horse tremble with fright."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Professor Arbuthnot, "that you rode

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twenty miles in the dead of night, alone upon a Texas prairie?"

"Yes," answered the girl mechanically. "It was for Julian," she added as if in entire explanation.

Miss Arbuthnot looked at her, she could not realize such wealth of courage and devotion. She wondered with a sudden, hot shame whether she would have dared it had she been in this girl's place.

"I don't think I ever prayed before—really *prayed* you know." She ran on meditatively as if she had forgotten the Professor's presence. "It was dawn when we got back." She stopped entirely and looked out through the window onto the cool green campus. Miss Arbuthnot scarcely dared move. There was something so intimate, almost sacred in the girl's revelations.

"Did he live?" she inquired softly at length.

The girl turned her face toward her. An almost illuminated look had come into it.

"Yes—the doctor saved his life, but he said if I had been two hours later—— !"

"*You* saved his life!" Professor Arbuthnot got up and walked to the window. She could not quite take it all in. The girl appeared entirely different to her. She was looking at a woman who had saved the life of the man she loved.

"And then—" the girl gave a little laugh—"I fainted—wasn't it ridiculous? I *am* such an idiot. It makes me ashamed to think of it now—when there was so much to be done—and for me to faint!" She gave an impatient little shake of the head.

"I am sure you never did anything so silly as to faint!" She glanced admiringly at Professor Arbuthnot.

"I don't think I ever experienced any emotion sufficiently strong to make me." Miss Arbuthnot spoke so grimly that the girl jumped up hurriedly.

"I'm awfully afraid I am boring you and keeping you from your work——" She gave a glance at the manuscript upon the desk. "I'm sure you are wanting to get at it, and think me very troublesome to tell you all this about myself."

Professor Arbuthnot looked at her a moment.

"Sit down!" she said imperiously. "I am learning more than if I were working on the physical principles of the nebular theory!"

The girl gave a gay, puzzled little laugh.

"Are you making fun of me? I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

Miss Arbuthnot waved her remark away impatiently.

"And after you had recovered from your fainting spell, what happened?"

"Oh—I helped the doctor and we pulled Julian through together somehow. And then, I went to work. He was ill all winter—something had to be done—I sing fairly well——"

"I remember now," broke in Miss Arbuthnot. "You used to sing at College Vespers. I liked your voice."

The girl gave a gasp of pleasure. She felt immensely flattered that Professor Arbuthnot had liked to hear her sing.

"Thank you," she said feelingly. "I got a position in a church choir and I went into town three days in the week and gave lessons. I made four hundred dollars that winter." She broke off with a little laugh. "I don't think I ever felt so good in all my life as when I counted up and found I had really made four hundred dollars for Julian! I never understood before why poor people want to get married—it's for the fun of working for each other I think. It's the most satisfying sensation I know of." She glanced up at the woman beside the window. Miss Arbuthnot nodded absently. She was thinking of her safe investments—she had accumulated a good deal of money during her long years of teaching and her people had all been well off and she had never given a cent to anyone except in presents and trifling remembrances and organized charitable work. A strange desire grew upon her to share her life with someone. She looked with troubled eyes at the girl who had suddenly made her work and her life dissatisfying to her.

"I don't understand"—she murmured—"and didn't you ever regret—regret your wealth and social position? the other life you had known?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It has been a long while since you were a student here."—Page 103.

"I think it's my turn not to understand," said the girl slowly with a puzzled look. "You mean did I regret marrying Julian?"

Miss Arbuthnot nodded. An angry little flush mounted to the girl's cheek, and then, as if the mere thought was too amusing to be taken seriously:

"Regret marrying Julian? O! Professor Arbuthnot—and then there was little Julian, you know. He was the dearest, the sweetest—wait, I have his picture." She pulled at a little silk cord about her neck and drew forth a small miniature case. In it, painted on porcelain, was the head of a child with the blond beauty of its mother. As the girl looked at it her eyes filled with tears and she bent over it sobbing and kissing it passionately.

"*That* is all I have to regret," she said. "He was two years old when he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

died—that was almost a year ago. I couldn't tell you what he was like. I think he was the brightest, prettiest, sweetest boy in the world. You ought to have seen his hands and feet—all dimples and soft pinkiness and milky whiteness — and his eyes and long lashes——!" she stopped breathlessly.

Professor Arbuthnot looked at her wonderingly. She went over to her and looked down at the crushed figure.

"You have loved and loved again and lost. You have been a mother and your child is dead," she said slowly. "I would sympathize with you if I knew how."

The girl caught her hand.

"How kind you are! I never speak of this—I hardly know how I came to do so with you. I am sure I must have wearied you." She put the locket back and began to draw on her gloves again slowly.

Professor Arbuthnot said nothing. In the last hour she had had glimpses of a life and a love she had never known, and the revelation silenced her. She had sometimes reproached herself that the studious calm, the entire absorption of her life in her work had been exaggerated, and as she looked at the slight figure in its black gown, at the pale face with its sombred, youthful beauty, the conviction was borne in upon her, by this little breath from the outside world, by the life of this girl as told by her, that the insularity of her existence had been a mistake. A sudden intense dissatisfaction and impatience with her life took hold upon her.

"How kind you are."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The girl rose to go. She stood there hesitating, embarrassed, as if she wished to ask something and rather dreaded doing so.

"I—I shall have a great deal of time this winter," she hazarded, twisting the ring of her fan slowly round and round her finger, "and I am going to study—indeed I am!" She glanced up quickly, as if afraid Professor Arbuthnot might be smiling. "I know you think it foolish for me to try, but you don't know how you've inspired me this afternoon!" She went on enthusiastically. "You and everything here make me realize intensely how little I know, and I am going to begin and really learn something. You don't know how much obliged I'd be if you would tell me a little how to begin—what to start on—something easy, adapted for weak intellects!"

She looked up smiling and with heightened color at Professor Arbuthnot. She still stood in so much awe of her and was so afraid of being laughed at!

But that lady was not laughing at all. She looked preternaturally grave.

"It seems to me," she said slowly, "that you and the natural sciences can get along admirably without each other. Why, child, you have *lived!*" she cried with sudden vehemence. She went over and shook her gently by the shoulder. "You are twenty-four and I am fifty! In four years you have crowded into your life more than I shall *ever* learn!"

The girl looked at her wonderingly, puzzled.

"Have you forgotten so soon what we heard this afternoon—that 'life is everything, that all that you can learn in a hundred times the four years of your college course is but the least part of what life and nature can teach you?'" She pushed the girl toward the door.

"When you are tired of living come back to me."

She stood and watched the girl, with the mystified, half-hurt look on her face, disappear down the corridor. When she had quite gone she went in and stood at the window for a long, long while looking out at the deepening shadows, and then she seated herself grimly at her desk and wrote to her publishers that they would have to delay the appearance of her book, as she felt she needed a vacation and would have to give up work on it for a while.

ENDYMION

By J. Russell Taylor

THE new moon like Diana's ankle dips
From out a cloud-skirt dusky in the west,
And lights this pool of night and all my breast
With dim desire. I dreamed my hair, my lips
Felt touch I know not what fine finger-tips;
And waking, one long thread of silver o'er
The silent ripples crawling in to shore
Showed me the way she vanished, whither slips
That silver ankle into cloud. Strange dream,
Strange lonely waking: it may be that she
Bent really o'er me, an elusive gleam
Of longing-laughing love; or it may be
'Twas born of slumber and the quiet stream
That shakes a few drown'd stars phantasmally.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XXV

THE PHILOSOPHER MAN OF ACTION

GOWER'S bedroom window looked over the shrubs of the square, and as his form of revolt from a city life was to be up and out with the sparrows in the early flutter of morning, for a stretch of the legs where grass was green and trees were not enclosed, he rarely saw a figure below when he stood dressing. Now there appeared a petticoated one stationary against the rails, with her face lifted. She fronted the house, and while he speculated abstractedly, recognition rushed on him. He was down and across the roadway at leaps.

"It's Madge here!"

The girl panted for her voice.

"Mr. Woodseer, I'm glad; I thought I should have to wait hours. She's safe."

"Where?"

"Will you come, sir?"

"Step ahead."

Madge set forth to north of the square.

He judged of the well-favored girl, that she could steer her way through cities. Mouth and brows were a warning to challenger pirate craft of a vessel carrying guns; and the red lips kept their firm line when they yielded to the pressure for speech.

"It's a distance. She's quite safe, no harm; she's a prisoner; she's well fed; she's not ill-treated."

"You're out?"

"That's as it happens. I'm lucky in seeing you early. He don't mean to hurt her; he won't be beaten. All she asks is ten minutes with him. If he would!—he won't. She didn't mean to do him offence t'other night in that place—you've heard. Kit Ines told me he was on duty there — going. She couldn't help speaking when she had eyes on her husband. She kisses the ground of his footsoles, you may say, let him be ever so unkind. She and I were crossing to the corner of Roper Street a rainy night, on away to Mile End a way down, to one of your father's families, Mother Davis and her sick daughter and the little ones, and close under the public-house Goat and Beard, we were seized on and hustled into a covered carriage that was there, and they drove sharp. She's not one to scream. We weren't frightened. We both made the same guess. They drove us to the house she's locked in, and me too, up till three o'clock this morning."

"You've seen nobody, Madge?"

"He's fixed she's to leave London, Mr. Woodseer. I've seen Kit Ines. And she's to have one of the big houses to her use. I guessed Kit Ines was his broom. He defends it because he has his money to make—and be a dirty broom for a fortune! But any woman's sure of decent handling with Kit Ines—not to speak of lady. He and a mate guard the house. An old woman cooks."

"He guards the house and he gave you a pass?"

"Not he. His pride's his obedience to his 'paytron'—he calls his master, and won't hear that name abused. We are on the first floor; all the lower doors are locked day and night. New street, not much neighbors; she wouldn't cry out of the window. She's to be let free if she'll leave London."

"You jumped it!"

"If I'd broke a leg, Mr. Kit Ines would have had to go to his drams. It wasn't very high; and a flower-bed underneath. My mistress wanted to be the one. She has to be careful. She taught me how to jump down not to hurt. She makes you feel you can do anything. I had a bother to get her to let me and be quiet herself. She's not one to put it upon others, you'll learn. When I was down I felt like a stick in the ground, and sat till I had my feet, she at the window waiting; and I started for you. She kissed her hand. I was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to come to you, and then your father, you nowhere seen. I wasn't spoken to. I know empty London."

"Kit Ines was left sleeping in the house?"

"Snoring, I dare say. He don't drink on duty."

"He must be kept on duty."

"Drink or that kind of duty, it's a poor choice."

"You'll take him in charge, Madge."

"I've got a mistress to look after."

"You've warmed to her."

"That's not new, Mr. Woodseer. I do trust you, and you his friend. But you are the minister's son, and any man not a great nobleman must have some heart for her. You'll learn. He kills her so because she's fond of him—loves him, however he strikes. No, not like a dog, as men say of us. She'd die for him this night, need were. Live with her, you won't find many men match her for brave; and she's good. My Sally calls her a Bible saint. I could tell you stories of her goodness, short the time though she's been down our way. And better there for her than at that inn he left her at to pine and watch the Royal Sovereign come swing come smirk in sailor blue and star to meet the rain—would make anybody disrespect royalty or else go mad. He's a great nobleman, he can't buy what she's ready to give; and if he thinks he breaks her will now, it's because she thinks she's obeying a higher than him, or no lord alive and Kit Ines to back him's told her. Women want a priest to speak to men certain times. I wish I dared; we have to bite our tongues. He's master now, but, as I believe God's above, if he plays her false, he's the one to be brought to shame. I talk."

"Talk on, Madge," said Gower, to whom the girl's short-syllabled run of the lips was a mountain rill compared with London park-waters.

"You won't let him hurry her off where she'll eat her heart for never seeing him again? She prays to be near him, if she's not to see him."

"She speaks in that way?"

"I get it by bits. I'm with her, so it's as good as if I was inside her. She can't obey when it goes the wrong way of her heart to him."

"Love and wisdom won't pull together, and they part company for good at the church-door," said Gower. "This matrimony's a bad business."

Madge hummed a moan of assent. "And my poor Sally'll have to marry. I can't leave my mistress while she wants me, and Sally can't be alone. It seems we take a step and harm's done, though it's the right step we take."

"It seems to me you've engaged yourself to follow Sally's lead, Madge."

"Girls' minds turn corners, Mr. Woodseer."

He passed the remark what it was that girls' mind's occasionally or habitually did, or whether they had minds to turn, or whether they took their whims for minds, were untroubled questions with a young man studying abstract and adoring surface nature too exclusively to be aware of the manifestation of her spirit in the flesh, as it is not revealed so much by men. However, she had a voice and a face that led him to be thoughtful over her devotedness to her mistress, after 'nearly losing her character' for the prize-fighter; and he had to thank her for invigorating him. His disposition was to muse and fall slack, helpless to a friend. Here walked a creature exactly the contrary. He listened to the steps of the dissimilar pair on the detonating pavement, and eyed a church-clock shining to the sun.

She was sure of the direction: "Out Camden way, where the murder was."

They walked at a brisk pace, conversing or not.

"Tired? You must be," he said.

"Not when I'm hot to do a thing."

"There's the word of the thoroughbred."

"You don't tire, sir," said she. "Sally and I see you stalking out for the open country in the still of the morning. She thinks you look pale for want of food, and ought to have some one put a biscuit into your pocket overnight."

"Who'd have guessed I was under motherly observation?"

"You shouldn't go so long empty, if you listen to trainers."

"Capital doctors, no doubt. But I get a fine appetite."

"You may grind the edge too sharp."

He was about to be astonished, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reflected that she had grounds for her sagacity. His next thought plunged him into contempt of Kit Ines, on account of the fellow's lapses to sottishness. But there would be no contempt of Kit Ines in a tussle with him. Nor could one funk the tussle and play cur, if Kit's engaged young woman were looking on. We get to our courage or the show of it by queer screws.

Contemplative over these matters, the philosopher transformed to man of action heard Madge say she read directions in London by churches, and presently exclaiming disdainfully, and yet relieved, "Spooner Villas," she turned down a row of small detached houses facing a brick-field, that had just contributed to the erection of them, and threatened the big city with further defacements.

Madge pointed to the marks of her jump, deep in flower-bed earth under an open window.

Gower measured the heights with sensational shanks.

She smote at the door. Carinthia nodded from her window. Close upon that, Kit Ines came bounding to the parlor window; he spied and stared. Gower was known to him as the earl's paymaster; so he went to the passage and flung the door open, blocking the way.

"Any commands, your honor?"

"You bring the Countess to my lord, immediately," said Gower.

Kit swallowed his mouthful of surprise in a second look at Madge and the ploughed garden-bed beneath the chamber window.

"Are the orders written, sir?"

"To me?—for me to deliver to you?—for you to do my lord's bidding? Where's your head?"

Kit's finger-nails travelled up to it. Madge pushed past him.

She and her mistress, and Kit's mate, and the old woman receiving the word for a cup of tea, were soon in the passage. Kit's mate had a ready obedience for his pay, nothing else, no counsel at all, not a suggestion to a head knocked to a pudding by Madge's jump and my lord's paymaster here upon the scene.

"My lady was to go down Wales-way, sir."

"That may be ordered after."

"I'm to take my lady to my lord?" and, "Does it mean my lady wants a fly?" Kit asked, and harked back on whether Madge had seen my lord?

"At five in the morning? Don't sham donkey with me," said Gower.

The business looked inclined to be leaky, but which the way for proving himself other than a donkey puzzled Kit; so much so, that a shove made him partly grateful. Madge's clever countermove had stunned his judgment. He was, besides, acting subordinate to his patron's paymaster; and, by the luck of it, no voice of woman interposed. The countess and her maid stood by like a disinterested couple. Why be suspicious, if he was to keep the Countess in sight? She was a nice lady, and he preferred her good opinion. She was brave, and he did her homage. It might be, my lord had got himself round to the idea of thanking her for saving his nob that night, and his way was to send and have her up, to tell her he forgave her, after the style of lords. Gower pricked into him by saying, aside, "Mad, I suppose, in case of a noise?" And he could not answer quite manfully; lost his eyes and colored. Neighbors might have required an explanation of shrieks, he confessed. Men have sometimes to do nasty work for their patrons.

They were afoot, walking at Carinthia's pace, before half-past seven. She would not hear of any conveyance. She was cheerful, and, as it was pitiful to see, enjoyed her walk. Hearing of her brother's departure for the Austrian capital, she sparkled. Her snatches of speech were short flights out of the meditation possessing her. Gower noticed her easier English; that came home to the perpetual student he was. She made use of some of his father's words, and had assimilated them mentally besides appropriating them; the verbalizing of "purpose," then peculiar to his father, for example. She said, in reply to a hint from him: "If my lord will allow me an interview, I purpose to be obedient." No one could imagine of her that she spoke broken-spiritedly. Her obedience was to a higher than a mortal lord, and Gower was touched to the quick through the use of the word.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contrasting her with Countess Livia and her cousin, the Earl might think her inferior on the one small square compartment called by them the world; but she carried the promise of growth, a character in expansion; and she had at least natural grace, a deer-like step. Although her picturesqueness did not swarm on him with images illumining night, subduing day, like the Countess Livia's, it was marked, it could tower and intermittently eclipse, and it was of the uplifting and healing kind, by comparison, not a delicious balefulness.

The bigger houses, larger shops, austere streets of private residences, were observed by the recent inhabitant of Whitchapel.

"My lord lives in a square," she said.

"We shall soon be there now," he encouraged her, doubtful though the issue appeared.

"It is a summer morning for the Ortler, the Gross-Glockner, the Venediger—all our Alps, Mr. Woodseer."

"If we could fly!"

"We love them."

"Why, then we beat a wing—yes."

"For I have them when I want them to sight. It is the feet are so desirous. I feel them so this morning, after prisonership. I could not have been driven to my lord."

"I know the feeling," said Gower; "any movement of us, not our own impulse, hurries the body and deadens the mind. And by the way, my dear lady, I spoke of the Earl's commands, to this man behind us walking with your Madge. My father would accuse me of Jesuitry. Ines mentioned commands, and I took advantage of it."

"I feared," said Carinthia. "I go for my chance."

Gower had a thought of the smaller creature, greater by position, to whom she was going for her chance. He alluded to his experience of the Earl's kindness in relation to himself—from a belief in his "honesty;" dotted outlines of her husband's complex character, or unmixed and violently opposing elements.

She remarked: "I will try and learn."

The name of the street of beautiful shops woke a happy smile on her mouth.

"Father talked of it; my mother too. He had it written down in his Book of Maxims. When I was a girl, I dreamed of one day walking up Bond Street."

They stepped from the pavement and crossed the roadway for a side-street leading to the square. With the swift variation of her aspect at times, her tone changed.

"We are near. My lord will not be troubled by me. He has only to meet me. There has been misunderstanding, I have vexed him; I could not help it. I will go where he pleases after I have heard him give orders. He thinks me a frightful woman. I am peaceful."

Gower muttered her word "misunderstanding." They were at the Earl's house-door. One tap at it, and the two applicants for admission would probably be shot as far away from Lord Fleetwood, as when they were on the Styrian heights last autumn. He delivered the tap, amused by the idea; it was like a summons to a genie of doubtful service.

My lord was out riding in the park.

Only the footman appeared at that early hour, and his countenance was blank whitewash as he stood rigid against the wall for the lady to pass. Madge followed into the morning-room; Ines remained in the hall, where he could have the opening speech with his patron, and where he soon had communication with the butler.

This official entered presently to Gower, presenting a loaded forehead. A note addressed to Mrs. Kirby-Levellier at the Countess Livia's house hard by, was handed to him for instant dispatch. He signified a deferential wish to speak.

"You can speak in the presence of the Countess of Fleetwood, Mr. Wayte," Gower said.

Wayte checked a bend of his shoulders. He had not a word, and he turned to send the note. He was compelled to think that he saw a well-grown young woman in the Whitechapel Countess.

Gower's note reached Henrietta on her descent to the breakfast-table. She was alone and thrown into a torture of perplexity; for she wanted advice as to the advice to be given to Janey, and Livia was an utterly unprofitable person to consult in the case. She thought of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lady Arpington, not many doors distant. Drinking one hasty cup of tea, she sent for her bonnet, and hastened away to the great lady, whom she found rising from breakfast with the Marquis.

Lady Arpington read Gower's note. She unburdened herself: "Oh! so it's no longer a bachelor's household!"

Henrietta heaved the biggest of sighs. "I fear the poor dear may have made matters worse."

To which Lady Arpington said: "Worse or better, my child!" and shrugged; for the present situation strained to snapping.

She proposed to go forthwith, and give what support she could to the Countess of Fleetwood.

They descended the steps of the house to the garden and the Green Park's gravel walk up to Piccadilly. There they had a view of Lord Fleetwood on horseback leisurely turning out of the main way's tide. They saw him alight at the mews. As they entered the square, he was met some doors from the south corner by his good or evil genius, whose influence with him came next after the marriage in the amazement it caused, and was perhaps to be explained by it; for the wealthiest of young noblemen bestowing his name on an unknown girl, would be the one to make an absurd adventurer his intimate. Lord Fleetwood bent a listening head while Mr. Gower Woodseer, apparently a good genius for the moment, spoke at his ear.

How do we understand laughter at such a communication as he must be hearing from the man. Signs of a sharp laugh indicated either his cruel levity or that his presumptuous favorite trifled —and the man's talk could be droll, Lady Arpington knew: it had, she recollected angrily, diverted her, and softened her to tolerate the intruder into regions from which her class and her period excluded the lowly born, except at the dinner-tables of stale politics and tattered scandal. Nevertheless, Lord Fleetwood mounted to his house-door, still listening. His 'Asmodeus,' on the tongue of the world, might be doing the part of Mentor really. The house-door stood open.

Fleetwood said something to Gower; he swung round, beheld the ladies and advanced to them, saluting. "My dear Lady Arpington! quite so, you arrive opportunely. When the enemy occupies the citadel, it's proper to surrender. Say, I beg, she can have the house, if she prefers it. I will fall back on Esslemont. Arrangements for her convenience will be made. I thank you by anticipation."

His bow included Henrietta loosely. Lady Arpington had exclaimed: "Enemy, Fleetwood?" and Gower, in his ignorance of the smoothness of aristocratic manners, expected a remonstrance; but Fleetwood was allowed to go on with his air of steely geniality and a decision, that his friend imagined he could have broken down like an old partition-board under the kick of a sarcasm sharpening an appeal.

"Lord Fleetwood was on the point of going in," he assured the great lady.

"Lord Fleetwood may regret his change of mind," said she. "The Countess of Fleetwood will have my advice to keep her footing in this house."

She and Henrietta sat alone with Carinthia for an hour. Coming forth, Lady Arpington ejaculated to herself: "Villany somewhere! — You will do well, Henrietta, to take up your quarters with her a day or two. She can hold her position a month. Longer, is past possibility."

A shudder of the repulsion from men crept over the younger lady. But she was a warrior's daughter, and observed: "My husband, her brother, will be back before the month ends."

"No need for hostilities to lighten our darkness," Lady Arpington rejoined. "You know her? trust her?"

"One cannot doubt her face. She is my husband's sister. Yes, I do trust her. I nail my flag to her cause."

The flag was crimson, as it appeared on her cheeks; and that intimated a further tale, though not of so dramatic an import as the cognizant short survey of Carinthia had been.

These young women, with the new complications obtruded by them, irritated a benevolent great governing lady, who had married off her daughters and embraced her grandchildren, comfortably finishing that chapter; and beheld

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now the apparition of the sex's ancient tripping foe, when circumstances in themselves were quite enough to contend against on their behalf. It seemed to say, that nature's most burdened weaker must always be beaten. Despite Henrietta's advocacy and Carinthia's clear face, it raised a spectral form of a suspicion, the more effective by reason of the much-required justification it fetched from the shades to plead apologies for Lord Fleetwood's erratic, if not mad, and in any case ugly conduct. What otherwise could be his excuse? Such was his need of one, that the wife he crushed had to be proposed for sacrifice, in the mind of a lady tending strongly to side with her and condemn her husband.

Lady Arpington had counselled Carinthia to stay where she was, the Fates having brought her there. Henrietta was too generous to hesitate in her choice between her husband's sister and the Earl. She removed from Livia's house to Lord Fleetwood's. My lord was at Esslemont two days; then established his quarters at Scrope's Hotel, five minutes' walk from the wedded lady to whom the right to bear his title was granted, an interview with him refused. Such a squaring for the battle of spouses had never—or not in mighty London—been seen since that old fight began.

CHAPTER XXVI

AFTER SOME FENCING THE DAME PASSES OUR GUARD

DAME GOSSIP at this present pass bursts to give us a review of the social world siding for the Earl or for his Countess; and her parrot cry of "John Rose Mackrell!" with her head's loose shake over the smack of her lap, to convey the contemporaneous tipsy relish of the rich good things he said on the subject of the contest, indicates the kind of intervention it would be.

To save the story from having its vein tired, we may accept the reminder, that he was the Countess's voluble advocate at a period when her friends were shy to speak of her. After relating the Vauxhall Gardens episode in burlesque Homeric during the freshness of the scandal, Rose Mackrell's enthusiasm for the heroine of his humor set in. He tracked her to her parentage, which was new breath blown into the sunken tradition of some old Buccaneer and his Countess Fanny; and a turn of great good luck helping him to a copy of the book of the "Maxims for Men," he would quote certain of the racier ones, passages of Captain John Peter Kirby's personal adventures in various lands and waters illustrating the text, to prove that the old warrior acted by the rule of his recommendations. They had the repulsive attraction proper to rusty lumber swords and truncheons that have tasted brains. They wove no mild sort of halo for the head of a shillelah-flourishing Whitechapel Countess descended from the writer and doer.

People were willing to believe in her jump of thirty feet or more off a suburban house-top to escape durance, and her midnight storming of her lord's town-house, and ousting of him to go find his quarters at Scrope's Hotel. He, too, had his band of pugilists, as it was known; and he might have heightened a raging scandal. The nobleman forbore. A woman's blow gracefully taken adds a score of inches to our stature, floor us as it may; we win the world's afterthoughts. Rose Mackrell sketched the Earl;—always alert, smart, quick to meet a combination and protect a dignity never obtruded, and in spite of himself the laugh of the town. His humor flickered wildly round the ridiculous position of a prominent young nobleman, whose bearing and character were foreign to a position of ridicule.

Nevertheless, the Earl's figure continuing to be classic sculpture, it allied him with the aristocracy of martyrs, that burn and do not wince. He propitiated none, and as he could not but suffer shrewdly, he gained esteem enough to shine through the woman's pitiless drenching of him. During his term at Scrope's Hotel, the carousals there were quite old-century and matter of discourse. He had proved his return to sound sense in the dismissal of "the fiddler," notoriously the woman's lieutenant, or more; and nightly the rev-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elry closed at the great gaming tables of St. James's Street, while Whitechapel held the coronetted square, well on her way to the law courts as Abrane and Potts reported; and positively so: "clear case." That was the coming development and finale of the marriage. London waited for it.

A rich man's easy smile over losses at play merely taught his emulous troop to feel themselves poor devils in the pocket. But Fleetwood's contempt of sleep was a marvel, superhuman, and accused them of an inferior vigor, hard for young men to admit by the example. He never went to bed. Issuing from Fortune's hall-doors in the bright, lively summer morning, he mounted horse and was away to the hills. Or he took the arm of a Roman Catholic nobleman, Lord Feltre, and walked with him from the green tables and the establishment's renowned dry still Sillery to matins at a Papist chapel. As it was not known that he had given his word to adjure his religion, the pious gamblers did no worse than spread an alarm and quiet it, by the citation of his character for having a try at everything.

Henrietta dispatched at this period the following letter to Chillon:

"I am with Livia to-morrow. Janey starts for Wales to-morrow morning, a voluntary exile. She pleaded to go back to that place where you had to leave her, promising she would not come westward, but was persuaded. Lady Arpington approves. The situation was getting too terribly strained. We met and passed my lord in the park.

"He was walking his horse—elegant cavalier that he is; would not look on his wife. A woman pulled by her collar should be passive; if she pulls her way, she is treated as a dog. I see nothing else in the intention of poor Janey's last offence to him. There is an opposite counsel, and he can be eloquent, and he will be heard on her side. How could she manage the most wayward, when she has not an idea of ordinary men. But, my husband, they have our tie between them; it may move him. It subdues her—and nothing else would have done that. If she had been in England a year before the marriage, she would, I think, have understood better how to guide her steps and her tongue for his good pleasure. She learns daily, very quickly; observes, assimilates; she reads, and has her comments—would have shot far ahead of your Riette, with my advantages.

"Your uncle—but he will bear any charge on his conscience as long as he can get the burden off his shoulders. Do not fret, my own. Reperuse the above—you will see we have grounds for hope.

"He should have looked down on her. No tears from her eyes, but her eyes *were* tears. She does not rank among beautiful women. She has her moments for outshining them—the loveliest of spectres. She caught at my heart. I cannot forget her face looking up for him to look. A great painter would have reproduced it, a great poet have rendered the impression. Nothing short of the greatest. That is odd to say of one so simple as she. But when accidents call up her reserves, you see mountain heights where mists were—she is actually glorified. Her friend—I do believe a friend—the Mr. Woodseer you are to remember meeting somewhere—a sprained ankle—has a dozen similes ready for what she is when pain or happiness vivify her. Or it may be tender charity. She says that if she feels for suffering people, it is because she is the child of Chillon's mother. In like manner Chillon is the son of Janey's father.

"Mr. Woodseer came every other evening. Our only enlivenment. Livia followed her policy in refusing to call. We lived luxuriously; no money, not enough for a box at the opera, though we yearned—you can imagine. Chapters of philosophy read out and expounded instead. Janey likes them. He sets lessons to her queer maid—reading, writing, pronunciation of English. An inferior language to Welsh, for poetical purposes, we are informed. So Janey determining to apply herself to Welsh, and a chameleon Riette dreading that she will be taking a contrary view of the honest souls—as she feels them to be—when again under Livia's shadow.

"The message from Janey to Scrope's Hotel was dispatched half an hour after

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we had driven in from the park; fruit of a brown meditation. I wrote it—third person—a single sentence. Arrangements are made for her to travel comfortably. It is funny—the shops for her purchases of clothes, necessaries, etc., are specified. She may order to any extent. Not a shilling of money for her poor purse. What can be the secret of that? He does nothing without an object. To me, uniformly civil, no irony, few compliments. Livia writes that I am commended for keeping Janey company. What can be the secret of a man scrupulously just with one hand and at the same time cruel with the other? Mr. Woodseer says his wealth—'More money than is required for their needs, men go into harness to Plutus'—if that is clever.

"I have written my husband—as Janey ceases to call her own; and it was pretty and touching to hear her 'my husband.' Oh! a dull letter. But he is my husband though he keeps absent—to be longed for—he is my husband still, my husband always. Chillon is Henrietta's husband, the world cries out, and when she is flattered she does the like, for then it is not too presumptuous that she should name Henrietta Chillon's wife. In my ears, husband has the sweeter sound. It brings an angel from overhead. Will it bring him one half hour sooner? My love! My dear! if it did I should be lisping 'husband, husband, husband' from cock-crow to owl's cry. Livia thinks the world foolish, if not detestable. She and I have our different opinions. She is for luxury. I choose poverty and my husband. Poverty has its beauty, if my husband is the sun of it. *Elle radote.* She would not have written so dull a letter to her husband if she had been at the opera last night or listened to a distant street band. No more—the next line would be bleeding. He should have her blood, too, if that were her husband's—it never would be; but if it were for his good in the smallest way. Chillon's wish is to give his blood for them he loves. Never did woman try more to write worthily to her absent lord and fall so miserably into the state of dripping babe from bath on nurse's knee. Cover me, my lord and love, my lover, my cause for—no, my excuse, my refuge from myself. We are one? Oh! we are one!—and we have been separated eight and twenty days.

"Henrietta Kirby-Levellier."

That was a letter for the husband and lover to receive in a foreign land and be warmed.

The tidings of Carinthia washed him clean of the grimy district where his waxen sister had developed her stubborn insensibility — resembling craziness, every perversion of the refinement demanded by young Englishmen of their ladies; and it pacified him with the belief that she was now at rest, the disturbed history of their father and mother at rest as well; his conscience in relation to the marriage likewise at rest. Chillon had a wife. Her writing of the welcome to poverty stirred his knowledge of his wife's nature. Carinthia might bear it and harden to flint. Henrietta was a butterfly for the golden rays. His thoughts, all his energies, were bent on the making of money to supply her need for the pleasures she flew in—a butterfly's grub without it. Accurately so did the husband and lover read his wife, adoring her the more.

Her letter's embracing close was costly to them. It hurried him to the compromise of a debatable business, and he fell into the Austrian Government's terms for the payment of the inheritance from his father; calculating, that — his sister's share deducted — money would be on hand to pay pressing debts and enable Henrietta to live unworried by cares until he should have squeezed debts, long due and increasing, out of the miserly old lord, his uncle. A prospect of supplies for twelve months, counting the hack and carriage Henrietta had always been used to, seemed about as far as it was required to look by the husband hastening homeward to his wife's call. Her letter was a call in the night. Besides, there were his yet untried inventions. The new gunpowder testing at Croridge promised to provide Henrietta with many of the luxuries she could have had, and had abandoned for his sake. The new blasting powder and a destructive shell might build her the palace she deserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His uncle was, no doubt, his partner. If, however, the profits were divided, sufficient wealth was assured. But his uncle remained a dubious image. The husband and lover could enfold no positive prospect to suit his wife's tastes beyond the twelve months.

We have Dame Gossip upon us.

One minute let mention be of the excitement over Protestant England when that rumor disseminated, telling of her wealthiest nobleman's visit to a mountain monastery, up in the peaks and snows; and of his dwelling among the monks, and assisting in all their services day and night, hymning and chanting, uttering not one word for one whole week; his Papistical friend, Lord Feltre, with him, of course, after Jesuit arts had allured him to that place of torrents and lightnings and canticles and demon echoes, all as though expressly contrived for the horrifying of sinners into penitence and confession and the monkish cowl up to life's end, not to speak of the abjuration of worldly possessions and donation of them into the keeping of the shaven brothers. There was a general consent, that if the Earl of Fleetwood went to the extreme of making over his property to those monks, he should be pronounced insane and incapable. Ultimately the world was a little pacified by hearing that a portion of it was entailed, Esslemont and the Welsh mines.

So it might be; but what if he had no child! The marriage amazing everybody, scarcely promised fruit, it was thought. Countess Livia, much besought for her opinion, scouted the possibility. And Carinthia Jane was proclaimed by John Rose Mackrell (to his dying day the poor gentleman tried vainly to get the second syllable of his name accentuated) a young woman who would outlive twice over the husband she had. He said of his name it was destined to pass him down a dead fish in the nose of posterity, and would affect his best jokes; which something has done, or the present generation has lost the sense of genuine humor.

Thanks to him, the talk of the Whitechapel Countess again sprang up, merrily as ever; and after her having become, as he said, "a desiccated celebrity," she outdid cabinet ministers and naughty wives for a living morsel in the world's mouth. She was denounced by the patriotic party as the cause of the Earl's dalliance with Rome.

The Earl, you are to know, was then coasting along the Mediterranean, on board his beautiful schooner yacht, with his Lord Feltre, bound to make an inspection of Syrian monasteries, and forget, if he could, the face of all faces, another's possession, by the law.

Those two lords, shut up together in a yacht, were advised by their situation to be bosom friends, and they quarrelled violently, and were reconciled, and they quarrelled again; they were explosive chemicals; until the touch of dry land relieved them of what they really fancied the spell of the fiend. For their argumentative topic during confinement was woman, when it was not theology; and even off a yacht, those are subjects to kindle the utmost hatred of dissension if men are not perfectly concordant. They agreed upon land to banish any talk of woman or theology, where it would have been comparatively innocent; so they both desiring to be doing the thing they had sworn they would not do, the thoughts of both were fastened on one or the other interdicted subject. They hardly spoke; they perceived in their longing minds that the imagined spell of the fiend was indeed the bile of the sea, secreted thickly for want of exercise, and they both regretted the days and nights of their angry controversies; unfit pilgrims of the Holy Land, they owned.

To such effect, Lord Fleetwood wrote to Gower Woodseer, as though there had been no breach between them, from Jerusalem, expressing the wish to hear his cool wood-notes of the philosophy of life, fresh drawn from Nature's breast; and urgent for an answer, to be addressed to his hotel at Southampton, that he might be greeted on his return home first by his "friend Gower."

He wrote in the month of January. His arrival at Southampton was on the thirteenth day of March; and there he opened a letter some weeks old, the bearer of news which ought by rights to make husbands proudly happy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHAPTER XXVII

WE DESCEND INTO A STEAMER'S ENGINE-ROOM

FLEETWOOD had dropped his friend, Lord Feltre, at Ancona; his good fortune was to be alone when the clang of bells rang through his head in the reading of Gower's lines. Other letters were opened: from the Countess Livia, from Lady Arpington, from Captain Kirby-Levellier. There was one from his lawyers, informing him of their receipt of a communication, dated South Wales, December 11th, and signed Owain Wythan; to the effect, that the birth of a son to the Earl of Fleetwood was registered on the day of the date, with a copy of the document forwarded.

Livia scornfully stated the tattling world's "latest." The Captain was as brief, in ordinary words, whose quick run to the stop could be taken for a challenge of the eye. It stamped the adversary's frown on Fleetwood reading. Lady Arpington was more politic; she wrote of "a healthy boy," and "the healthy mother giving him breast," this being "the way for the rearing of strong men." She condescended to the particulars, that she might touch him.

The Earl had not been so reared; his mother was not the healthy mother. One of his multitudinous, shifty, but ineradicable ambitions, was to exhibit an excellingly vigorous, tireless constitution. He remembered the needed refreshment of the sea-breezes aboard his yacht during the week following the sleep-discarded nights at Scrope's and the green tables. For a week he hung to the smell of brine, in rapturous amity with Feltre, until they yellowed, differed, wrangled, hated.

A powerful leaven was put into him by the tidings out of Wales. Gower, good fellow, had gone down to see the young mother three weeks after the birth of her child. She was already renewing her bloom. She had produced the boy in the world's early manner, lightly, without any of the tragic modern hovering over death to give the life. Gower compared it to a "flush of the vernal orchard after a day's drink of sunlight." That was well: that was how it should be. One loathes the idea of tortured women.

The good fellow was perhaps absurdly poetical. Still we must have poetry to hallow this and other forms of energy: or say, if you like, the right view of them impels to poetry. Otherwise we are in the breeding yards, among the litters and the farrows. It is a question of looking down or looking up. If we are poor creatures—as we are if we do but feast and gamble and beget—we shall run for a time with the dogs and come to the finish of swine. Better say, life is holy! Why, then we have to thank her who teaches it.

He gazed at the string of visions of the woman naming him husband, making him a father: the imagined Carinthia—beautiful Gorgon, haggard Venus; the Carinthia of the precipice tree-shoot; Carinthia of the Ducal dancing hall; and she at the altar-rails; she on the coach-box; she alternately softest of brides, doughtiest of amazons. A mate for the caress, an electrical heroine, fronted him.

Yes, and she was Lord Fleetwood's wife, cracking sconces — a demoiselle Moll Flanders — the world's Whitechapel Countess out for an airing, infernally earnest about it, madly ludicrous; the schemer to catch his word, the petticoated Shylock to bind him to the letter of it, now persecuting, haunting him, now immovable for obstinacy; malignant to stay down in those vile slums and direct tons of sooty waters on his head from its mains in the sight of London, causing the least histrionic of men to behave as an actor. He beheld her a skull with a lamp behind the eyeholes.

But this woman was the woman who made him a father; she was the mother of the heir of the house, and the boy she clasped and suckled as her boy was his boy. They met inseparably in that new life.

Truly, there could not be a woman of flesh so near to a likeness with the beatific image of Feltre's worshipped Madonna!

The thought sparkled and darkened in Fleetwood's mind, as a star passing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into cloud. For an uproarious world claimed the woman, jeered at all allied with her; at her husband most, of course; the punctilious noodle, the golden jackass, tethered and goaded. He had choice among the pick of women; the daughter of the Old Buccaneer was preferred by this wiseacre Cœlebs. She tricked him cunningly and struck a tremendous return blow in producing her male infant.

By the way, was she actually born in wedlock? Lord Levellier's assurances regarding her origin were, by the calculation, a miser's shuffles to clinch his bargain. Assuming the representative of holy motherhood to be a woman of illegitimate birth, the history of the house to which the spotted woman gave an heir would suffer a jolt when touching on her. And altogether the history fumed rank vapors. Imagine her boy in his father's name, a young collegian. No commonly sensitive lad could bear the gibes of the fellows raking at antecedents; Fleetwood would be the name to start roars. Smarting for his name, the Earl chafed at the boy's mother. Her production of a man-child was the further and grosser offence.

He recurred to Gower Woodseer's letter.

The pictures and images in it were not the principal matters, the impression had been deep. A plain transcription of the young mother's acts and words did more to portray her; the reader could supply reflections.

Would her boy's father be very pleased to see him? she had asked.

And she spoke of a fear that the father would try to take her boy from her.

Never that — you have my word, Fleetwood said; and he nodded, consentingly, over her next remark: "Not while I live, till he must go to school!"

The stubborn wife would be the last of women to sit and weep as a rifled mother.

A child of the Countess Carinthia (he phrased it) would not be deficient in will, nor would the youngster lack bravery.

For his part, comparison rushing at him and searching him, he owned that he leaned on pride. To think that he did, became a theme for pride. The mother had primitive virtues; the father the developed; he was the richer mine. And besides, he was he; the unriddled, complex, individual he; she was the plain, barbarian survival, good for giving her offspring bone, muscle, stout heart.

Shape the hypothesis of a fairer woman, the mother of the heir to the earldom.

Henrietta was analyzed in a glimpse. Courage, animal healthfulness, she, too, might—her husband not obstructing—transmit; and good looks, eyes of the sapphire Egæan. And therewith such pliability as the Mother of Love requires of her servants.

Could that woman resist seductions?

Fleetwood's wrath with her for refusing him and inducing him in spite to pledge his word elsewhere, haphazard, pricked a curiosity to know whether the woman could be—and easily, easily he wagered—led to make her conduct warrant for his contempt of her. Led; that is, misled, you might say, if you were pleading for a doll. But it was necessary to bait the pleasures for the woman, in order to have full view of the precious fine fate one has escaped. Also to get well rid of a sort of hectic in the blood, which the woman's beauty has cast on that reflecting tide; a fever-sign, where the fever has become quite emotionless and is merely desirous for the stain of it to be washed out. As this is not the desire to possess, or even to taste, contempt will do it. When we know that the weaver of the fascinations is purchasable, we toss her to the market where men buy; and we walk released from vile subjection to one of the female heaps—subjection no longer, doubtless, and yet a stain of the past flush, often coloring our reveries, creating active phantasms of a passion absolutely extinct, if it ever was the veritable passion.

The plot—formless plot—to get release by the sacrifice or at least a crucial temptation of the woman, that should wash his blood clean of her image, had a shade of the devilish, he acknowledged; and the apology offered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no improvement of its aspect. She might come out of the trial triumphant. And benefit for himself, even a small privilege, even the pressure of her hand, he not only shrank from the thought of winning, he loathed the thought. He was too delicate over the idea of the married woman whom he fancied he loved in her maidenhood. Others might press her hand, lead her the dance; he simply wanted his release. She had set him on fire; he conceived a method for trampling the remaining sparks and erasing stain and scars; that was all. Henrietta rejected her wealthy suitor; she might some day hence be seen crawling abjectly to wealth, glad of a drink from the cup it holds, intoxicated with the draught. An injured pride could animate his wealth to crave solace of such a spectacle.

Devilish, if you like. He had expiated the wickedness in Cistercian seclusion. His wife now drove him to sin again.

She had given him a son. That fluted of home and honorable life. She had her charm, known to him alone.

But how, supposing she did not rub him to bristle with fresh irritations, how go to his wife while Henrietta held her throne? Consideration was her due until she stumbled. Enough if she wavered. Almost enough if she stood firm as a statue in the winds, and proved that the first page of her was a false introduction. The surprising apparition of a beautiful woman with character; a lightly thrilled, pleasure-loving woman devoted to her husband or protected by her rightful self-esteem, would loosen him creditably. It had to be witnessed, for faith in it. He reverenced our legendary good woman, and he bowed to noble deeds; and he ascribed the former to poetical creativeness; the latter operated as a scourging of his flesh to yield its demoniacal inmates. Nothing of the kind was doing at present.

Or stay: a studious reperusal of Gower Woodseer's letter enriched a little incident. Fleetwood gave his wife her name of Carinthia when he had read deliberately and caught the scene.

Mrs. Wythan down in Wales, related it to Gower. Carinthia and Madge, trudging over the treeless hills, came on a birchen clump round a deep hollow or gully-pit; precipitous, the Earl knew, he had peeped over the edge in his infant days. There at the bottom, in a foot or so of water, they espied a lamb; and they rescued the poor beastie by going down to it, one or both. It must have been the mountain-footed one. A man would hesitate, spying below. Fleetwood wondered how she had managed to climb up, and carrying the lamb. Down pitches Madge Winch to help—they did it between them. We who stand aloof admire stupidly. To defend himself from admiring, he condemned the two women for the risk they ran to save a probably broken-legged little beast; and he escaped the melting mood by forcing a sneer at the sort of stuff out of which popular ballads are woven. Carinthia was accused of letting her adventurous impulses and sentimental female compassion swamp thought of a mother's duties. If both those two women had broken their legs, the child might have cried itself into fits for the mother, there she would have remained.

Gower wrote in a language transparent of the act, addressed to a reader whose memory was to be impregnated. His reader would have flown away from the simple occurrence on arabesques and modulated tones; and then envisaging them critically, would have tossed his poor little story to the winds, as a small thing magnified—with an object, being the next thought about it. He knew his Fleetwood so far.

His letter concluded: "I am in a small Surrey village, over a baker's shop, rent eight shillings per week, a dame's infant school opposite my window, miles of firwood, heath, and bracken openings, for the winged or the nested fancies. Love Nature, she makes you a lord of her boundless, off any ten square feet of common earth. I go through my illusions and come always back on that good truth. It says, beware of the world's passion for flavors and spices. Much tasted, they turn and bite the biter. My exemplars are the lately breeched youngsters with twopence in their pockets for the gingerbread-nut booth on a fair day. I learn more from one of them than you can from the whole cavalcade of your attendant Ixionides."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mounting the box of his coach for the drive to London, Fleetwood had the new name for the parasitic and sham vital troop of his ears.

"My Ixionides!" he repeated; and did not scorn them so much as he rejoiced to be enlightened by the title. He craved the presence of the magician who dropped illumination with a single word; wholesomer to think of than the whole body of these Ixionides; not bad fellows here and there, he reflected, tolerantly half laughing at some of their clownish fun. Gower Woodseer and he had not quarrelled? No, they had merely parted at one of the crossways. The plebeian could teach that son of the genuflexions, Lord Feltre, a lesson in manners. Woodseer was the better comrade and director of routes. Into the forest, upon the heights; and free, not locked; and not parroting day and night, but quick for all that the world has learnt and can tell, though two-thirds of it be composed of Ixionides; that way lies wisdom, and his index was cut that way.

Arrived in town, he ran over the headings of his letters, in no degree anxious for a communication from Wales. There was none. Why none?

She might as well have scrawled her announcement of an event pleasing to her, and, by the calculation, important to him, if not particularly interesting. The mother's wifish lines would, perhaps, have been tested in a furnace. He smarted at the blank of any, of even two or three formal words. She sulked? "I am not a fallen lamb!" he said. Evidently one had to be a shivering beast in trouble, to excite her to move a hand.

Through so slight a fissure as this piece of discontent cracked in him, the crowd of his grievances with the woman rushed pell-mell, deluging young shoots of sweeter feeling. She sulked! If that woman could not get the command, he was to know her incapable of submission.

After besmutting the name she had filched from him, she let him understand that there was no intention to repent. Possibly she meant war. In which case, a man must fly, or stand assailed by the most intolerable of vulgar farces; to be compared to a pelting of one on the stage.

The time came to him to knock at doors and face his public.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BY CONCESSIONS TO MISTRESS GOSSIP A FURTHER INTRUSION IS AVERTED

LIVIA welcomed him, with commiserating inquiry behind her languid eyelids. "You have all the latest?" it said.

He struck on the burning matter.

"You wish to know the part you have to play, ma'am."

"Tell me, Russett."

"You will contradict nothing."

Her eyebrows asked: "It means?"

"You have authority from me to admit the facts."

"They are facts?" she remarked.

"Women love teasing round certain facts, apparently; like the law courts over their pet cases."

"But Russett, will you listen?"

"Has the luck been civil of late?"

"I think of something else at present. No, it has not."

"Abrane?"

"Pray attend to me. No, not Abrane."

"I believe you've all been cleared out in my absence. St. Ombre?"

Her complexion varied. "Mr. Ambrose Mallard has once or twice. . . . But let me beg you; the town is raging with it. My dear Russett, a bold front now—there's the chance of your release in view."

"A rascal in view! Name the sum."

"I must reckon. My head is—can you intend to submit?"

"So, it's Brosey Mallard now. You choose your deputy queerly. He's as bad as Abrane, with steam to it. Chummy Potts would have been better."

"He wins one night; loses every pound-note he has the next; and comes vaunting 'the dry still Sillery' of the establishment—a perpetual chorus to his losses!"

"His consolation to you for yours. That is the gentleman. Chummy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doesn't change. Say, why not St. Ombre? He's cool."

"There are reasons."

"Let them rest. And I have my reasons. Do the same for them."

"Yours concerns the honor of the family."

"Deeply; respect them."

"Your relatives have to be thought of, though they are few and not too pleasant."

"If I had thought much of them, what would our relations be? They object to dicing, and I to leading-strings."

She turned to a brighter subject, of no visible connection with the preceding.

"Henrietta comes in May."

"The month of her colors!"

"Her money troubles are terrible."

"Both of you appear unlucky in your partners—if winning was the object. She shall have all the distractions we can offer."

"Your visit to the Chartreuse alarmed her."

"She has rejoined her husband?"

"A girl. She feared the Jesuit in your friend."

"Feltre and she are about equally affected by music. They shall meet."

"Russett, this once: I do entreat you to take counsel with your good sense, and remember that you stand where you are by going against my advice. It is a perfect storm over London. The world has not to be informed of your generosity; but a chivalry that invites the most horrible of sneers at a man! And what can I say? I have said it was impossible."

"Add the postscript: you find it was perfectly possible."

"I have to learn more than I care to hear."

"Your knowledge is not in request: you will speak in my name."

"Will you consult your lawyers, Russett, before you commit yourself?"

"I am on my way to Lady Arpington."

"You cannot be thinking how serious it is."

"I rather value the opinion of a hard-headed woman of the world."

"Why not listen to me?"

"You have your points, ma'am."

"She's a torch."

"She serves my purpose."

Livia shrugged sadly. "I suppose it serves your purpose to be unintelligible to me."

He rendered himself intelligible immediately, by saying: "Before I go—a thousand?"

"Oh, my dear Russett!" she sighed.

"State the amount."

She seemed to be casting unwieldy figures and he helped her with, "Mr. Isaacs?"

"Not less than three, I fear."

"Has he been pressing?"

"You are always good to us, Russett."

"You are always considerate for the honor of the family, ma'am. Order for the money with you here to-morrow. And I thank you for your advice. Do me the favor to follow mine."

"Commands, should be the word."

"Phrase it as you please."

"You know I hate responsibility."

"The Chorus in classical dramas had generally that sentiment, but the singing was the sweeter for it."

"Whom do you not win when you condescend to the mood, you dear boy."

He restrained a bitter reply, touching the kind of persons he had won; a girl from the mountains, a philosophical tramp of the roads, troops of the bought.

Livia spelt at the problem he was. She put away the task of reading it. He departed to see Lady Arpington, and thereby rivet his chains.

As Livia had said, she was a torch. Lady Endor, Lady Eldritch, Lady Cowry kindled at her. Again there were flights of the burning brands over London. The very odd marriage; the no-marriage; the two-ends-of-the-town marriage; and the maiden marriage a fruitful marriage; the monstrous marriage of the countess productive in banishment, and the unreadable earl accepting paternity; this amazing marriage was again the riddle in the cracker for tattlers and gapers.

But the lady, though absent, did not figure poorly at all. Granting Whitechapel and the shillelah affair, certain whispers of her good looks, contested

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only to be the more violently asserted; and therewith Rose Mackrell's tale of being a "young woman of birth," having a "romantic story to tell of herself and her parentage;" made her latest performance the champagne event of it hitherto. Men sparkled when they had it on their lips.

How, then, London asked, would the Earl of Fleetwood move his pieces in reply to his Countess's particularly clever indication of the check threatening mate?

His move had no relation to the game, it was thought at first. The world could not suppose that he moved a simple pawn on his marriage board. He purchased a shop in Piccadilly for the sale of fruit and flowers.

Lady Arpington was entreated to deal at the shop, Countess Livia had her orders; his friends, his parasites and satellites, were to deal there. Intensely earnest as usual, he besought great ladies to let him have the overflow of their hot-houses; and they classing it as another of the mystifications of a purse crazy for repleteness, inquired, "But it is you we are to deal with?" And he quite seriously said: "With me, yes, at present." Something was behind the curtain, of course. His gravity had an effect of the ultra-comical in concealing it.

The shop was opened. We have the assurance of Rose Mackrell, that he entered and examined the piles and pans of fruits, and the bouquets cunningly arranged by a hand smelling French. The shop was roomy, splendid windows lighted the yellow, the golden, the green, and party-colored stores. Four doors off, a chemist's, motley in bellied glasses, crashed on the sight. Passengers along the pavement had presented to them such a contrast as might be shown if we could imagine the Lethean ferry-boat-load brought sharp against Pomona's lapful. In addition to the plucked flowers and fruits of the shop, Rose Mackrell more attentively examined the samples doing service at the counters. They were three, under supervision of a watchful-eyed fourth; and all wore white caps of one pattern; they repaid scrutiny—punctually, as he said—with just the modest lifting of a lid to return it. Dame Gossip is for quoting his wit. But the conclusion he reached, after quitting the shop and pacing his dozen steps, is important; for it sent a wind over the town to set the springs of tattle going as wildly as when the herald's trumpet blew the announcement for the world to hear out of Wales.

He had observed that the young woman supervising was deficient in the ease of an established superior; her brows were troubled; she was, therefore, a lieutenant elevated from a lower grade; and, to his thinking, conducted the business during the temporary retirement of the mistress of the shop.

And the mistress of the shop?

The question hardly needs be put.

Rose Mackrell or his humor answered it in unfaltering terms.

London heard, with the variety of feelings which are indistinguishable under a flooding amazement, that the beautiful new fruit and flower shop had been purchased and stocked by the fabulously wealthy young Earl of Fleetwood, to give Whitechapel Countess a taste for business, an occupation, and an honorable means of livelihood.

There was, Dame Gossip thumps to say, a general belief in this report. Crowds were on the pavement, peering through the shop-windows. Carriages driving by stopped to look. My lord himself had been visible, displaying his array of provision to friends. Nor was credulity damped appreciably when over the shop, in gold letters, appeared the name of Sarah Winch. It might be the Countess's maiden name, if she really was a married countess.

But, in truth, the better informed of the town, having begun to think its Crœsus capable of any eccentricity, chose to believe. They were at the pitch of excitement which demands and will swallow a succession of wilder extravagances. To accelerate the delirium of the fun, nothing was too much, because every absurdity was anticipated. And the Earl's readiness to be complimented on the shop's particular merits, his gratified air at an allusion to it, whirled the fun faster. He seemed entirely unconscious that each step he now took wakened peals. His child-like unconsciousness of the boiling sentiments

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

around, seasoned, pricked, and maddened his parasites under compression to invent, for a faint relief. He had his title for them, they their tales of him.

Dame Gossip would recount the tales. She is of the order of persons inclining to suspect the title of truth in prodigies of scandal. She is rustling and bustling to tell us of "Carinthia Jane's run up to London to see Sarah Winch's grand new shop," an eclipse of all existing grand London Western shops; and Rose Mackrell's account of her dance of proud delight in the shop, ending with "a lovely cheese" just as my lord enters, and then a scene, wild beyond any conceivable "for pathos and humor," and the Earl has the Whitechapel baby-boy plumped into his arms; and the Countess fetches him a splendid bobdip and rises out of a second cheese to twirl and fandango it; and all serious on a sudden, request, whimperingly beseech, his thanks to her for the crowing successor she has presented him with; my lord ultimately, but carefully, depositing the infant on a basket of the last oranges of the season, fresh from the Azores, by delivery off my lord's own schooner-yacht in Southampton Water; and escaping, leaving his gold-headed stick behind him, a trophy for the Countess; a weapon, it may be.

The Dame shall expose her confusions. She really would seem to fancy that the story is not an impossible one. Carinthia had not the means to travel; she was moneyless. Every bill of her establishment was paid without stint by Mr. Howell Edwards, the Earl's manager of mines; but she had not even the means for a journey to the Gowerland rocks she longed to see. She had none since she forced her brother to take the half of her share of their inheritance, £1,400, and sent him the remainder. Accepted by Chillon John as a loan, says Dame Gossip; and no sooner received than consumed by the pressing necessities of a husband with the Rose Beauty of England to support in the comforts and luxuries he deemed befitting.

Fleetwood was honestly unaware of ridicule in the condition of inventive mania at his heels. Scheming, and hesitating to do, one half of his mind was absorbed with the problem of how to treat the mother of his boy. Her behavior in becoming a mother was acknowledged to be good; the production of a boy was good—considerate, he almost thought. He grew so far reconciled to her as to have intimations of a softness coming on; a wish to hear her speak of the trifling kindness done to the sister of Madge in reward of kindness done to her; wishes for looks he remembered, secret to him, more his own than any possessions. Dozens of men had wealth, some had beautiful wives; none could claim as his own that face of the look of sharp steel melting into the bridal flower, when she sprang from her bed to defend herself and recognized the intruder at her window, stood smitten. "It is my husband." Moonlight gave the variation of her features.

And that did not appease the resentment tearing him from her; so justifiable then, as he forced himself to think, now hideous. Glimpses of the pictures his deeds painted of him since his first meeting with this woman had to be shunned. He threw them off; they were set down to the mystery men are. The degrading, utterly different, back view of them teaches that life is an irony. If the teaching is not accepted, and we are to take the blame, can we bear to live? Therefore, either way the irony of life is proved. Young men straining at thought, in the grip of their sensations, reach this logical conclusion. They will not begin by examining the ground they stand on, and questioning whether they have consciences at peace with the steps to rearward.

Having established life as the coldly malignant element, which induces to what it chastises, a loathing of womanhood, the deputed mother of life, ensues by natural sequence. And if there be one among women who disturbs the serenity we choose to think our due, she wears for us the sinister aspect of a confidential messenger between Nemesis and the Parcæ. Fleetwood was thus compelled to regard Carinthia as both originally and successively the cause of his internal as well as his exterior discomfort; otherwise those glimpses would have burnt in to perpetual stigmas. He had also to get his mind away from her.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They pleaded against him volubly with the rising of her image into it.

His manager at the mines had sent word of ominous discontent down there. His presence might be required. Obviously, then, the threatened place was unfitting for the Countess of Fleetwood. He dispatched a kind of order through Mr. Howell Edwards, that she should remove to Esslemont to escape annoyances. Esslemont was the preferable residence. She could there entertain her friends, could spend a pleasanter time there.

He waited for the reply. Edwards deferred it.

Were they to be in a struggle with her obstinate will once more?

Henrietta was preparing to leave London for her dismal, narrow, and after an absence desired, love-nest. The Earl called to say farewell, cool as a loyal wife could wish him to be, admiring perforce. Marriage and maternity withdrew nothing—added to the fair young woman's bloom.

She had gone to her room to pack and dress. Livia received him. In the midst of the casual commonplaces, her memory was enlightened.

"Oh," said she, and idly drew a letter out of a blotting-pad, "we have heard from Wales." She handed it to him.

Before he knew the thing he did, he was reading:

"There is no rest for my brother, and I cannot help; I am kept so poor I have not the smallest of sums. I do not wish to leave Wales, the people begin to love me; and can one be mistaken? I know if I am loved or hated. But if my lord will give me an allowance of money of some hundreds, I will do his bidding; I will leave England or I will go to Esslemont; I could say—to Mr. Woodseer, in that part of London. He would not permit. He thinks me blacked by it, like a sweep-boy coming from a chimney; and that I have done injury to his title. No, Riette, to be a true sister, I must bargain with my lord before I submit. He has not cared to come and see his little son. His boy has not offended him. There may be some of me in this dear. I know whose features will soon show to defend the mother's good name. He is early my champion. He is not christened yet, and I hear it accuse me, and I am not to blame, I still wait my lord's answer."

"Don't be bothered to read the whole," Livia had said, with her hand out, when his eyes were halfway down the page.

Fleetwood turned it, to read the signature: "Janey."

She seemed servile enough to some of her friends. "Carinthia" would have had a pleasanter sound. He folded the letter.

"Why give me this? Take it," said he.

She laid it on the open pad.

Henrietta entered and had it restored to her, Livia remarking: "I found it in the blotter after all."

She left them together, having to dress for the drive to the coach-office with Henrietta.

"Poor amusement for you this time." Fleetwood bowed, gently smiling.

"Oh!" cried Henrietta, "Balls, routs, dinners, music—as much music as I could desire, even I. What more could be asked? I am eternally grateful."

"The world says you are more beautiful than ever."

"Happiness does it, then—happiness owing to you, Lord Fleetwood."

"Columelli pleased you?"

"His voice is heavenly. He carries me away from earth."

"He is a gentleman, too—rare with those fellows."

"A pretty manner. He will speak his compliments in his English."

"You are seasoned to endure then in all languages. Pity another of your wounded; Brailstone has been hard hit at the tables."

"I cannot pity gamblers. May I venture?—half a word?"

"Tomes! But just a little compassion for the devoted. He wouldn't play so madly if—well, say, a tenth dilution of the rapt hearing Columelli gets."

"Signor Columelli sings divinely."

"You don't dislike Brailstone?"

"He is one of the agreeable."

"He must put his feelings into Italian song."

"To put them aside will do."

"We are not to have our feelings?"

"Yes, on the proviso that ours are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

respected. But, one instant, Lord Fleetwood, pray. She is — I have to speak of her as my sister. I am sure she regrets . . . She writes very nicely."

"You have a letter from her?"

Henrietta sighed that it would not bear exposure to him; "Yes."

"Nicely worded?"

"Well, yes, it is."

He paused; not expecting that the letter would be shown, but silence fired shots, and he has stopped the petition. "We are to have you for a week's yachting. You prescribe your company. Only, be merciful. Exclusion will mean death to some. Columelli will be touring in Switzerland. You shall have him in the house when my new bit of ground northwest of London is open; very handy, ten miles out. We'll have the opera troupe there and you shall command the opera."

Her beauty sweetened to thank him.

If, as Livia said, his passion for her was unchanged, the generosity manifested in the considerate screen it wore over any physical betrayal of it deserved the lustre of her eyes. It dwelt a moment, vivid with the heart close behind and remorseful for misreading of old his fine character. Here was a young man who could be the very kindest of friends to the woman rejecting him to wed another. Her smile wavered. How shall a loving wife express warmth of sentiment elsewhere, without the one beam too much, that plunges her on a tideway? His claim of nothing called for everything short of the proscribed. She gave him her beauty in fullest flower.

It had the appearance of a temptation; and he was not tempted, though he admired; his thought being: Husband of the thing!

But he admired. That condition awakened his unsatisfied past days to desire positive proof of her worthlessness. The past days writhed in him. The present were loveless, entirely cold. He had not even the wish to press her hand. The market held beautiful women of a like description. He wished simply to see her proved the thing he read her to be; and not proved as such by himself. He was unable to summon or imagine emotion enough for him to simulate the forms by which fair women are wooed to their perdition. For all he cared, any man on earth might try, succeed or fail, as long as he had visual assurance that she coveted, a slave to the pleasures commanded by the wealth once disdained by her. Till that time, he could not feel himself perfectly free.

Dame Gossip prefers to ejaculate, young men are mysteries, and bowl us onward. No one ever did comprehend the Earl of Fleetwood, she says: he was bad, he was good; he was whimsical and steadfast; a splendid figure, a mark for ridicule; romantic and a close arithmetician; often a devil, sometimes the humanest of creatures.

In fine, he was a millionaire nobleman, owning to a considerable infusion of Welsh blood in the composition of him. Now, to the Cymry and to the pure Kelt, the past is at their elbows continually. The past of their lives has lost neither face nor voice behind the shroud; nor are the passions of the flesh, nor is the animate soul, wanting to it. Other races forfeit infancy, forfeit youth and manhood with their progression to the wisdom age may bestow. These have each stage always alive, quick at a word, a scent, a sound, to conjure up scenes, in spirit and in flame. Historically they still march with Cadwallader, with Llewellyn, with Glendower; sing with Aneurin, Taliesin, old Llywarch; individually, they are in the heart of the injury done them thirty years back, or thrilling to the glorious deed which strikes an empty buckler for most of the sons of Time. An old sea rises in them, rolling no phantom billows to break to spray against existing rocks of the shore. That is why, and even if they have a dose of the Teuton in them, they have often to feel themselves exiles when still in amicable community among the preponderating Saxon English.

Add to the singular differentiation enormous wealth—we convulse the excellent dame by terming it a chained hurricane, to launch in foul blasts or beneficent showers according to the moods during youth—and the composite Lord Fleetwood comes nearer into our focus. Dame Gossip with her jigging to be at the butterwoman's trot,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when she is not violently interrupting, would suffer just punishment were we to digress upon the morality of a young man's legal possession of enormous wealth as well.

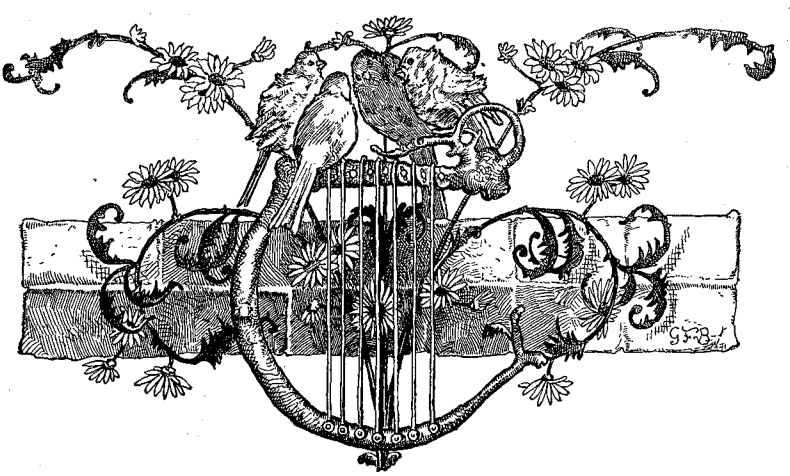
Wholly Cambrian Fleetwood was not. But he had to the full the Cambrian's reverential esteem for high qualities. His good-by with Henrietta, and estimate of her, left a dusky mental void, requiring an orb of some sort of contemplation; and an idea of the totally contrary Carinthia, the woman he had avowedly wedded, usurped her place. Qualities were admitted. She was thrust away because she had offended; still more because he had offended. She bore the blame for forcing him to an examination of his conduct at this point and that, where an ancestral savage in his lineaments cocked a strange eye. Yet at the moment of the act of the deed he had known himself the veritable Fleetwood. He had now to vindicate himself by extinguishing her under the load of her unwomanliness: she was like sun-dried linen matched beside oriental silk; she was rough, crisp, unyielding. That was now the capital charge. Henrietta could never be guilty of the unfeminine. Which did he prefer?

It is of all questions the one causing young men to screw wry faces when they are asked: they do so love the feminine, the ultra-feminine whom they so hate for her inclination to the frail. His depths were sounded, and he answered independently of his will, that he must be up to the heroical pitch to decide. Carinthia stood near him then. The confession was a step, and fraught with consequences. Her unacknowledged influence expedited him to Sarah Winch's shop, for sight of one of earth's honest souls; for whom he had the latest of the two others down in Wales, and of an infant there.

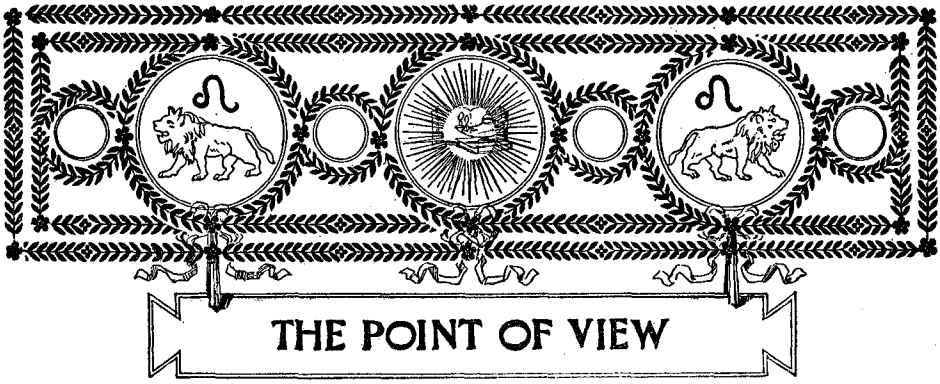
He dined the host of his Ixionides, leaving them early for a drive at night eastward, and a chat with old Mr. Woodseer over his punching and sewing of his boot-leather. Another honest soul. Mr. Woodseer thankfully consented to mount his coach-box next day, and astonish Gower with a drop on his head from the skies about the time of the mid-day meal.

There we have our peep into Dame Gossip's young man mysterious.

(To be concluded.)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE POINT OF VIEW

It was said the other day of a man noted for his charitable estimate of his fellow-creatures that he would find something to admire in Satan himself. The remark was told him, and he said, "Yes, I always did admire the devil for his persistence." If he adopted the popular notion of Satan he might have found easily enough other grounds for admiring him; for while it is commonly held that the devil is not so black as he is painted, the better opinion seems to me to be that nowadays he is not painted anything like as black as he is, and that owing to the unfaithfulness with which his likeness is set forth he is very much more generally admired and respected than his qualities and true character deserve. The popular contemporary conception of Satan is of a highly successful man of the world. It is admitted that there are shady spots in his past history, that he has done some things that he should regret, that he is a hazardous associate and an unsafe person to have transactions with. But conversely it is realized that he is rich, powerful, and attractive, and intimately concerned and interested in promoting the material prosperity of the human race. He is known to be full of enterprise and public spirit, disposed to make things pleasant, and powerful in carrying the enterprises with which he is concerned to a profitable issue. It is true that he is understood to be unscrupulous, but it is felt that success excuses very much, and that when an individual has attained a position which enables him to be useful to the public it is a mistake to be over-nice about rejecting his good offices because in early life when his necessities were more pressing, his methods or affiliations were not always such as a conscientious person could approve. Then, thanks to the misdirected zeal of a multitude of worthy persons who assume to abhor Satan and all his works, he gets credit for a host of things with which he really had very little to do. Lots of clergymen and others are sure that he invented all kinds of dances and laid the cornerstones of all the theatres. He gets immense credit all the time in certain quarters as the loosener of restrictions as to the use of the Sabbath, so that in some parts of the country folks can hardly walk in the fields on a Sunday afternoon without a sense of obligation to him for his share in the enlargement of their liberties. Inasmuch as he is earnestly and continuously denounced by hordes of good and zealous people as the discoverer and promoter of all exhilarating beverages, people who like beverages of that sort and feel safe in consuming them in moderate quantities cannot help a certain kindliness of feeling toward him on that account.

The upshot of all this perversion is that the enemies of the Adversary have unwittingly carved him out a great reputation as the champion of personal liberty, and the purveyor of manifold terrestrial delights which are not necessarily hurtful to those who realize them with discretion, and which are undeniably in favor with the natural man. Consequently it is easy for him to masquerade as a public benefactor, and folks, without admitting even to themselves how well they think of him, grow to feel that perhaps he has come to be good-natured in his old age, and that, nowadays, anyhow, his behavior seems pretty square, and that, maybe, the stories of his depravity do him an injustice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To give the devil his due is proverbially proper, but to make such a hero of him is not only inexpedient but very bad morals. John Milton is partly to blame for it, for he first made Satan grand and semi-respectable, but the work has made great progress since his day. The pleasantest and most reassuring line in the prayer-book is that which describes the service of God as perfect freedom. If that idea of God's service would be more generally disseminated, with due supplementary inculcation of the truth that all the salutary and truly pleasant things in life are the gifts of God and not devices of the Evil One, Satan would come much nearer to getting his due than he usually does come nowadays, or is likely to come perhaps, until the final reckoning.

WHILE we toil slowly together up life's long incline our fellow-travellers upon the strange, eventful journey observe, if we ourselves do not, that certain of our peculiarities in speech, gesture, and expression have gradually become so intensified as to make remembrance of us incomplete without them.

> "Thread by thread the strands we twist
> Till they bind us neck and wrist,"

before we are conscious of the self-inflicted thraldom; and no man who has come to what are commonly called years of discretion ever entirely frees himself from the net-work of habit daily forming 'round him. The utmost that an altruistic philosopher can do is to make his net a web of gossamer, so that, however much he may be entangled in its meshes, those who are forced to brush by him shall escape galling. This is a task by no means easy. But to snap, or even to lighten the web of opinion when we have once woven it about some obstinate brain-cell—*hoc opus, hic labor est*, which might baffle the Cumæan Sibyl herself, with all her seven hundred years of wisdom. Why then will many of us persist in accumulating such fetters upon the reason, and even go so far as to glory in the servitude which their adoption entails?

Of course we must all have our little innocent preferences which need not therefore be aggressive even to ourselves —preferences in the choice of food, of our friends, for the hard bed and the leather cushion. We like some cheeses best, but we can put up with Roquefort if Camembert and Brie are not attainable. These are mild affairs of semi-unconscious growth, like the personal manners and customs that spring from the conditions in which we live. It is not of these that I speak, but of those assertive, rasping prejudices which yield to no persuasion, gentle or otherwise, and are flaunted upon all occasions with arrogant pride. I know men, and good men too, who sit so encircled by unquenchable bigotries that they resemble Wotan's daughter, cut off from temporal things by tongues of fire. For discussion leading always to the same invincible issue is profitless, and the points upon which they have satisfied themselves through their own violent iteration grow wearisome to others. A mystic circle of conviction, solemnly drawn about a subject soon makes that subject one to be tabooed.

When these howling dervishes of prejudice are strictly faithful to their tenets what delight in life they lose! Following the beaten path which they maintain is the right one, they see but a single landscape, and never know the pleasures of exploration. In literature and the arts their course, like some Italian by-way between high garden-walls, has no outlook at all. One declares that music died with Beethoven, and that Liszt, Chopin, and Berlioz are all charlatans, while Wagner, of course, is an abomination. "Trollope!" cries another; "I have never read a line of him. Scott is my novelist." As though Barsetshire were non-existent, and human nature valueless south of the Tweed! Yet this same tissue of complexities will only laugh in the theatre; he must see French farce there, or nothing; the words of Hamlet bore him. How much surer his ground of satisfaction might be, if he would draw one long breath and expand sufficiently to like Hamlet and the French farce too.

Once, long ago, in the street, there was pointed out to me a man who had become famous in his little way, for never committing himself to an opinion. I suppose that he was a very ridiculous person; evi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dently my companion thought so. But he wore a happier look than I often see in the faces of my positive friends, and I have since learned that he lived to a green and prosperous old age.

THE Japanese have many nice qualities and some great ones. They are clean, they are polite, and apparently they are very gentle and very brave. They are said to be exceedingly neat, too, and to be bountifully endowed with that sense of propriety, a defective development of which accounts for much of the rubbish in American streets and most of the disagreeableness of American street-car travel. They certainly beat us in a good many things, and not unreasonably their example is much held up to us nowadays for emulation. Intelligent foreigners who have observed us closely have declared that we are the rudest and the kindest people in the world. Of course it is a pity that we are not more universally courteous; that our children are not demure and orderly like the Japanese children; that we throw papers into the street and drop peanut-shells and orange-peel on the floors of our public conveyances. Of course it is a pity that we are not more like the Japanese in many particulars; but, for my part, I make bold to confess that American manners, with all their defects, are better suited to my American taste than Japanese manners with all their gentle perfections.

When Nature finds bark necessary for the protection of her growths it may be noticed that she always applies it to the outside. Our manners are to a certain extent our bark, and though it is by no means necessary that it should be disagreeably rough or scraggy, it seems not a thing to be altogether deplored that what we have of it we should choose to wear as the trees do, externally and in sight. When Nature leaves the bark thin she is apt to provide thorns, and if one must make a choice between the two means of protection, it may be excusable to prefer the bark which one can recognize afar off, to the thorn which draws blood without warning.

We are quite accustomed to the traditional disparagement of the French as a people in whom a superficial politeness is developed at some cost of more indispensable merits, but the politeness of the Japanese being a trait of comparatively recent observation, seems to be accepted without much consideration of its cost. It is not worth very much, but it does cost something. For one thing, travellers tell us that it takes a prodigious amount of time. Japanese etiquette takes no note of the hands of the clock, or the rising or the setting of the sun. Japanese business seems not to be very much prompter. Time in Japan is estimated at its Eastern value. We are told, too, that Japanese courtesy condemns even such a reasonable candor as would permit one in polite conversation to acknowledge that he held an opinion different from one his friend had expressed. Letters are not punctuated in Japan because it would seem to imply ignorance in the recipient. There can scarcely be such an extreme softness of conduct without some sacrifice of downright honesty.

American manners are not nearly as good as they should be, not nearly as good as one may hope they may become, but that Japanning would profit them is not so certain as it looks at first sight, even if it did not involve a much greater amount of self-repression or self-obliteration (doubtless more apparent than actual) than the American temperament could endure or has any desire to attain to. The amelioration of our national demeanor must rather be sought in an increased and enlightened self-control joined to a strengthened self-respect. If we ever do become civilized, it will be first at the heart and afterward at the rind.

I WAS saying the other day to Mrs. Damocles, that I had such a high opinion of Winship, partly because of his exceptionally enlivening personal qualities and partly for his marvellous discrimination in the choice of a wife. And I added that I had the very highest opinion of Mrs. Winship because of her sense and her loveliness, and especially because of her success in living with Winship and being his wife. Now Winship is a good man and delightful company. He is pretty to look at and very good indeed to go; but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he has a prodigious enjoyment of life and such an unbroken eagerness to taste everything that is good, and be in everything that is moving, that I felt that I cast no reflection upon him when I said that for a woman to live with him, as Mrs. Winship did, was a great feat.

"It is a great feat," remarked Mrs. Damocles, with a certain air of giving her mind relief, "for any woman to live with any man, or any man to live with any woman."

"Well, if it comes to that," said I, "I presume it is, and it is a feat exceedingly well worth accomplishing. I find I have more and more respect the older I grow for people who hit it off gracefully and successfully."

That was true. I do have such a sentiment for such people, and I dare say it is a sentiment as common as it is well founded. I respect them whether their success is due to natural sweetness or to sustained effort. People who are capable of sustained effort to maintain the harmony of their domestic relations are a very good sort of people. They must have fidelity, that king-pin among the virtues, and divers other strong ingredients that go to make up what we call "good stuff." I am not sure but that we should respect them even more than folks who are simply born sweet and reasonable, and who love each other and get on without trying.

It is matter of record that in patriarchal and scriptural times it was held a thing particularly good and pleasant to behold brethren dwell together in unity. That man and wife should dwell in that way seems not to have been thought so affecting a spectacle. Perhaps it was held that if a patriarch could not live harmoniously with one wife, he could with another; or perhaps the sentiment of the times favored hammering a disorderly wife with a tent-pin until she became tractable, so that domestic tranquillity was taken for granted. It is not surprising that with changed conditions and the new woman we moderns should have assumed a different point of view. It is pleasant to be sure to see brethren brotherly, but it is no great matter if they differ, for the world is big enough for them all. But the world is not big enough for the successful disagreement of man and wife. They may part, but it is not success; it is failure. Both must carry away the marks of it, and whatever may happen neither is quite as good as before. In spite of divorce laws and all easements of that sort, we have contrived to make a deeply serious business of marriage. We ought to applaud those who succeed in it, because success is so indispensably necessary.

It would be a little different if folks were really free to marry or not as they chose, with no fierce bugaboo behind the alternative. But the fact is the majority of us are not quite free. We are taught and believe that, if we don't marry, a worse thing may happen to us, for we will grow old without either the discipline or the companionship of a mate, without children to bring youth back into our lives; indeed, without the elements of a home. We see people in that predicament, and though there are plenty of encouraging exceptions, on the whole celibacy seems so very second-rate to most of us that we don't bargain for it except under stress of strong necessity. Marriage in most cases seems so preponderantly expedient that we would feel that we ought to marry even if we didn't want to, and as usually we do want to, marriage becomes, practically, a necessity.

I declare that I am personally grateful to married people who get on conspicuously well. They are a reassuring spectacle in society, and as part of society I take comfort in knowing them, and am obliged to them for existing. And, of course, I am especially obliged to the women like Winship's wife, who are particularly good wives. You should see that lady, how she holds that hare-brained creature, not with too tight a lariat or too loose; neither nagging nor neglectful; not so dependent on him as to shackle him, nor so independent as to leave him too free. Of course, she couldn't do it unless she was a woman of brains, and unless Winship was a good fellow—a fellow, that is, with some gaps in his selfishness. She is too good a wife for him, but I am glad he has got her, and so, unmistakably, is he.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"NINETY-THREE."

ENGRAVED BY A. LÉVEILLÉ.

From the bust by Rodin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED